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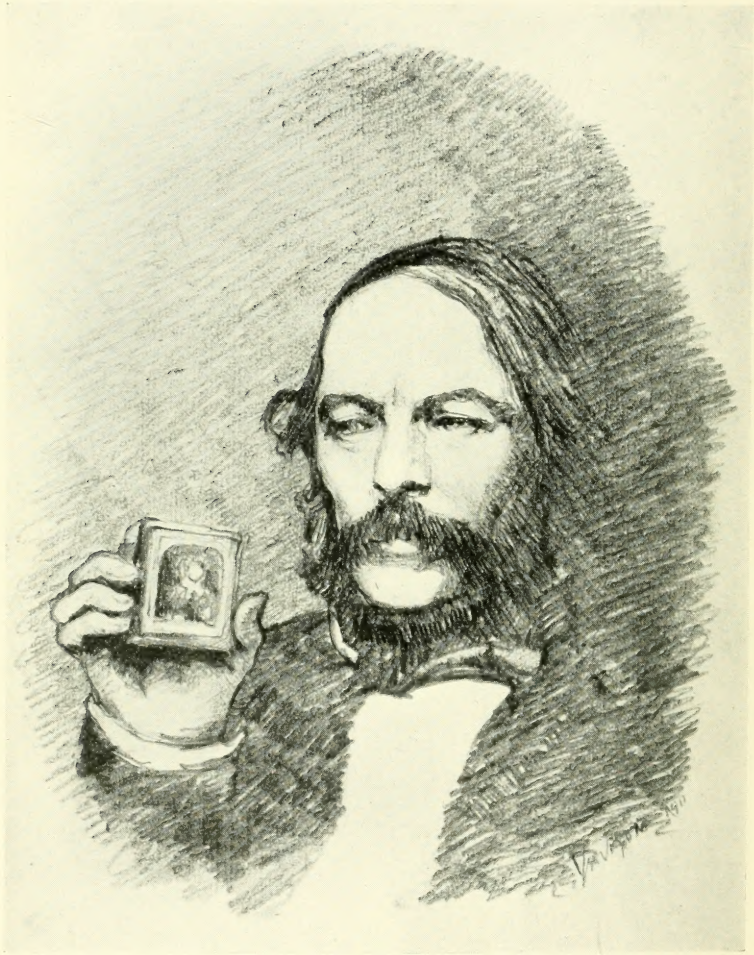

JAMES WILLIAM DAVISON.

From a pencil sketch by G. D. Davison, of a daguerreotype, *circa* 1857.

MUSIC DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA

FROM MENDELSSOHN TO WAGNER

BEING THE

MEMOIRS OF J. W. DAVISON

FORTY YEARS MUSIC CRITIC

OF

"The Times"

COMPILED BY HIS SON

HENRY DAVISON

FROM MEMORANDA AND DOCUMENTS

With numerous Portraits of Musicians and Important Letters (previously unpublished) of Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Gounod, Jullien, Macfarren, Sterndale Bennett, etc. . .

LONDON:

WM. REEVES, 83 CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

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Dedicated

With Grateful and Affectionate Regard

To SIR CHARLES SANTLEY, K.S.G.

By Henry Davison

386589

Frankfurt a/m d. 19 Mai 1845.

Lieber Benedict

Die nächste Veranlassung Ihnen heut zu schreiben ist ein Brief der Emilie für Webers Denkmal, den ich gestern erhalten. In diesem Briefe bittet mich Frl. Wagner Namens der Emilie meinen Wunsch mit einem der Dresdner Herren zu meinigen, den Platz für bestimmen in London eine öffentliche Aufführung für Webers Denkmal zu veranstalten. Er sagt sich bei Ihnen im wenigen Jahr. Moscheles und Sir George Smart an die angesehensten Leute der Emilie zu den Sache gehörigen Leute, doch Anerbieten Ihnen Mitwirkung gewiss sei, doch jetzt aber gewiss der rechte Zeitpunkt wäre, und doch auf diese Art der wieder anregen müsste. Ich bin nun der festen Überzeugung, dass Sie auf den allen Anregung einer Seite und von irgend einer Seite, mit allen Ihnen zu Gebote stehenden Talente einen glänzenden Erfolg einen, dass ich weiter nichts Ihnen als Ihnen thun zu Gefallen jenes Briefes

MENDELSSOHN. FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO JULES BENEDICT.

face back of Dedication.

For Translation see page following end of letter.

nicht spielen können. Wenn ein Concert oder eine Aufführung im Theater veranstaltet wird, so muß ich doch die Zeit nicht so genau wissen, nicht um meinetwillen, sondern um meines Nächsten willen, sondern um Mehrer Willen und um sein Amtsehr zu retten; eben so eine Aufführung der Musik muß ich wissen, so muß ich doch die Zeit um ihrentwillen und Liebe mangelt sondern des Nächsten willen aufgesucht werden, die Leichten nicht zu betrügen noch. Und soviel genug, die mir nicht kennen die die Kirche, soviel ihnen möglich ist.

Zugleich bitte mir Ihr. Excellenz ihre freundliche Hilfe, und wie kann ich Ihnen auch hier meinen Dank sagen. Es trifft sich glücklich für Ihre Excellenz, daß kein Deutsch kann und Deutsch sinnlich melancholisch schaut, als David Graf mit Dresdner Musik fast zurückkommt sehr nächstes und nun die Weiber wieder nach Leipzig mit ihr zusammenmusizieren sind. Also wenn wir uns nun doch nicht in Boden wieder sehen. Wir haben in mein Lager Abschiedsgrüße, daß selbe uns sehr auf allerhand Begegnung Hoffnung nach Egypten

d. Abend viel am Piano gespielt. Und nun denk Dir Dir die Norwicher hier singen wollen um Antheil von meiner Composition zu träumen. Der Gedanke ist mir Anlaß nach seiner Aufführung sehr wieder nach Stuttgart gewandert. Mir. Zusammenhang meiner Träume ist wollen am Anfang der Träume der Kinder gar nicht zugegen gewesen sein d. schönen Lieder Gesänge an. Ab ganz leichte Zeit in Manchester Square. Auf glückliches Wiedersehen, wo möglich im Vaterland! Immer Dir

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN,

May 19, 1845.

Dear Benedict,

The immediate cause of my writing to you to-day is a letter from the committee for Weber's memorial which I received yesterday. In this letter Herr Kapelmeister Wagner asks me, on the committee's behalf, to place before you my wishes along with those of the Dresdeners in order to induce you to arrange for a public representation in London for Weber's memorial. He says that Moscheles and Sir George Smart would have joined with you last year and formed a committee for this purpose, that, however, the season then was too far advanced, but that now assuredly would be the right moment, and that I might stir up the matter again. I am so firmly convinced that you, even without any urging on my part or anybody's part, will gladly do anything in order to honour the memory of your teacher and of such a Master, that I need only acquaint you with the contents of the letter I have received. Should you be able to arrange a concert or a representation in a theatre I know that you will leave nothing undone, not for my sake or that of the committee, but for the sake of Weber and the honour of his memory. But should it be impossible to arrange for the production of such a representation in a worthy manner, then I know it will be not through any fault of your good will or your zeal, but that difficulties stand in the way which, in spite of everything, are not to be overcome. And so do not be angry with me but further the matter as well as you can.

At the same time Herr Rockstrow brought me your friendly line and now also I can thank you for that. Its a fortunate thing for your protégé who can't speak any German and who seems to be rather melancholy on that account that David arrives here to-day, returning from the Dusseldorf Musical Festival, and now will make the further journey to Leipzig with him. So we shall not meet in Soden after all. We think of going there in a few days and I had been looking forward to all kinds of excursions, four-footed, to Eppstein, and four-handed, on the piano! Many thanks to you for wishing to force the Norwichers to dream in autumn of a summer night! The parcel, an hour after its arrival here, wandered further on to Stuttgart. Mme. Jeaurenaud, my wife, and I desire to be right duly brought to the remembrance of your wife and your children and send a thousand greetings to the well-beloved house in Manchester Square! To our happy meeting again, perhaps in the Fatherland!

Ever yours,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

PREFACE.

JAMES WILLIAM DAVISON was a critic of music and musicians who worked from about the year 1835 until within a week or two of his death in 1885. For over thirty years of that half-century he was an active member of the staff of the "Times" and chiefly in that capacity exercised considerable influence over the course of musical events in England. The period 1835-85, so far as regards secular music in England, is marked, principally, by three movements. Taking them in the order in which they occurred, there was, first, the effort at formation of a native school—this at a time when the genius of Mendelssohn was the rising sun of modern music. Soon afterwards may be observed the beginning of that musical education of the people which was, gradually, to lead to what may be called the democratization of good concerts. Herein Jullien, with his sometimes sensational entertainments, was a principal figure. Thirdly, but a few years after Mendelssohn's death, and when the "native school" effort had died away, the doctrines of a new art-movement, having its

rise in Germany, reached England, and, in the course of a quarter of a century, brought about something of a revolution in the state of music. The progress of these movements keenly interested Davison. Himself, in his earlier time, a composer, he formed one of that group of young men who, about 1835, cherished the idea of a modern native school, an idea for whose maintenance he diligently used his journalistic pen. He was not less interested in the matter of presenting the works of the great modern masters to the general public. Two of his maxims were: England is not an unmusical country; the people at large can be trusted to appreciate the best music.

As to the third movement, that which found its chief manifestation in the work of Richard Wagner, he regarded it as subversive of the true principles of art, the principles laid down by Bach and Handel, Gluck, Haydn and Mozart, the principles developed by Beethoven and followed by Weber, Spohr and Mendelssohn. He combated the new ideas to the last, when to do so had become a losing fight.

Davison in his earlier days had rather an attraction for controversy. There was pleasure for him in standing up for friends and opinions; there was enjoyment in the mere exercise against some obstinate adversary of his favourite weapon of bantering irony. He was by nature a humorist, somewhat recklessly gay or quaintly sentimental.

A few years before Davison's death, there was some talk of his publishing his reminiscences, more than one younger literary friend being ready to assist him in their

preparation. But he was backward at appearing in public and, in later years, averse from all unnecessary effort. He left behind him, however, a large number of letters. Some of these were from men known to the world, letters throwing rays of light on character; some were rough drafts and notes in his own hand, letters perhaps unsent; and one scrap remained to show that he had got as far as the beginning of an autobiography. There remained, also, buried in the columns of old gazettes and newspapers, his published writings, a tentative selection of which supplements the present volume. Of a character something more than ephemeral, they seem—not only for their subject matter but for their style—to deserve rescue from oblivion.

Out of such materials, helped by contemporary records, journalistic and other, and by personal knowledge, this book has been made. The personal element which predominates in the earlier portion of it becomes, on Davison's assumption of an important journalistic post, absorbed, to a large extent, in a description of current musical events. But it is hoped that this may have its own special interest for students of musical history and for those also who find interest in the world of yesterday, in the affairs of a generation or two ago, in a state of things already so far off, and presenting an aspect so different from that of to-day.

During his professional activity of nearly fifty years, Davison came into personal contact with a very large number of men and women famous in various fields of art, musical and dramatic, of journalism and literature in general, and one cannot but regret that his own pen

did not collect in a volume his recollections of Mendelssohn, Liszt, Auber, Meyerbeer, Berlioz—of Malibran, Grisi, Rachel, Marie Pleyel, Mario, Ernst, Joseph Joachim—of Thackeray, Shirley Brooks, Charles Lamb Kenney and John Oxenford—of Louis Jullien—of George Alexander Macfarren and Sterndale Bennett—of Coventry Patmore in early Victorian days—of Richard Burton and Winwood Reade—and of other less known characters.

The present writer has to express his indebtedness to the late Mr. Moberly Bell, manager of the "Times," for permission to use the office library of that journal; to Mr. Hastings, through whose gift of a nearly complete series of the "Musical World," much labour has been saved; and to Mr. John Macfarren, for his kindness in supplying many biographical details. The late William Duncan Davison, brother and devoted friend of the subject of these memoirs, gave varied and invaluable assistance in their compilation.

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1813-1845.

SHELLEY AND MENDELSSOHN.

JAMES LAVISON.

From a miniature painted *circa* 1820

CHAPTER I.

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WITH the first record we have of James William Davison something is associated to remind us of a note in his character. Turning over the leaves of the National Register for October, 1813, we read the advertisement of a new work by Mrs. Roche, author of "The Children of the Abbey," that queer reflection of the sentimentality of a period passing from Smollett to Shelley, that once popular novel from which, many years later, Davison appears to have fished a name for someone in Muttoniana. Turning, in the same National Register to the number dated October 10th, we read, under births of another kind, "Mrs. Davison (late Miss Duncan) of a son." This was James William. He was born on October the 5th, 1813, in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, Bloomsbury, a neighbourhood in which he was to pass most of his three score years and ten. A lover of the country, he nevertheless throve in this sooty, brick-built region, much as does the plane tree in its squares. However, Bloomsbury was not always the dwelling place.

The next documentary record is in his own handwriting. It is about a little boy of four years old, a scrap headed "Notes for Autobiography. Auto by Nobody, compiled

exclusively for Nobody, and those who care for Nobody. Chap. I.—Somebody—I think Hermogenes (whose wits were so keen that they were brittle)—said—etc. All I remember is that at the age of four, on my birthday, in Walworth or Lambeth (I confounded them together before I was weaned) I got upon a turnpike gate, jumped off and said emphatically 'I am four' (which was the case) that my father jumped over a wall in his garden, and I exclaimed, 'Funny papa' (why he jumped over the wall I forget absolutely) and that, towards sunset, I found some coloured pictures of monkeys in a dust-bin—together with the portrait of an Anglo-Indian Nabob taking lunch, with verses underneath—'There was an old man of Tobago, who lived on rice, gruel and sago'—some doctor then prescribing him 'turkey and chine—which suits that old man of Tobago.' That's all I can remember of my fourth year, except that we had a sagacious and lovable dog, 'Boscow' by name, who being mad was poisoned, though not nearly so mad as the Apothecary who poisoned him. Also (that) I saw my paternal grandmother on her deathbed, and that I nearly lost my right eye by a leech, the application of which bloodthirsty habitant of ditches had been forgotten by my surroundings—(that) I spat from a chair into a jug of claret cup prepared for some guests of my father's, and said 'that's good—that's for me'—that my father made a fresh bowl of cup without reproaching me—that my mother said 'Oh James!' and then began to laugh and put on that winning smile the like of which I have not beheld since."

He had a strong constitution and, though slightly crippled, not only jumped off turnpike gates at the age of four, but, in his school days, was fond of cricket. As to the old man of Tobago, he is very like one whose doctor said, in the last line "to a boiled leg of mutton you may go." The writer's memory may have been at fault, for he was looking back about sixty years.

Davison came on the one side from a race whose tastes were most likely of the cock-fighting and carousing sort, on the other from a race of actors.

His father James was from the North, only son of Major William Davison, of Branxton, near Flodden, and

of that Northumberland Regiment of Militia which, as may be learnt from the pages of "Barnaby Rudge" and elsewhere, distinguished itself during the Gordon riots. Major Davison left the Militia in 1801 and, migrating southwards, finally settled at Chiswick where he was buried in 1812, six months before his son's marriage. The son, then in his twenty-third year, had apparently been wavering between Law and Arms, but on his father's death, he relinquished the idea of professions in general, married the actress Maria Duncan, and had two sons, of whom the elder was James William Davison, the younger William Duncan. Maria Duncan's actor parents are described as "respectable provincial performers." Of herself we may read in a number of contemporary publications—newspapers, monthly mirrors and the like, among which are Leigh Hunt's "Critical Essays on the London Theatres," published in 1807, where "the best lady our comic stage possesses" is criticised for her fondness for donning male attire. Born about 1780, Maria Duncan made her first appearance on the stage proper at the age of five. Some fifteen years later she attracted the notice of Miss Farren, as whose successor she came in due time to be regarded. In 1804 Miss Farren having then become Countess of Derby, the young actress' opportunity occurred. In the summer of that year she was playing at Margate, and the manager of Drury Lane happened to be a witness of her performance. He offered her an engagement, and on October the 8th she made her entrée before a London audience, as Lady Teazle, the character in which Miss Farren had retired. "On that evening," writes Cole, the biographer of Charles Kean, "Mathews and Elliston also performed, for the first time, Sir Peter Teazle and Charles Surface . . . . 'The School for Scandal' was repeated fifteen times." Further on Cole says "on the 31st January, 1805, in the same theatrical season, Tobin's posthumous comedy of 'The Honeymoon' was produced, and ran for twenty-eight nights. The Duchess afforded Miss Duncan the most desirable of all chances in theatrical life, a fine original character, of which she amply availed herself. Her performance in this part has never been approached by any succeeding actress. Her song at

the commencement of the fifth act produced an unfailing encore." To the casual, latter-day reader, "The Honeymoon" seems a recklessly improbable version of the "Taming of the Shrew"; written, however, with some elegance and spirit and, on the stage, perhaps not ineffective. The Duchess is the "Shrew" of "The Honeymoon."

For the next twenty years, Miss Duncan's career was one of success, at Drury Lane, Covent Garden and the Haymarket, as Beatrice, Rosalind, Lady Teazle, and characters in now almost forgotten if once popular plays. At the opening of Drury Lane after Sheridan's death, in 1816, the task of delivering Byron's monody fell to Miss Duncan, Mrs. Davison as she was by that time. She was making some of her last appearances in 1829 at the same theatre. A versatile and spirited actress, one of the toasts of the town, in her day, she received her portion of more or less hostile criticism. Some found her wanting in pathos and natural grace, some objected to her animation as overstrained, some found fault with the masculine prominence of her features, while to others her voice was unpleasing. On the other hand, among her admirers, who included Leigh Hunt, one praises her style of dancing as graceful and unaffected, another speaks of her pre-eminence as a singer of simple melodies—"the simplicity and feeling which distinguished her manner of singing 'Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch' made us almost lament her frequent absence from the operatic dramas. Indeed in her time she had no equal in the pathetic airs of Scotland, and her assumption of Scotch dialect was perfection"—while another says: "She had a fine voice and a good knowledge of music, sang with much expression, and was in her day unequalled in such ballads as 'John Anderson' and 'Roy's Wife.' Her singing as the Marchioness Merida in 'The Travellers' at Drury Lane, 13th May, 1823, revealed powers almost fitting her for opera."

When Maria Duncan was about thirty, Harlow painted her portrait, engravings of which may still be met with in print-sellers' windows. It shows an oval face, aquiline nose, short wavy hair, rather full lips and large soft eyes —a somewhat Jewish countenance whose general expres-

sion is, yet, that of a kind archness which can readily be associated with the singing of those quaint old wild flowers of Scottish melody. She was probably, like her husband, of Scotch descent. From his mother, James Davison learnt singing and the pianoforte, at a time when his bent that way was not yet very decided. He had a nice boy's voice that used to be exercised in such songs as "On the Banks of Allan Water."

In due course James was sent to a boarding school in Surrey where he remained five or six years, developing that vitality and liveliness, that love of company (or books where folk failed), that appetite for novels and long walks, which distinguished him till late in life. There he played cricket, read and recited romance, made a few bosom friends and took away prizes. The friendships of the Surrey boarding-school lasted some years. One bosom friend, a certain Frank Evelyn, became his reading companion at the British Museum and, being something of a poet, his earliest collaborator in the production of vocal compositions. In 1829, Davison was attending lectures at the London University in Gower Street, and "at the examinations of the students of French (senior division) of the session 1829-30" received a certificate of honours. His French professor, P. F. Merlet, was a personal friend. Though afterwards somewhat inclined to decry the French and all their works, Davison got on well in French company, made several French friends and thus early showed his attraction for the tongue of Voltaire, Paul de Kock, Balzac, and the author of "Manon Lescaut," soon to be, if not already, amongst his favourite mental companions. His Latin master was Dr. Key, of crude-form fame. The parents had some hope that their elder son, bearer away of school prizes and college certificate, was going to have a brilliant career at the Bar and end perhaps as Lord Chancellor. Perhaps his own ambition that way was not very keen. Other matters may have occupied a mind as ready to embrace Smollett as Thomas of Malory.

From probably about this period dates a little thin commonplace-book, just a few faded leaves, interleaved

with blotting paper, in a dull red cover. At one end of the date "May 30th, Monday" which might be in 1829, begins—"Stradella and Hortensia, A Poem in Six Cantos, by J. W. D." Beginning at the other end of the book is "The Admirable History of the Knight of the Sun, in which are related the Immortal Achievements of that invincible warrior, And of his brother Rosiclair, Both children of the Emperor of Constantinople. With the generous exploits and Amorous adventures of the beautiful and valiant Princess Clavidiane, And of other matters A work which serveth as a mirror for all Princes and Knights. Translated from the French of François de Rosset by James Davison, Esq."

Nothing further appears either of the translation or the Poem. The idea of the Poem may have been suggested by the interesting, if ill-founded, romance related by Burney and by Bourdelot, in their histories, which tells how a Venetian nobleman having engaged the rising young musician to give singing lessons to a young and beautiful lady, Hortensia, master and pupil fell in love and fled together to Rome, how the nobleman sent after them hired assassins, who, happening in a church to hear an oratorio of Stradella's, were softened and, instead of carrying out their commission, warned Stradella of his danger, how the lovers then went to Turin where the regent, placing Hortensia in a convent, engaged Stradella for her own band, how, one evening walking on the ramparts, he was surprised by fresh emissaries and stabbed, how, recovering from his wounds, he was presented by the Regent with Hortensia in marriage, but how a third attempt on their lives succeeded—a story which serves Bourdelot to illustrate "les dangers qu'il-y-a de donner de jeunes Maîtres à de jeunes et de belles personnes pour leur apprendre la Musique."

When Davison was about eighteen years old, whether he was following up his success in the study of French, and still listening to Dr. Key's opinions about Pliny, whether poems in several cantos were being conceived or the translation of British Museum romances projected, whether he was thus busy, or whether, tired of all these

things, his mind was hungering for something new, it so happened that he heard a performance by the once noted pianist, William Henry Holmes; forthwith his taste for music asserted itself. The pianoforte, at which, under his mother's teaching, he may have worked with comparative listlessness, he now began to practise assiduously. He became Holmes' pupil. Other branches of musical study were taken up. Compositions, vocal and instrumental were produced. "Billy Holmes," writing in 1882 to his once pupil, only by a few years his junior, recalls that time "in Burton Street before the beard had fairly grown . . . . when you essayed Kalkbrenner's left-handed Sonata, with a loving accompaniment of voice by your dear good Mamma—when you used to call upon me in Charlotte Street, Portland Place, with a few overtures—when you told me in the Haymarket that you were writing a book about me . . . ." One of the first of these overtures, "The Fairy Tale of Fortunatus," dates from 1834 the year of the foundation of the Society of British Musicians.

His overtures earned him the sobriquet of "Overture Jim." Not only did he write several himself, but he used to collect those of other composers and arrange them as pianoforte duets, an indication, as an early friend has observed of his liking for company. He wrote pieces for voice and instruments combined—one of them "Oh Tell me not of the Open Sea" to words by Frank Evelyn. With the same poet he wrote a song for the young actress, Laura Honey, who, with her strange career, had inspired him with interest. To her also he dedicated a rondo called "Honeysuckle."

Davison had at this time a sympathetic companion who with a thought to Wilbye's madrigal thus addresses him in August, 1833:

Sweet Honeysucking Bee,

Circumstances unforeseen as unpropitious prevent my keeping faith with you to-morrow evening, but if you will

call on *me* Sunday next I will so far overstep the bounds of reason as to walk with you to Mrs. H. and we can talk on our speculations as we go.

Yours with Devotion and Haste,
G. Alexander Macfarren.

Learning the pianoforte of Holmes, Davison had found a fellow pupil of whom Holmes advised him to take lessons in harmony. The harmony spread from the musical to the personal relations of the young men, and an enthusiastic friendship sprang up which, though not without intervals of estrangement, nor exempt from the sobering influence of time, lasted till the end of their lives. Of about the same age, with tastes and aspirations in sympathy and characters in contrast, Davison and Macfarren became constant companions on long walks, such as from Wimbledon to Blackheath, or in long loiterings, such as over the parapet of Chelsea Bridge which seems to have been a favourite nocturnal haunt. They lived not far from each other, and, sometimes, after an evening spent together, would see each other home, backwards and forwards, till dawn stole on their discussions and speculations.

In October, 1834, he is on a holiday visit to the family of his friend and teacher Holmes, and writes an account home.

Sudbury,
October 15th, '34.

My dearest Parents,

Now I am in a degree settled, I sit down to perform my promise and let you into the secret of the state of affairs in this part of the world. My life here consists chiefly in eating, riding and driving—now and then reading, and occasionally playing or composing. To say the truth we have no less than five sumptuous meals per diem, viz: Breakfast (luxuriant), Lunch (costly), Dinner (magnificent), Tea (elegant) and Supper (sumptuous) besides

etceteras. This is a most delightful place and the inhabitants are equally delightful. Mr. Holmes (senior) is a portly gentleman of two or three and fifty (I should imagine)—a universal genius—most excellently read and well informed on all subjects, particularly theology, which makes him a rare companion for me, a good musician, capital artist and admirable farmer! I am exceedingly pleased with him, he is all kindness and hospitality, gives unequalled dinners and superior wines, and which I like better) delicious ale. He has a charming daughter (or rather six charming daughters, but I only as yet am acquainted with two, the rest being at school) who makes delicious puddings and learns German. She is a most engaging girl and were my heart my own, I should be obliged to be very careful lest I should lose it. Nathless we have a good deal of fun *ensemble* and are great friends. Mrs. Holmes has been an invalid for five years and only leaves her room for two or three hours during the day. She is a very kind lady. Holmes and I are out driving together great part of the day. The scenery about the neighbourhood is beautiful, and there are divers ruined castles about that we are going to visit. To-morrow we are to explore Needwood Forest, which is two or three miles hence. On Friday we are to visit the ruins of Tutbury (?) Castle of which Mr. Holmes has taken divers sketches, and he of course will accompany us and inform us of all the particulars. Mary Queen of Scots was confined in this castle, and if I remember rightly some poet (or poetaster) saith of it:

> "Stout Ferrers there kept faithless ward,
> And Gaunt performed his Castle guard.
> There captive Mary looked in vain
> For Norfolk and her nuptial train."

"But this is rather matter of magnificence and memory," than to the purpose. Ruins inspire me with vastly different emotions than the remembrance of warlike depredations or queenly misfortunes. On Saturday we are to proceed to the (by fame) magnificent ruins and scenery of Doveridge. On Wednesday we are going to Locksley (the scene of many of Robin Hood's exploits) to dine with a

gentleman in the olden style which will be a treat for me particularly as it is the place of the tournament in Walter Scott's wonderful romance of "Ivanhoe."

Holmes took me to tea the other evening with the Misses Sherrad, of Palmer Moor (between Uttoxeter and Sudbury) one of whom is a beautiful girl and her lovely eyes would be enough to melt the heart of any one who had a heart to melt; but alas! I may say with our unequalled Shelley "I can give not what men call love."

Mr. Holmes and I are great friends. We have delightful conversations on literature and what is more he is a great botanist and has laid out his garden (a very extensive one) admirably; he has (if I may be allowed the expression) erected ruins therein, among the trees, which (particularly by moonlight) have a most picturesque effect. The most lovely flower in his garden, and what I value more than all the rest, is a luxuriant *Honeysuckle* in full bloom—I never beheld such a flower (or plant or whatever you term it) I am quite in love with it, and I pay nocturnal visits to it as to some spirit in the shape of a flower to whom I may unload my soul and to whom I may address:

"The worship the heart lifts above
And the heavens reject not.

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion the heart lifts afar
From the sphere of our sorrow."

Shelley again—but you must pardon—for he of all poets, he alone expresses *my feelings.*

Our journey was full of adventures, but those I will reserve for my next visit to your estate at Brixton. Travelling is monstrously expensive, there are so many things we don't think of on setting out, but luckily my expenses here are what Aristotle terms "purely nothing" (nihil simplex).

Would you, my dear mother, write as soon as convenient to Cassidy and tell him to give Ashley warning directly? Let me have a long letter and tell me how Bill and all of you are—and I will return it by another when I shall have

more to tell you. My acquaintance has increased by upwards of twenty since I left you. I should be so happy were it but for *one thing—one unattainable thing.* Oh! my dearest and best of friends—my adored father and mother, if you knew my heart! how earnestly I desire and burn to repay you for all your devoted kindness to me, who have been so unworthy of it! I *am determined to excel*—you *shall be proud of me—I will be worthy* (though I *have been* but *too much* the contrary) of such parents! The rejection from the Society was a grievous disappointment, but I will take my dear mother's advice and will look forward with hope. I am young and what talents I have shall be strained to the utmost.

My dearest Parents,

Yours with most sincere and affectionate love,

J. W. DAVISON.

We have prayers every night—there is nothing more beautiful than *sincere* religion. Mr. Holmes is *sincerely* religious, and I respect him for it, though perhaps unfortunately not so myself.

Good-night, it is past one o'clock; I have written this after retiring for the night.

J. W. D.

CHAPTER II.

Launched on a career as a musician—The Round Table—Shelley's "Alastor" and "Queen Mab"—The Society of British Musicians and the "Musical Magazine"—Henry Bishop—A movement in favour of English music and English musicians—English Opera House—Davison as composer and conductor—Moscheles, Cramer, Neate, De Beriot—Illness and some letters from country—Composes further songs and an overture—Sterndale Bennett—Balfe's "Siege of Rochelle"—Miss Foote.

DAVISON now seemed launched upon a career, that of the musician, his parents being resigned to the new departure and to the vanishing of the distant vision of the Woolsack. But the real course of his barque was not yet fixed. After the first flash of enthusiasm for music may have come a reaction in favour of literature. At any rate, his allegiance was divided. "Billy Holmes" in his letter speaks of a "book," a letter in 1834 from the father of his friend, Macfarren mentions a "novel." We have his own account in an article he wrote some years afterwards for the "Musical Examiner," of a British Museum Reading Room period when the bulky old French romances relating to the Round Table were his staple intellectual sustenance, when, with one or two old chums, Evelyn one of them, he set about translating some of those epics of chivalry. To the beginning of this period must belong the little red covered note book wherein is announced in bold and flourishing characters the translation of the History of the Knight of the Sun. When not in the British Museum Reading Room he

would frequently hang about old book-stalls, as he tells us in that same "Musical Examiner" article. We catch some glimpse of him in a perhaps rather busy, though perhaps rainy street of the neighbourhood of Holborn or Bloomsbury, though the glimpse be from fifty years away, through the inward eye of his old music master who, in a letter already quoted, reminds him of the time when "you overturned some thousands of her (Qy. his) Majesty's loyal subjects in your wild pursuit after knowledge—reading in the streets and charging with your umbrella." At one time theology appears to have been the engrossing study, Thomas Aquinas and S. Augustine, at another philosophy—Plato and Aristotle, Bacon and Locke. In 1833 he had Spinoza in hand. He was given to scribbling in the margins of the old books he collected and Spinoza's theological-political "Tractatus" has, scribbled in it, quotations from Vanini's dialogues, Cardan's "De Immortalitate Animæ" and Bacon's "Novum Organum." In the same volume are notes from Cornelius Agrippa, Montaigne and Pascal, but in another hand, that of the Author of Sanitary Institutions, the late John Simon, whose friendship he made in 1835, who succeeded Evelyn as British Museum chum, and with whom he was in the habit of exchanging old books. Thomas Hobbes was perhaps their great favourite, while Pomponatius made another of those eccentric figures—like Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, Cardan, Vanini and others—who exercised a sort of fascination over Davison and certain of whom he seems to have thought of grouping in a work to be entitled "The Burnt Philosophers."

Towards the end of 1834, Macfarren's father, poet and artist, but middle-aged, writes from Milan: "I suppose your novel is now nearly finished and I expect one of the earliest copies by the first conveyance. I hear a great deal about your friend George's doings and the interest you take in them, but nothing of what you are about. If George claims you as a brother, methinks I may surely presume to feel something better than curiosity respecting your proceedings. How goes the pianoforte, and how the harmony? How many new overtures are pro-

jected and how many songs launched to follow after the sparkling waves of the 'Open Sea?'" . . . . I do not and cannot accuse you of apathy, but you must excuse me if I tell you that I think you want purpose and perseverance. You are young, quick and apt, and there is no reason in the world why you should not excel greatly, except that you have imbibed certain notions and philosophies which I fear the world is not yet ripe to tolerate, and which I fear either nullify, impede or at least divide your attention. This is a theme I have often spoken and written upon to my most dear and good son; and you, as his most esteemed friend, will serve him and yourself and pleasure me greatly by giving him an example of conformity to public, not private, opinion and the pursuit of celebrity by a manly race along the beaten road, rather than a steeple chase of eccentricity which people tolerate, sometimes laugh at, never admire." . . . .

In the "Musical Examiner" article passing allusion is made to the vegetarian tastes of the reader of black-letter Round Table romances, of the haunter of old bookstalls. It may have been at an old bookstall that he first saw a copy of "Queen Mab," a dozen years perhaps after the striking close of the author's life. Then may have begun that admiration which presently took the form of something like a religion having Marlow as its Mecca. Davison communicated his enthusiasm to his friends, lent them the poems, took them to the woods where "Alastor" was imagined, and adopted with them for a time some of the theories expounded in the notes to "Queen Mab." Later he emulated those of them who were musicians in setting Shelley's lyrics to music. Macfarren was an early devotee, and may have been the composer of a certain musical setting of "One word is too often profaned," a manuscript copy of which Davison received on his twenty-first birthday, October 5th, 1834, from a mutual friend and correspondent. The early thirties are the dawn of Shelley's fame, and for the next few years signs of a growing taste for his poetry are seen in various directions. The correspondence of two or three members of the Davisonian group of this period smacks much of Shelley. Amongst these young

people just starting on the independent voyage of life, there is a high-pitched tone of feeling, not seldom expressed in the style of "The Children of the Abbey"; that of etherial, if over-wrought or sometimes vapid, sensibility. There seems to be a disgust at, and a contempt for, the vulgar and prosaic world, the striving after an ideal state, supposed attainable by a departure from the beaten track, and an eager desire for "emancipation," communion of kindred spirits being at once goal, motive power and central subject of interest.

From the correspondence of 1833, 1834 and 1835, we glean wayside allusions to Shelley and to Bacon, amongst Davison's favourite authors, to "King Arthur" and to "Manon Lescaut" among his favourite books, to Spohr and to Dussek, among his favourite composers, to a song (a setting perhaps of Barry Cornwall's spirited lines) which he was fond of singing at convivial gatherings, and which made Sterndale Bennett address him in his letters as "King Death," to the Society of British Musicians, of which Sterndale Bennett was the brightest and most particular member, and to the "Musical Magazine," which was the Society's champion in the press. This little monthly paper lasted one year, the year 1835, and numbered among its contributors a writer of long letters with long sentences and not a few parentheses—a writer of rather classically couched epistles arraigning the Philharmonic Society, quoting Bacon, upholding the Society of British Musicians and praising Dussek, over the signature "Arthur Pendragon."

The "Musical Magazine" had found English music trying to rise, with a new generation, from a low state. The foremost English musician was Henry Bishop, a man who frittered away much genius in the production of work calculated for immediate popularity, and laid unscrupulous hands on the operatic scores of great masters in order to suit them to a low theatrical taste. At the theatre English music existed in the shape of a few popular songs stuck here and there in the scores of Mozart and Weber. In the concert-room English music was to be found in a modest place at entertainments devoted to keeping green the memory of the ancients.

From the concerts of the principal society, the Philharmonic, English music was virtually banished. A widespread and not unnatural prejudice existed against English music and English musicians, while Paganini with one string drew after him crowds and a fortune. But in 1834 a green branch shot from the shrivelled trunk—how far due to the foundation, in 1823, of the Royal Academy of Music, is an interesting question. Both in the theatre and in the concert-room a new movement was apparent. It had, in one direction at least, to make itself a new outlet.

An English Opera House was set going, while at the same time a society was formed for the performance of new music by native composers exclusively. Among the musical contributors to the opera house were the young composers Barnett and Loder. Among the members of the new society were Holmes, Mudie, Macfarren and Sterndale Bennett; to these, Davison joined himself. He became a member of the Society of British Musicians and figured at its meetings sometimes as composer (of overtures), sometimes as conductor, and there can be but very little doubt as to whose was the pen which "Arthur Pendragon" plied in the cause of native music, when in 1835, it found a champion in the newly-founded "Musical Magazine."

In the early summer of this year just mentioned, Davison was dangerously ill with inflammation on the liver attended with fever, etc. etc. etc. Writes his mother to her other son who is in the country learning farming, "he has been bled and blistered, poor fellow, and indeed has suffered much and great pain. . . . . My dear boy is now convalescent and your poor Dad and myself in better spirits, though sorely jaded as you may imagine with sitting up relieving guard every night." . . . . and, in a later letter: "Thank God, your brother is recovering —but, as you can easily imagine after such a pull down, it is difficult to pull up again, and yet he has a ravenous appetite! Poor fellow, he looks like Shakespeare's starved Apothecary; send me the Squire's receipt for fattening pigs." Brother William dutifully consults the Squire and sends up two receipts, having in view pork

MARIA DAVISON.

From a portrait by Marlow painted *circa* 1810.

or bacon respectively. To him his convalescent brother has addressed some "epistolary chat" dated from Eden Cottage, June 11th, 1835, in which he speaks of his doings prior to the illness.

EDEN COTTAGE,

June 11th, 1835.

I have been very delighted with the Philharmonic Concerts, the effect of their band is wonderful, you can imagine nothing more magnificent than one of Mozart's or Beethoven's symphonies performed there. I have heard Moscheles, Cramer, Neate, De Beriot, etc. etc. etc., in the course of the season besides lots of fine symphonies and overtures by the first masters. Bennett created a great sensation by his concerto which you heard him play at the British. I missed the last concert which took place on Monday; Herz played and Potter's new symphony was performed, which I grieve to have lost. While I am writing now, I daresay they are playing my overture at Billy Holmes' concert. It commences with an overture of Bennett's, the first part ends with "Fortunatus." Macfarren and Mudie also have pieces performed. Holmes has immense patronage and gives his concert at the Hanover Square—he will have a capital band. Bennett gives a concert to-morrow evening, so that I miss loads of treats by my illness. Coventry has brought out a new edition of "Oh, tell me not," with a new title page, sung by Mrs. Honey . . . . When we send you a parcel I will let you have a copy, and I hope some of the "Fortunatus." Three long letters of mine have been published in the "Musical Magazine." . . . .

Poor mother has had lots of trouble with me, what I should have done without her I cannot imagine! I must have slept with my fathers to a certainty. How beautiful the country must be now, I wish I were with you enjoying the green fields and the delightful society of Nutting Grove; the heat here is beyond anything; mother can do nothing all day but lay down. I amuse

myself with reading all day as I cannot yet touch the pianoforte. Pray remember me most kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Way, and very particularly indeed to Boodle, though I suppose he has by this time forgotten that such a person existed as my humble self. . . . . My illness has greatly added to my intellectual acquirements, as I have read a library of books in bed, amongst which were Bulwer's new work, "The Student," and "The Last Days of Pompeii," etc. etc.

A couple of months later he is again with his kind Sudbury friends. Perhaps illness has had something to do with some relaxation in diligence, some dreamy wavering, some careless proceeding from which, in reply perhaps to a request for a remittance, his father wakes him by a few sharp sentences, and a picture appears of the J. W. Davison of August, 1834, in his own looking-glass.

SUDBURY,
DERBYSHIRE.

My dear Father,

Though with your laconic epistle I received what I had requested, I cannot say it put me in very good spirits; however, I think I may safely say that it has for ever cured me of that thoughtless extravagance which has hitherto been but too prevailing a trait in my anything but immaculate character. The idea that you who have ever been so affectionate and so over-indulgent a father to me, should give up your little pleasures (so few and far between) in order to supply means for expenses heedlessly incurred by me, cut me to the heart. I felt a more severe and wholesome lesson *in one short sentence* than volumes could ever have taught me. But it has had its effect, I am changed—and changed you shall ere long acknowledge me. I shall make no promises of amendment, no protestations of repentance, but

let my future actions speak for themselves. As yet I have been but a burden to you both—an expensive but useless burden—in future I fondly hope and eagerly expect I shall be able to bring something to the stock and not take all away. My errors, which have been great, very great, I feel conscious in my own mind have been the result of a strange want of reflection, rather than from a disposition evilly disposed, for I have always felt an admiration of virtue in others and a love towards those who have possessed it, which proves that I ought to possess it myself. This want of reflection has hitherto been my destruction, and combined with a giddy enthusiasm, the frequent characteristic of youth, and a silly vanity to excel in that which is of no use to me, would in time have proved too powerful an enemy to have rooted out, but "sero nunquam est ad bonos mores via," and I may also add it is never too early. I shall for the future stick to my profession and send the philosophers to Utopia, for they (that is, the dreamers like Paracelsus and others) and the poets have turned my head, and made me look on money with such contempt as to imagine it not worth labouring for. I never for a moment reflected on the ways and means by which I was then living and enjoying so many comforts. No —I was eternally pondering on

> "The self-impelling steam wheels of the mind
> That pump up oaths from clergymen."

I was unceasingly pursuing the airy phantoms of a disordered fancy, and thought much oftener of the philosopher's stone and the "Elixir vitæ" than of any stratagems by which I might obtain bread and cheese and a house to live in. I never turned my head to the other and darker side of the question, by which I might have found out that Paracelsus, who asserted that he possessed both the Philosopher's Stone and the "Elixir vitæ," was often in a state of literal starvation, and managed to slip out of the world at the age of thirty-seven. If I had thought less of Hobbes' "Leviathan" and more of beefsteaks, less of Tom Paine and more of five shilling pieces, I perhaps with a little exertion might

now have been in a condition to have returned my dear and kind parents a few of the favours they have so bountifully bestowed upon me. But, as Jacob Faithful says: "What's done can't be undone." It is no use (lam)-enting the past but 'tis well to think on the future. I have not lost my time since I have been here, as to health I am a different being. I have practised very hard on the pianoforte and have acquired more than sufficient facility on the organ to enable me to undertake the duties of an organist, should I be fortunate enough to obtain a situation. I have received so much kindness from Mr. and Mrs. Holmes and all their family that I know not how to repay them, they seem never to think anything too good for me. I never received so much attention. I hope if fate permits to have the pleasure of dining in Brixton on Thursday, but pray do not receive me with displeasure, I cannot bear it—though I ought to know both you and my dear mother too well to fancy it for a moment. What a heavenly place this is. I wish most sincerely you could see it—it is quite fairy-land, and everybody is so kind that it reminds one of the Golden Age. The country around is magnificent beyond imagination.

"A chaos of green leaves and fruit,
Built round dark caverns even to the root
Of the living stems which feed them; in whose bowers
There sleep in their dark dew the folded flowers;
Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn
Trembles not in the slumbering air, and borne
In circles quaint and ever-changing dance,
Like wingéd stars the fire-flies flash and glance
Pale in the open moonshine; but each one
Under the dark trees seems a little sun,
A meteor tamed, a fixed star gone astray
From the silver regions of the milky way."

But stop, I am getting poetical, this must not be, more particularly with Shelley, who is the wildest of Utopians. I have been a complete farming-man lately and have lived *sheafly* among the fields, helping the reapers, which is a great thing for one of my y(ears. I am delighted with the technicalities of farming and am particularly partial to the *fermity* which is made from the

wheat—Bill will tell you what it is, as he is a complete man of Thraves. Give my best love to mother and to Bill when you write, and believe me till death and after, if possible, your affectionate though unworthy son,

J. W. D.

Towards the end of the year he addresses his brother in a different style:

Dear Bill,

This is the first moment I have been able to steal from my multifarious avocations in order to devote a reply to your very loquacious and ontosophical epistle. Since I last had the felicity of seeing you, I have made rapid strides, and, I may say, gigantic inroads into the highway of euphonic apotheosism (musical immortality) (?). I shall have lots to show you at Christmas—Imprimis—"When the Stars are in the Sky" and "The Soft Blooming Rose," both my words and Macfarren's music, secondly, "The Three Mounts," a hymn (!), Montgomery's words and my music, thirdly, "Overture to Fortunatus" as a duet, dedicated to Billy Holmes—and, lastly, a duet by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy inscribed to J. W. Davison. Macfarren has written a flute concerto, which is to be played at the British, and is now publishing at Hill's with pianoforte accompaniment, capital practice for you. The first concert of the Society went off with acclamations—the best things were a symphony by Mudie; a concerto for the pianoforte by Macfarren, splendidly played by Holmes, and an overture to Lord Byron's "Parisina," by W. S. Bennett, which was encored, this last is, I think, the best thing that has been played at the Society's concerts. It is publishing as a duet, so you will hear it. I have had the overture to "Darnley" tried and it is liked much better than "Fortunatus." Since that I have written another to Dryden's "Amphitryon," which is to be tried at the next instrumental trial. I do not know how it will go, but it is my favourite of the three. Bennett has published some

splendid studies for pianoforte, and Holmes some dramatic sketches for ditto, both of which I am practising in order to play to you at Christmas. I have seen Balfe's opera of the "Siege of Rochelle" and do not at all like it, it wants originality, and is deficient in everything but noise and vulgarity. The band and chorus beat any I ever heard in the walls of a theatre. I was at a quartet the other night and played a quintet of Dussek's pianoforte obbligato in style, I assure you; this was at Mr. Watts' house, secretary to the Philharmonic Society—a great man, who has taken it into his head to patronise me and asked me to breakfast three or four Sundays. I am going to leave this place in a week and am going to live *solus* in Poland Street, very nice lodgings and a very central situation for me. Mother came to town yesterday to see them and liked them very much. On our way to Charing Cross, Mrs. D. was admiring a gorgeous looking vehicle with divers varlets in sundry laced liveries, and was surmising what great personage it might appertain to, when she received vehement salutations and hand-kissings from within, which proceeded from the Countess of Harrington, formerly Miss Foote—this is the first time mother has seen her since her marriage. (This last sentence is in your style). Father sends his blessing and says that there is no fish yet in the market but cod, which is not good; but the moment there is a good turbot to be had he will send it. I like my Blackheath pupils very much, they are exceedingly clever, but those at Eltham are abominably stupid; they, however, pay me ready money, 14s., and some music generally makes it 16s. or 18s. I hope you read Bacon. I have another for you in French which you must read. Send me a line and say whether I shall send it you with some music for the ladies by the coach.

My best regards to Mr. Way, and my dutiful allegiance to Boodle and his valiant papa,

Your affectionate brother,

J. W. D.

When you receive this the Captain will have been

called to account, of which mama will write you particulars.

J. W. D.

I shall send you "King Arthur."

The "Duet by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy inscribed to J. W. Davison" must have been some arrangement for the pianoforte by Macfarren, perhaps, or Holmes, as Davison does not appear to have made Mendelssohn's acquaintance till 1836. The "Captain" was a trustee for some property, the mismanagement of which somewhat crippled the Davisons, and, combined perhaps with some lack of thrifty providence on the part of their elder son, may have been the starting point of those pecuniary difficulties in which, during his earlier life, he occasionally found himself involved.

CHAPTER III.

W. S. Bennett and Davison at the Musical Festival, Düsseldorf, 1836—A visit to Mendelssohn—Its effect on his career—Fresh ardour in the pursuit of music—Teaching, composing, conducting reading and writing—Mendelssohn sends him autograph score of "Non Nobis Domine"—Malibran—Sterndale Bennett in Leipzig and his "Naiads" overture and "Symphony in B minor"—Mendelssohn, David and Stamitz—Mendelssohn as executant Macfarren in the Isle of Man—Some interesting Bennett letters—Mendelssohn's bride—Some characteristic Macfarren letters.

HAD Davison wavered at all in his allegiance to music, an event which occurred in 1836 probably restored and confirmed him. On the Whit Sunday and Monday of that year was held the eighteenth Lower Rhenish Musical Festival, at Düsseldorf. Thither was sent Sterndale Bennett by the firm of Broadwood, who took an interest in native talent, and especially in Bennett. Davison, probably with his friend's assistance, accompanied him. Mendelssohn, who was conducting the Festival, received them very kindly. His "Paulus" was produced on the Whit Sunday. On the Monday, besides music by Handel, Mozart and Spontini, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was given and his Overture to "Leonora" (that in E). On the Tuesday, at an extra concert, Mendelssohn and David played the "Kreutzer" Sonata, "both without having rehearsed and without music," says a reporter, "thus imparting to this difficult composition the fire and freedom of an improvisation." Coming one morning to see the young Englishman, Mendelssohn was told by

Bennett that his friend had been deprived of rest by a severe headache. Mendelssohn looked all compassion, stroked Davison's head, and said, with his German accent, "Poor fallow, poor fallow," an incident which, fifty or sixty years after, Davison would feelingly relate. Such a slight touch of nature from the genius to his particular admirer, from the player of the "Kreutzer," the conductor of the Ninth Symphony, the composer of "Paulus," from music's then hero, in short, put a seal on the admirer's devotion. The Düsseldorf Festival was followed by a trip up the Rhine, and this May of 1836 and of life must have been to Davison a time to look back to for ever.

On his return to London, an impetus having thus, no doubt, been given to his ardour in the pursuit of music, we again find him giving lessons, in which capacity he occasionally replaced Sterndale Bennett, composing, conducting, reading and writing. On August 19, 1836, Mendelssohn sent him "with the author's best wishes and compliments" the score of his psalm, "Non Nobis Domine."

With John Simon, student at St. Thomas' Hospital, he read and studied. A programme and time-table of joint study were drawn up, the time-table allotting certain periods to the mastering of the various subjects, as, for instance, "Persian—a week." Day-time would be occupied by such study or by miscellaneous reading at the British Museum, while evening might occasionally be devoted to the study, at Drury Lane, of Malibran, then in the blaze of her brief glory. John Simon must have become his principal companion when, towards the end of 1836, Bennett and Macfarren were drawn away in opposite directions—Bennett to Leipzig, Macfarren to a professional engagement in the Isle of Man. With both he corresponded. In August, Bennett had been working at his "Naiads" Overture. In September he had begun a Symphony in B minor. In October, just arrived in Leipzig, he writes to Davison:

"I had a visit from Mendelssohn soon after I got in. He saluted me in the *German fashion*. Enquired very

kindly after you with your *blue eyes*. He took me to his house and gave me the printed score of 'Melusina,' and afterwards we supped at the 'Hôtel de Bavière,' where all the musical clique feed, and I have also become a subscriber. The party consists of Mendelssohn, David (the leader at Düsseldorf), Stamity, a French pianist, who is taking lessons of *Mend*. The young man whom we saw at Düsseldorf named Frank, who played 'Melusina' with Mendelssohn at the private house we went to there, and a Mr. Schumann, a musical editor, who expected to see me a *fat* man with *large black whiskers*. . . .

"Mendelssohn is to be married at Easter; he told me that he was betrothed, which in this part of the world is a solemn ceremony. He is now considered as a bridegroom and his lady as a bride. . . .

"I wish you would find out which would be the better way to direct to Macfarren from here. I am very anxious to write to him and tell him the state of things here."

Then he describes . . . . "the Society's concert of last night (Thursday). Beethoven's Concerto in G, which Mendelssohn played wonderfully and his cadences were extraordinary. I really think more than ever of him."

On November 6, from the Isle of Man, writes Macfarren:

"I read the 'Sensitive Plant' nightly; every line of it is a poem—a world of thought. What a shuddering irresistibly seizes me at reading the third part. What an awful picture is this of ruin and *mortality*—yes all that's bright *must fade*—of hope—of ambition—of love —of talent, alas! again alas! . . . . "

This doubtless was in reference to Malibran, lately dead at the age of twenty-eight. . . . .

"I much regret that I have not and cannot hear Bennett's Overture; had he been anyone but Bennett I might have had a notion of it from his playing it over—how

capricious he is—happy fellow! He is in heaven now. I wish I did not envy him. You must be more than proud of Mendelssohn's autograph; I think you have more luck than some of your compeers in these matters —joy be with you. . . . . I have finished the 'Lady of the Lake.' This certainly has many beauties, but how very weak it is by the side of Shelley, the 'Sensitive Plant' is worth it all. I have met with a most extraordinary character in Mr. Wood, the person who was the original cause of my coming here. He is an intelligent man who can think for himself as well as appreciate the philosophies of others. He is an ardent admirer of Shelley, which, being so strongly in accordance with my own feelings, naturally led to a mutual development of our opinions; strange to say, he is a converted Deist who learned to admire Shelley during his own infidelity, and having once really appreciated this master mind, is unable to shake off the influence it has over him. . . . . "

The rest of a long letter contains anxious reflections on the present state of their friendship, together with a discussion of business matters, showing that under the flowers and foliage was some rough bark and branch.

Macfarren was still his friend's mentor in musical composition, and another letter from Douglas is three-quarters filled with technical criticism of certain songs Davison had composed and sent him.

"You will say I have had no mercy on your unfortunate productions, but you may perceive all the errors I have discovered are merely of a grammatical nature. How are people to write perspicuously who will not learn Syntax? There is a great deal of imagination in these songs—there are some happy ideas and some new ones. Do not be dismayed at the number of my objections—correct your faults and make another essay. Now for your letter. That I am a mystery is not a recent discovery of yours—you have told me so before, and I have acquiesced in the opinion. I am a miserable being and it is not enough that I am, like all humanity, born to endure misfortune, but I am a perpetual blister—the

constant cause of vexation to my friends—to those whom my dearest wishes, my strictest duties prompt me to solace and assist. What is the cause of this?"

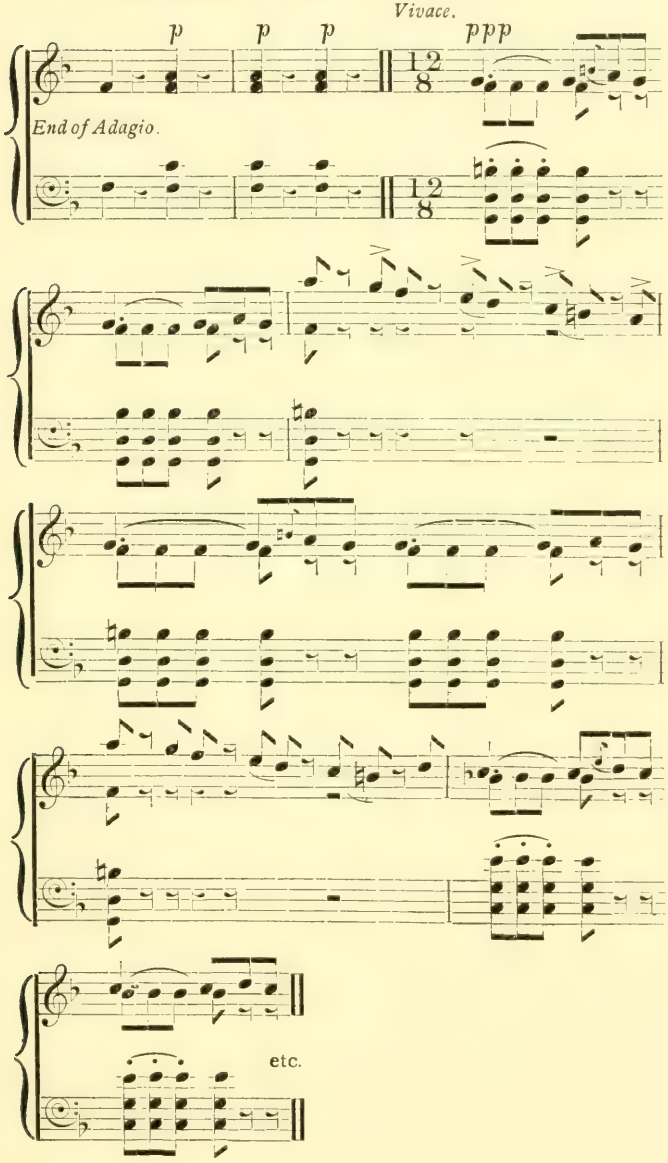
Separated from his family, his friends, and London's art life, with little congenial society, little music but that of ordinary pupils, and little tendency, at the age of twenty-three, towards

> "That content surpassing wealth
> The sage in meditation found"

perhaps already a vegetarian, Macfarren chafes, is depressed, at times somewhat morbid and self-tormenting. On the grey background of this state of existence, however, he makes the acquaintance of a few pleasant figures and these impress him vividly.

In interesting contrast with the letters from the Isle of Man are those from Leipzig. Bennett at the very hearth of musical genius is delighted with all he finds, down to the wood-fuel that "makes the room smell delicious."

He writes to Davison on November 24, 1836:

"Your head seems as full of speculations as ever. I wish they may all answer. . . . . On the 6th of next month I think of making my appearance in the German Orchestra, where I shall play my new concerto with the 'Barcarole.' I have written to Broadwood respecting a pianoforte on account of Breitkopf and Haertel here, but I am afraid it will not come in time. My 'Caprice' I shall also play and have a new Overture done which I will tell you about presently. First of all—should I send it you per Bowley, let me say—that I will not have it tried with a bad orchestra at the British—but they may play it at their concerts if they choose. It rejoices in the title of 'The Wood Nymphs,' is in F major, and after a short introduction (Sunrise) begins in $\frac{12}{8}$ time. You will, I think, find nothing melancholy in it, but, on the contrary, plenty of fun.

Vivace.
p
p
p
ppp
12
8
End of Adagio.
etc.

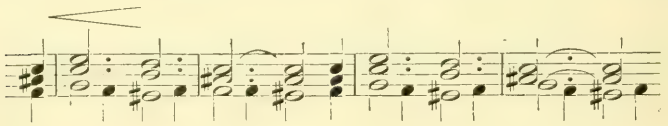
"Do not take my ne (w) Overture too fast. Now I shall begin my Symphony and lots of other things. I am determined to lose no time here. I think you are quite (right?) about Loder—I always thought him very talented. Is it true that Costa will conduct the Philharmonic Concerts next year? I hope not—the only advantage would be that we might hear the whole of Beethoven's symphonies in one night (and) still have time to spare for supper. . . . . My Overture must not be played too fast."

The "Naiads" was produced a couple of months later by the Society of British Musicians, Davison conducting it.

Writes Bennett again from Leipzig under the date February, 1837.

My dear Davison,

Your letter gave me so much uneasiness to learn that you were so uncomfortably situated, not at all for my own account, but to think that (you) had been so ill-treated by your lawyer. I beg my dear fellow that you will consider my little debt as paid and never mention (it) to me again, moreover, when I return to England, I hope to be able to assist you. In the meantime keep up your spirits, after all you may perhaps make some satisfactory arrangement with your creditors. You are, I know, a philosopher, so will surely not have read Lord Bacon for nothing. . . . . "

Then referring to the "Naiads": " . . . . Thank you for conducting it . . . . I have shown it to Mendelssohn, who said he liked it very much, and particularly a passage which is rather a favourite of mine:

"Mendelssohn's bride is here, one of the handsomest girls I ever saw; he will (be) married at Frankfort in about two months. He is quite happiness itself. . . . . I must tell you that there is here a very nice fellow, who is named *Schumann*, and whom I like very much. He is very clever; plays pianoforte beautifully when he likes, composes a great deal, although his music is rather too eccentric. I think Coventry will publish some new studies by him and I wish him to come with me when I come to England, but I do not think there is any chance of it. He is the editor of a "Musical Gazette" here, and if you would give me all the musical news you can lay hold of, I should be much obliged to you. . . . .

"You have no idea how (very) magnificent your name looks in my sketches. You are still J. W. Davison, as they have printed them with an English title-page. But old Mac. is turned into 'Herrn G. A. Macfarren, and poor Beale into Monsieur. I find that my sketches are the things which most please here, for I hear all the young ladies playing them where I go. I wish I (could) get you to name three other titles that I might compose some more. Set your wits to work . . . .

"Tell Phillips how much pleasure I should have had in hearing his Overture, and also to Holmes concerning his Concerto. I am very glad that these fellows keep up the spirit of the British. What has Macfarren been writing? . . . . "

The sketches referred to for which Davison had found titles, or which had been composed to subjects suggested by him, were "The Lake," "The Millstream" and "The Fountain." Before the end of the year Bennett had written the first movement of his Symphony in B minor.

Macfarren on his side had not been idle, and a symphony of his in A minor was produced at the same concert of the Society of British Musicians with the "Naiads" on Wednesday, January 25, 1837. Amongst other compositions were some songs to words by Miss Nelson, a lady poet, and one of the few inhabitants of the Isle of Man who interested Mac-

farren. Meanwhile, perhaps at not very regular intervals, Davison sends him books, music, a picture, perhaps of Malibran, together with some letter whose charm for Macfarren atones for long previous silence and calms for a time a ruffled spirit. Early in the year Macfarren had complained with some asperity of Davison's neglect of certain commissions. On January 11th, 1837, he begins: "My dear friend, you are a great humbug," which he proceeds to demonstrate. Davison has not kept a promise to visit Douglas at Christmas, a failure which may have been largely due to circumstances over which he had no control. Davison does not appear to have been showing goodwill in the discharge of an engagement to give certain lessons on Macfarren's account, and, on this, Macfarren crossly, humorously, pathetically offers to pay him for it.

"And you have no right to feel hurt or offended at this suggestion, as it is equalled, if not surpassed, by your contemptible offer to 'make me a present' of the music published at Coventry's. What a proposition! As though we had not a mutual right to everything over which each other had any discretion. O, unenthusiasm!"

But two months later (March, 1837) he writes:

My dear Davison,

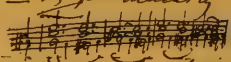
I will not begin to thank you for your parcel received yesterday, because were I to write a volume it could only contain the beginning of what you deserve. Not to mention Beethoven's sonatas or Bulwer's novels, which I can only estimate when I have read them, your letter afforded me one of the greatest treats I have had since I saw you. I will not instance any of the beautiful passages in it lest you should think the complimentary things you say to me have bribed me to reciprocate them. I believe all you say to me of myself to be sincere, and it would perhaps be gratifying to so vain a person as myself did I even believe the contrary, but your believing all these flattering things of your friend is no argument for their

Leipzig - February 6. 1837

My Dear Davison!

Your letter gave me much uneasiness to learn that you were so uncomfortably situated, not at all for my own account, but to think that had been so obstructed by your lawyer - I beg my dear fellow that you will consider my little debt as paid & never mention it to me again, moreover when I return to England, I hope to be able to assist you - In the meantime keep up your spirits, after all you may perhaps make some satisfactory arrangement with your creditors - You are, I know a philosopher, so will surely not have read Lord Bacon for nothing - I am inclined to be angry with you for letting two months pass before you wrote to me - If you knew how much pleasure I had from reading any letter from England, you would make me happy a little oftener - Another thing is why do you sub your letter "Your Sincerely obliged friend"? You dear J. am obliged to lecture a little before I can proceed with anything else - But now will begin - & pray excuse my egotism in talking firstly about my Overture - I assure you that I was overjoyed to hear of its success, as I had more hopes from it than any thing I ever wrote - although I think that it is a very hard one, that I ever never heard it myself Thank you - for conducting it - I was also gratified to hear that Rovedelis had taken charge of it at the Philharmonic Tell me - did you hear it there? & what did the people say about it - you gave me no account of it at the Phil. - Coventry writes that it had most complete success - & that

Mad^{lle} Garcia been writing to me & has given me a long account of it - I will write to her again in my next letter - &c

it was better received than any of the others — Is ah, that true? I surely may ask the Question, as I have heard neither the Others nor my own — They will play it here in a week in the grand Concerts — I think afterwards it will be published for the Orchestra, Score & P. Forte duetto — as the Music Publisher here has offered to do it — I have shown it to Mendelssohn who said he liked it very much — & particularly a passage, which is rather a favourite of mine  Do you think that the Phil. will play it at their concerts, I shall perhaps then hear it — Enough of this — You will think I am conceited — I have played my Concerto in C Minor here, with capital success — they are printing it here, with the parts for full Orchestra — My Studies, Sketches & Impromptus are also published here — the Concerts here are nearly over — there are twenty in the Season, & there are five more only — in the next I play the "Homage a Handel" — with Mendelssohn for two P. Fortes — Mendelssohn's bride is here, one of the handsomest girls I ever saw, he will married at Frankfort in about two months — He is quite happy himself — His "Paulus" will be performed in the Church here in about five weeks — Also I think at Birmingham in the Autumn — I think after all that Coventry did every thing for the best, when they refused my Overture for the British first Concert — although I am very glad that they had it for the 2nd — Pray tell me me in your next, how they get on for subscribers, & what sort of things they give in the vocal way — Have you played at any of the Treats? & do you write anything now? — I wish they were not so fond of performing Trumpet & Trombone Solos — I must tell you that there is here a very nice fellow, who is named Schumann, & whom I like very much He is very clever — Plays P. Forte beautifully when he likes, composes a great deal, although his music is rather too

eccentric — I think Coventry will publish some new Sketches by him & I wish him to come with me when I come to England — but I do not think there is any chance of it — He is the editor of a Musical Gazette here, & if you would give me also the Musical news you can lay hold of I should be much obliged to you — Have you got any pupils now? or do you stay at home and practise — Of course my Chambers will be at my service on the 20th of next month, although I shall not want them so soon — I want very much to get back again as only to think that I have not tasted a drop of Mr Ritchie's entire, for nearly three months — I have heard that Yates is about to be married — is it true? & to whom? — I should wish you to be with me now, with all your jambon & stopping at on the road — &c — I should indeed be happy — If I had really known your circumstances before I left, I should have proposed it to you — as you would live very cheaply here, & out of the way of your particular friends — it is too late to think of it — but I hope you will get safely over all the trouble which surround you — You have no idea how magnificent your name looks on my Sketches — you are still J. F. Davison & they have printed them with an English Titlepage — But old Mac — is turned into "Herron G. A. Macfarren — & poor Beale into Monsieur — I find that my Sketches are the things which most please here, for I hear all the young ladies playing them where I go — I wish I get you to name three other titles that I might compose some more — Set your wits to work — I shall most likely have a Symphony to bring home with me — & I hope some more things for the P. forte — The days are so short, & I always go to the Hotel at 1 o'clock to dinner, so that I find the time gone without scarcely anything being done — Tell Phillips how much pleasure I should have had, in hearing his Overture & also to Holmes concerning his Concerto — I am very glad that these fellows keep up the Spirit of the British — That has

In fourteen days from the date of this letter I shall expect to hear from, & on pain of my dire displeasure – don't not – don't take up half your paper with a lot of foolish apology – Bye the Bye – how are the Radicals going – tell me I hope they won't invade by Robert Bell to Glasgow again – he doe a great deal more harm than good – With Love to your Pictures of Mrs Stoney & the Birth of Helper – & all my other Loves

Let me remain
Yours very Sincerely
W H Cumalty

You must always put your letters in the Post on Tuesday & Friday – & write on them via – Hamburgh

Will you get for me the Melody of the two last Airs I sent back in June I should like it on the best music paper & Printed – Bella Donna can give it to you – it begins

[illegible]

Miss K. Davison Esqre
Portland Chambers
157 Great Portland St
Oxford St
London

Bio Jenkyns

LONDON
16
FEB
1887

You might make your letters a little longer – Tell Phillips & Richards now I should be very glad to hear from them if they have time to write to me as I wish to know – all that is going on at the Academy – What they do at the Concerts &c – & Lord Burghersh has written anymore madrigals? Give me an account of Bullah's Opera – & Miss Wyndham? devilish fine girl – If you see Dr Donald, tell him that I shall write to him very soon – When I come home, we will take another journey together to Cambridge & be as happy as the days are long – by the bye, they are very short now, so how can we be completely happy –

verity, and I believe it would be more wholesome, though certainly not so pleasant, were such matters excluded from your future correspondence. Your parcel has been thus long delayed on account of an accident to the steamer, which has prevented her plying and left us at the mercy of sailing packets which are as capricious as the winds that guide them. What a wretched thing is it to live in an infernal place like this when not only personal communication with one's friends is precluded, but correspondence by letter rendered uncertain and so deprived of half its value. . . . . I am out of humour, I have a headache. . . . . I should be very much pleased if either of the two songs I sent you last were printed, not that I am at all proud of, or even satisfied with them, but I think it would be a compliment to Miss Nelson, who is a delightful girl and a great enthusiast. Do not judge of her talents from these specimens. I assure you she has written *some* beautiful things. She reads Shelley and can admire his poetry without confounding it with his doctrines. . . . . "

Somebody lends him "Childe Harold,"—"with which I am as pleased as I am disappointed. I have read as far as the 'Rhine' and can find nothing but a man grumbling—so far perhaps it is in unison with my own feelings, and in truth Byron's discontent is better than anyone else's rapture—perhaps for a descriptive poem (except 'Alastor') I never read anything to compare with it. I am astounded with your quotation from Victor Hugo—to say I am delighted would be like calling Mozart's G minor pretty—blasphemy, at least. . . . . Is it true my symphony is being played at this moment—you can hardly comprehend my anxiety. The second movement describes the feelings of an exile. I thought the first notion of it watching the sunset in the sea and looking towards England. . . . . "

Towards the end of May, the exile's discontent having in no wise abated, he saw an opening for escape into a land of better prospects, and a hasty scrawl of enthusiasm marked July 7, seems to close the Isle of Man correspondence.

CHAPTER IV.

Davison and a fair pupil—Harrison's "Monthly Collection"—Desmond Ryan—The "Harmonist," 1840—Clement White—"The British Vocal Album"—Bloomsbury Circles, Balzac, song, composition and "Eugénie"—Studies Persian and Hebrew—A quarrel and a reconciliation—A love affair—Further songs published—Rossini's "Stabat Mater" as a set of quadrilles—Writing for the "Court Gazette" and "Musical World"—Shelley's words set to music—Mendelssohn in London, his magnificent improvisations—The "Scotch Symphony"—Sigismund Thalberg—a New Symphony by Spohr—A Mendelssohn Symphony—Macfarren and Davison create a scene—A sequel—Davison a strong supporter of native talent—Chopin's works published by Wessel and Stapleton—"An Essay on Chopin"—The "Musical Examiner"—News of the Production of Wagner's "Rienzi"—Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck—George French Flowers, Mus.Bac. and the Society of Contrapuntists—Alfred Novello—Dr. Gauntlett.

"I LIKE my Blackheath pupils very much, they are exceedingly clever," Davison had written to his brother in 1835. Two years later the liking had, for one of his pupils, grown to something stronger, and the truth of Bourdelot's wise saw about "les dangers qu'il-y-a" . . . . seemed likely to receive a modern instance. But to this the young lady's relations put a stop, in which after a few months she herself acquiesced. Davison, in the early part of 1838, was living in the same house as Sterndale Bennett, in whose friendship he may have found some consolation under his disappointment. Macfarren, too, was back in London, the companion at about this time of many a romantic ramble.

We presently find Davison cultivating the literary

side of his profession. In the autumn of 1838 he is reviewing music and musicians, besides translating Paul de Kock for Harrison's "Monthly Collection," a short-lived periodical of which Macfarren's father had undertaken the management. Mr. Macfarren wrote stories for it, one of which was in due time to furnish the libretto for his son's "Devil's Opera." Miss Nelson contributed poems from Douglas, Isle of Man. Desmond Ryan, late medical student, supplied sonnets. Ryan also wrote verses for music which came under the eye of Davison in his capacity of music critic to the "Collection," and were reviewed in such fashion as the following:

"'The sun is set and o'er the lake,' *canzonet*, the poetry of Desmond Ryan, Esq., is of the Moschian species—smooth, pithy, ontological, *brookish*, even lakish. We must, however, remark that one line is borrowed from 'Wowerus,' and another from the 'Poemata' of Bishop Huet; besides which the last couplet is literally translated from the 'De incantationibus' of Petrus Pomponatius: with these exceptions, originality is the chief characteristic of Mr. Desmond Ryan's effusion."

Ryan, it was, perhaps who chronicled the meetings of a certain Random Club, whose members seem to have consisted chiefly of the "Collection" staff. One of them we seem to recognise.

"Tristram is the hyena of bookstalls—the prowler for the relicts of the dead, and like that animal he preferreth the putrid corpse to the fresh subject. Give him a book bearing date something before—I mean after—the year of printing's invention, it hath more virtue in his eyes than the philosopher's stone, or Fortunatus' wishing cap. You shall meet him in the streets, having both his pockets stuffed out with some lettered God-sends of the Elizabethan era, or he stumbles over you while abstractedly perusing the first born edition of Paracelsus or Cardan. He quotes 'King Arthur' by the page, but none listens to him, and Shelley and Paul de Kock are his ever-enduring oracula. He tries to superinduce the argument by extracts from Bacon and Spinoza, but none of us know who Spinoza is, and few of us care for Bacon."

In 1840, Harrison's "Collection" having disappeared, appeared another, the "Harmonist," "a collection of classical and popular music, comprising selections from the best productions of all the chief masters; English, Scotch and Irish melodies; many of the national airs of other countries; embracing Overtures, Marches, Rondos, Quadrilles, Waltzes and Gallopades, Madrigals, Duets and Glees. The whole adapted either for the voice, the pianoforte, the harp or the organ, with pieces occasionally for the flute and guitar, under the superintendence of an eminent Professor." The "eminent Professor" was Davison. The contents of the budget, which exists in two quarto volumes, for 1840 and 1841, include arrangements of choral, symphonic or sonatal movements from Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Dussek, Haydn, Mendelssohn and Spohr, a considerable amount of dance music, chiefly by Johann Strauss, contributions by Bennett, Loder, Macfarren and Alfred Day, and three or four more or less obscure English, French and Irish chums of the editor. Amongst the last was Clement White, a queer Irish singer and song sketcher (for he got his friend to harmonise the tunes), an emitter of unpremeditated humour, a simple, reckless, thriftless boon companion. Alfred Day, M.D., described in the "Harmonist's" address to the public as the "distinguished theorist," was he that, a few years later, published a new system of harmony, making a convert and something of a martyr of Macfarren. Dr. Day's contributions to the "Harmonist" included a setting of Shelley's "Music when Soft Voices Die" and other little things. Macfarren's were mostly songs, inserted perhaps without his consent or final corrections. Davison himself contributed some bagatelles.

Soon after the appearance of the "Harmonist," we find him editing a "Vocal Album," for which again Macfarren is in requisition. This is presumably the "British Vocal Album," published by Wessel and Stapleton, of Frith Street, Soho. Davison's connection with this firm of music publishers may have grown out of his being a frequent customer of theirs, whether as editor of the "Harmonist" or privately, to square perhaps an account

contracted by "Overture Jim." One of his first engagements was the editing of the "British Vocal Album," a selection of songs by British composers. Macfarren appears to have composed a song expressly for it. In sending it, early in December, 1840, to redeem a promise, he writes in a style that implies an estrangement between the once bosom friends. There had been some "disagreeable"; a "new disagreeable" was apprehended. It may be that Macfarren was at this time more than usually sensitive and irritable. He was now a professor at the Royal Academy of Music, but not the less ardent and romantic. Davison, living and working in Bloomsbury, not yet independent of the help of his parents, with whom he used to pass Sundays in their Brixton house, Davison with Bohemian companions like Clement White and the Random Club, moved also in a social system which included several Academy students. There was the German painter, Bendixen, and the French grammarian, Merlet, Davison's old professor at Gower Street, at whose house he was a frequent guest, and both of whom were parents of Academy students; there were the Loders, the Montagues (with the young poet, Eleonora, some of whose verses Davison set to music), the Patmores (with the then very young poet whose early career Davison watched with interest), Dr. Day, homeopathist and "distinguished theorist," and others, French, German and Israelite, from one of which last, perhaps in the days of "Persian—a week," Davison and John Simon appear to have taken lessons in Hebrew.

This was the central period of Mendelssohn's visits to London. This was the period of Turner's third style, when he was beginning to paint pictures, which Davison compared with Beethoven's posthumous quartets. This was the period when the worse sort of French literature was represented at Rolandi's Foreign Library by Frederic Soulié, and the better sort by Honoré de Balzac. This was the period of a visitation of influenza, from which, apparently, Davison severely suffered, and was left in a state of convalescence and despondence, immersed in the more insanitary productions of the con-

temporary French school of romance. Before many months, however, fresh air and daylight had succeeded the reign of the cockroaches, and Soulié had been cast more or less into the shade by Balzac. Davison was a strong admirer of the great French novelist in all his range, from "L'Histoire des Treize" to "Eugénie Grandet," and as early as 1838 was quoting him in Harrison's "Collection." Balzac was already a conspicuous literary figure, and amongst the volumes whose contents Davison devoured were "La peau de chagrin, César Birotteau," "Le Père Goriot," "Eugénie Grandet" and "Ursule Mirouet," which is dated "Juin-Juillet, 1841." Either because this last was the latest out or because its heroine was a special favourite of Davison's, we find a new reading partner wishing him, at the close of 1841, as a wish for the New Year, "an Ursule." In 1841 Davison published three new songs which made an impression in the Bloomsbury system. Best of all, they gave occasion for a complete reconciliation of the author with his most intimate companion. After most of a year's coldness and separation, a chilling influence may have passed away, a resentful feeling may have worn itself out, fresh occasion for sympathy and common endeavour may have arisen. The songs came somehow to Macfarren's notice and he wrote:

"I am very much pleased with your three songs, with that in G minor, which I now see for the first time, most especially. How proud should I be to shake your hand and tell you—and why not? If you reciprocate a particle of the feeling which within me is not a mere memory but a constant and most acute presence and which I *know* was once mutual, you will not hesitate to meet me again as we used to meet—not for the sake of explaining, but of forgetting the cause of our separation and the anguish of that disunion during its long endurance. If I be mistaken and these nine months' strangehood have taught you (to) despise me, you will, I am certain, have too much respect for the memory of that we once were to each other to ridicule this advancement. If I

be not mistaken you will appoint a meeting when we may be quite alone and all together.

G. A. MACFARREN."

To: J. W. DAVISON.

Such a letter could have but one result, and, in September, 1841, the two were friends again more, perhaps, than ever.

Presently Davison had found a new excitement. His New Year's eve correspondent had wished him "an Ursule"; the New Year had in store for him the object of two or three years' distant devotion, to which, however, he gave the name of "Eugénie." Perhaps his *beau-idéal* of womanhood was not that heroine of fiction whose youth reaches, through its troubles, complete happiness, but she that passes from sorely tried girlhood, through simple and noble self-sacrifice, to a sunless middle age. "Poor Eugénie!" he said, forty years afterwards, not of the lady he had once fancifully so christened, but of "Eugénie Grandet."

It was in many ways an active period. In July, 1841, had been published three songs (to words by Desmond Ryan) "Sweet Village Bells," "The Lover to his Mistress" and "I have Wept mine Eyes Tearless," probably the three (the second is in G minor) which so pleased Macfarren. In the same year, as musical adviser to Wessel and Stapleton, he had begun editing a publication called the "Bibliothèque Classique," arrangements of classical masterpieces as pianoforte duets. He was also editing the already mentioned "British Vocal Album," a periodical collection of songs by British writers, Macfarren, Smart, Mudie and others, including Davison himself, who was represented by three new songs, "I Fear thy Kisses, Gentle Maiden" (Shelley's words), "In a Drear-nighted December" (Keats), and "Poor Heart be Still" (Eleonora Montague's). Of a different stamp are arrangements of a Tarantella and of quadrilles by Jullien, the French musical Barnum and giver of monster popular concerts, the compilation

of quadrilles called the "Emerald Isle," consisting no doubt of Irish airs and dedicated to Daniel O'Connell, and the composition of a patriotic song in honour of the newly-born Prince of Wales, all of which bear his name in the advertisement lists of Messrs. Wessel and Stapleton. Withal he produced, at the end of 1841, a sonata with the singular title, "Phantasmion," suggested perhaps by Sara Coleridge's fairy tale.

1842 saw a "Prince of Wales' Album," more quadrilles and arrangements, a few new pianoforte pieces and songs. A not unfriendly critic has accused Davison of "reckless flippancy." This, it may be, led him to sign his name to an arrangement of Rossini's recently composed oratorio, "Stabat Mater," as a set of quadrilles. It scandalised some and was not forgotten by others in the squabbles of a later day. Although a strong admirer of Rossini, he contended at that time that the composition in question, besides being trivial and bad music, was distinctly operatic in character.

In his journalistic capacity he busily wrote for the "Court Gazette" and for the "Musical World," now under the management of Mr. Macfarren, Senior. In the "Court Gazette" he could indulge his humorous and rhapsodical personalities, introducing his friend's names and using their very expressions. He could sympathetically review the musical efforts (songs amongst them, to words by Shelley) of young lady friends of the Bloomsbury system, review them as if the composers were personal strangers to him and speculate accordingly. In both the papers his pen was exercised in favour of native talent—to an extent that called down ridicule on the writer as one of a mutual admiration society.

In June, 1842, the young English school was sunning itself in the presence of Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn in London was giving magnificent improvisations on the pianoforte, was conducting the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, and producing at the Society's concerts some new music of his own composition, to wit, a grand symphony, which, while presenting new and beautiful ideas, retouched the strings of a subtly wild and romantic lyre. The "Scotch Symphony," though not yet formally

THALBERG.

so called, could not but appeal keenly to hearts attuned to the overture, "The Isles of Fingal."

Another musical celebrity then conspicuous in London, was the remarkable pianist and player of operatic fantasias, Sigismund Thalberg. He, at that time, in the eyes of a group of young English musicians, represented the opposite of all that was good in art. He was the foreign, much money-making musical acrobat. As it is in the nature of youth to be extreme, as Macfarren was hot-headed and Davison a person of "reckless flippancy," we may imagine with what defiant freedom they expressed their joint opinions after a nine months' separation.

We can imagine them at the Hanover Square Rooms, foregathering with a few others of the same sort, Henry Smart, Loder, Mudie and others, careless of decorum, passing facetious and sarcastic remarks on the music and musicians at the concerts of that, to them, stupid old Philharmonic Society, whose breath froze upon young British talent, while its eyes beamed on the undeserving foreigner.

In the spring of 1842, however, the Philharmonic Society could not be said to be doing so very badly. On May 30 they produced a new symphony by Spohr, that which came to be known as "Earthliness and Godliness." The 13th of June was still more notable, Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor being produced under its composer's direction. The interest excited by these productions may to some extent be gauged by a perusal of Macfarren's article on Mendelssohn's symphony and of Davison's on that of Spohr, which appeared in the "Musical World" of June 16 and 30 respectively. The feelings of Macfarren, at the performance of Mendelssohn's symphony, which he had already heard at its trial and again at its rehearsal, must have been difficult to describe. Davison shared them. A curious incident took place at the concert. The new symphony had been performed, the composer had just left the conductor's desk amidst the enthusiastic applause of the whole audience, when on to the platform came Thalberg and performed his fantasia on "La Sonnambula," at the end of which the same audience rapturously demanded an encore. Thereupon Mac-

farren and Davison hissed so vigorously as to become the observed of all observers and draw down upon themselves the scorn of the "Times," "Athenæum" and "Morning Post."

The "Sonnambula" fantasia incident at the Philharmonic concert of June 13, Thalberg seems to have treated with good-natured equanimity; not so the Philharmonic orchestra, and at the next rehearsal, which Macfarren, as an associate of the Society, was entitled to attend, a scene occurred. Mendelssohn was just about to begin his D minor Concerto when he was startled by a volley of hisses from the orchestra, followed by cries of "turn him out." The object of this demonstration was Macfarren walking up the room to his place. These incidents were commented on in the papers, especially by writers who, like the critic of the "Morning Post," poohpoohed the "native talent" cry and between whom and the two young enthusiasts little love was lost. Davison's opinion of the music critics of his day may be gathered from his reference to them at the end of his article on Spohr's new symphony. He thought them utterly incompetent and was probably wishing he could replace one or two of the principals.

This article was one of "a brief series of essays, analytic, illustrative, explanatory and critical, on the works of eminent composers, ancient and modern," projected under the common title of the "Estimator," and were signed in full with the names of their authors. Three or four appeared by Macfarren, Davison and John Thompson, Professor of Music at the University of Edinburgh, respectively, and then the thing dropped, Messrs. John Barnett, E. J. Loder, Henry Smart "and other acknowledged musicians" failing to contribute. Davison's article* attracted the notice of one who, if not a Catholic, may have been a power in the Tractarian movement, then in full flow, and who wrote a letter to the "Musical World."

About this time Chopin's music was being largely pub-

* J. W. Davison's article will be found at the end of the volume together with the letter.

lished by Wessel and Stapleton—Chopin's music with its original and novel beauty, its touches of romantic and gloomy grandeur, its sickly and hysterical strain. Davison wrote for Wessel and Stapleton an advertisement—twenty octavo pages in a yellow cover, styled "An Essay on the Works of Frederick Chopin," in which the writer's opinion is shrouded in a satirically humorous surge of words. It was published in the early part of 1843. Meanwhile Wessel and Stapleton had launched a paper and placed their musical adviser at the helm. It was a small edition of the "Musical World" of that day, but with a relatively bigger sail and less ballast.

Musical papers have been sometimes too much an advertising medium for their music publishing proprietors, commercial competition still further demeaning the rivalities of cliques and coteries. The "Musical World" was generally fairly independent, but the "Musical Examiner" may occasionally have too plainly betrayed the fact of its possession by Messrs. Wessel and Stapleton, enterprising publishers, however, of new and good music, native and foreign. The "Musical Examiner's" cargo consisted of original articles, reports and reviews, nearly all, if not all, from the editor's pen, of chit-chat, occasional transcripts, foreign correspondence with a London twang, advertisements, letters from subscribers and others, and verses contributed by, amongst others, Dion Boucicault and the still very young Coventry Patmore.

Once or twice Davison wrote a short story, based very likely on personal experiences and inspired by the sentiments of that youthful and excited time. His articles and reviews were usually very strongly impregnated with their author's personality. It might be said of him that he wore his heart upon his sleeve. He would discourse of his friends, his favourite authors, artists and works at every opportunity, far away, possibly as his subject might be. In the 'Musical Examiner' he could follow the view of his personal humour. So it is frequently a note book of his sentiments and experiences of men, women, poems and music. So he would associate himself with the things about which he had to write, so describe a performance of Handel's "Messiah" and of

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, so review a new setting of an old poem—George Herbert's "Sweet Day," for instance, Davison's note on which shows how, if his literary learning lacked depth, his poetical instinct was exquisitely true.

One of the earliest paragraphs of interest in the "Musical Examiner" appeared on November 12, 1842, in No. 2, where we learn that "'Rienzi,' a grand opera in five acts, the words and music by Herr Richard Wagner, has been produced with immense success, at the Court Theatre in Dresden. Madame Schroeder Devrient and Herr Tichatschek (both well known in London) sustained the principal parts."

On December 3, from Davison's pen, no doubt, comes the following paragraph:

"Dr. Robert Schumann has just published three violin quartets, which are highly spoken of. His marriage with the beautiful and accomplished Clara Wieck, whom he so long, *and so hopelessly*, loved, but at length—by indomitable perseverance, and assiduous attention to her interests (his connection with one of the principal Leipzig and Vienna musical journals having materially assisted in making her deservedly just reputation), and the most earnest and unchangeable devotion—won, seems to have inspired him with more than ordinary vigour; his last works (since his marriage has made him one of the happiest of men) display ten times the nerve and freshness of his earlier compositions. Let his example serve to stimulate every artist in a like condition—to love, *even hopelessly*, raises an artist above himself, but to love *triumphantly* is a guarantee of after excellence."

On March 11, 1843, No. 19 says: "Dresden. Wagner's 'Rienzi' is played twice a week to crowded houses."

Of the "Musical Examiner's" letter writers, perhaps the most indefatigable was Mr. George French Flowers, though the "Musical Examiner" was not the sole recipient of that gentleman's favours. Mr. George French Flowers, Mus.Bac. Oxon, was a musical professor who was given to airing himself and his views in very lengthy letters to the press. An enthusiastic admirer of Bach, he held that a sound knowledge of counterpoint and

fugue was of paramount importance to the musician, and, indeed, was the stamp by which the real musician was to be recognised. Apparently considering that fugue was too much neglected, and with a view to encouraging its study, as well as to sifting the wheat of the musical profession from the chaff, Mr. Flowers founded a Society of Contrapuntists. He suggested that, for admittance to its ranks a candidate should compose a fugue, of at least one hundred and fifty bars in length, in each bar of which the subject should be introduced. After a series of letters to sundry journals, specially devoted to the art or not, and of which the "Musical Examiner" came in for a considerable share, a meeting of professors was held at Mr. Flowers' private residence, when it was unanimously resolved that the society should be formed and that the test for a candidate's admission should be the composition of an Alla Capella Fugue in not less than four parts, and of, at least, eighty bars in length, the subject consisting of not less than three bars, or more than five, to be heard entire, in one part or another, throughout the fugue. The proposer of this test was Mr. J. W. Davison who, it may be added, does not appear to have become a member of the Society of Contrapuntists. Mr. French Flowers was, as might be expected, a composer, and thus came under the review of the "Musical Examiner." Ever ready to assert himself with controversial plume Mr. Flowers took exception to a criticism appearing October 5th, 1844, and in the course of a scientific defence of his impugned harmony wrote: "in page 1, line 1, bar 5, in my hymn called 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing' the D sharp is no 'passing note' but is the third of the tetrard B D sharp, F A, and is as much a chord as F, C, D sharp, A." To this defence the editor of the "Musical Examiner" very characteristically replied on October 19th.* Meanwhile Mr. Flowers had written another letter and, again, in rejoinder to the article of the 19th, a correction of tetrad for tetrard (perhaps a misprint intentional or not) with further arguments and references to "the greatest musical

* See article at end of volume.

theorist ever known," the Abbé Vogler. Mr. French Flowers became one of the numerous candidates for the Edinburgh University musical professorship, the chair of which, not long ago occupied by John Thomson, was in 1843 again vacant through the resignation of Sir Henry Bishop.

By this time Davison was editor of two musical papers. The "Musical World" was started in 1836 by Alfred Novello, the editor being Cowden Clarke, some of whose poems appear in the early numbers. In 1838 it passed into the possession of Frederick Davison, organ builder, no relation to the subject of these memoirs. The editor was Dr. Gauntlett, learned in organs and Gregorians, and the "Musical World" waxed. Dr. Gauntlett appears to have been succeeded by Henry Smart who in turn gave way to Mr. George Macfarren who had entered into an agreement to purchase the paper. Mr. Macfarren's editorship was of short duration. In April, 1843, he died suddenly. His sons were unprepared to carry on the undertaking and asked Davison to do so, which he did and from that time till his death, a period during which the paper underwent several changes of proprietors, he remained editor and wrote in it practically what he liked.

CHAPTER V.

Davison as a critic—Ernst and Vieuxtemps—The native talent question—The conductorship of the Philharmonic in 1842—Edinburgh University Chair of Music—Davison *versus* Gruneisen—Costa—The battle of the critics—Charles Filtsch, a pupil of Chopin, in England—Mendelssohn, Joachim and Haussmann in a trio—Description of an extemporaneous performance by Mendelssohn—Davison's smoking matinées—His position in the artistic world at thirty-two—1845, the parting of the ways—Retrospect.

DAVISON'S attitude as a music critic had from the first been definitely that of an ardent supporter of native talent. His feeling on this subject did not prevent his doing justice to foreign artists of merit nor his joining heartily in their welcome to England. But, genius being acknowledged first, nationality came next and, other things being equal, he would give the preference to a British artist over his foreign competitor. In this there may have been, now and then, an exaggeration to counterbalance the prejudice prevailing in English society in favour of foreign artists. He heartily welcomed the little foreign prodigies, Charles Filtsch in 1843, and Joseph Joachim in 1844; he became on terms of intimate friendship with the German Ernst whom, in 1844, he appears to have taken on a pilgrimage to Marlow, as with the Belgian Vieuxtemps and many others. But the general drift of his writing was towards the fostering of native talent and a native school of music, the discouragement of foreigners whose musical merits were ques-

tionable or were those of the virtuoso rather than of the artist. In the "Court Gazette," the "Musical Examiner" and the "Musical World," the claims of English musicians were advocated, at this time in a way which provoked opposition. Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, Henry Smart, Mudie and Loder were the names to which the "native talent" force rallied. Jullien, Thalberg and Costa were the more notable of the assailed foreigners who were earning money, popularity and position. Davison was not alone on his side. But on the other were writers who supported one or more of the foreign musicians just named and who regarded the "native talent" cry as the claim for notice, of a small clique of English composers, a little mutual admiration society anxious for place and pelf. "Away with this cant we are perpetually hearing of indifference to native talent and neglect of native composers!" says the "Maestro," a contemporary musical journal. "It is the idle complaint of disappointed men . . . . we must assert that England holds a very inferior position among the nations of modern times." Sterndale Bennett, the subject of a leader in the same journal, is assailed as an elaborate copyist of the school of Spohr.

Early in the forties the question of permanently appointing a conductor for the orchestra of the Philharmonic Society was frequently cropping up. Davison urged the claims of the man he affectionately admired, the pianist, conductor and composer, Sterndale Bennett, but the "Morning Post" writing in 1842, says: "There have been various rumours as to the constitution of this society under one director. Now this would be no doubt very convenient for the individual but exceedingly prejudicial to its general interests. There is no name of sufficient prominence in this country to constitute a dictatorship in the Philharmonic Society. Unquestionably there are many ambitions, but they must not be gratified at the expense of the institution. The changes of conductors and leaders nightly satisfy all legitimate pretensions and interests, and the *conservatoire* parallel certainly does not apply to the Philharmonic, and if we are to have a *chef*, he must at all events be a violinist

Dr. H. J. GAUNTLETT.

JOHN F. BARNETT.

and not a pianist. We have no notion of the latter placing himself solely at the head of a Philharmonic orchestra, and if there be any individual who has made this calculation, the sooner he divests himself of an absurd preposterous notion the better."

In December, 1843, Bennett was a candidate for the Edinburgh University Chair of Music and seemed to stand a good chance of success. Among his competitors were Dr. Gauntlett, Herr Mainzer, author of a system for teaching music to the million, French Flowers, Mr. Donaldson, a local candidate connected with the Law, and, at the eleventh hour, Mr. Pierson, who was supposed by some at the time to be connected with medicine. The election depended on the votes of the University professors, who were supposed to be divided into a legal and a medical party, the former supporting Mr. Donaldson, the latter Sterndale Bennett. Between these candidates the issue lay, and so equal were their qualifications deemed to be by the electors that the election was postponed for some weeks. In the interim Mr. Pierson appeared as a candidate and, just before the election came off, Bennett, anticipating defeat by Mr. Donaldson, withdrew his candidature, his supporters transferring themselves in a body to Mr. Pierson who was consequently elected by a narrow majority. During this long contest, the "Musical World" and "Musical Examiner" persistently advocated the claims of Bennett, the "Examiner" showing the keenest interest, and letting scarcely a week pass without firing off one or more articles at the heads of the Edinburgh professors who, if they felt them cannot have much liked their jauntily dictatorial tone. By opposition papers the result of the election was attributed in no small measure to the tone adopted by the "Musical World" and the "Musical Examiner." The principal of these opponents of Davison, of Bennett, and of the "native talent" regiment, was Mr. Grüneisen, of the "Morning Post." Mr. Grüneisen, of German extraction, and the son of an intimate friend of Schiller had been a newspaper correspondent in Spain during the Carlist war—and had passed through interesting adventures, and a hairbreadth 'scape or two.

He had very little technical knowledge of music, but a great deal of energy. He was at this time writing the music criticism of two or three journals, was a strong supporter of Signor Costa and a scorner of "native talent." Critic of the "Morning Post" and the "Maestro," as later of the "Great Gun," which he seems himself to have started, and of the "Morning Chronicle," etc., he was in frequent conflict with the "Musical World" and the "Musical Examiner" who identified him with "Jenkins," a butt of the six or seven year old "Punch," and attacked him with glee. The columns of the "World" and "Examiner" began to be embellished with what were satirically headed "Beauties of Jenkins"—that is to say passages from his writings in the "Post" and elsewhere which lent themselves to ridicule. Jenkins' knowledge of music, the grammatical construction of Jenkins' sentences, his use of French quotations, his logic and his style of composition generally were minutely dissected, the object apparently being to oust a writer who was opposed to the interests of English music and musicians, from his position as music critic to an influential journal.

In July, 1844, apropos of a concert given by the pianist Doehler, Jenkins was able to take his own part, the "Maestro" speaking as follows: "We remarked with astonishment the very inefficient, nay, discreditable, manner in which several of the artists were accompanied on the piano, and, upon demanding the name of the conductor we learnt it was Mr. J. W. Davison, who, in conjunction with another, hissed Thalberg a few seasons back at the Philharmonic. We shall make no comment on past transactions; but, if Mr. J. W. Davison intends conducting other concerts than Mr. Doehler's, we most strenuously advise him to go to the Royal Academy of Music and take lessons in pianoforte playing. He would make an admirable scholar. We cannot understand how the *bénéficiaire* could engage so utter a nonentity, who frequently did anything but assist the artists who entrusted themselves to him." The following month Davison in the "Musical Examiner" celebrated the death of the "Maestro." Reviewing the history of that

periodical, its vicissitudes in the hands of "two foreign gentlemen" and under various editors including Messrs. Rosenberg and Dion Boucicault, he comes to the engagement of Jenkins. " . . . . Jenkins was declared editor of the 'Maestro.' Two more numbers then appeared, and the sale was increased to three—for Jenkins always buys his own lucubrations, and 'Punch' buys every journal to which Jenkins is a contributor. Thus Jenkins, 'Punch' and ourselves, swelled the circulation of the 'Maestro' to triple its wont, and for some time things seemed to look up . . . . But Jenkins cannot live upon air—even Jenkins must eat and drink, or Jenkins must die—and finding that the salary (small as it was) did not keep pace with the promises of the proprietors, Jenkins . . . . was compelled to remonstrate, and, in the following letter, written in French (the proprietors not comprehending a word of English), he doled out his complaint:

"Chers Messieurs H— (Dear Messieurs H—).

"*Les frais groseilles de mon tenir-maison* (the current expenses of my household) *et mon haut restant-debout dans le monde d'art* (and my high standing in the world of art) *m'obligent à un tel jeter en dehors* (oblige me to such an outlay) *que, malgré mon désir de vous aider avec ma plume célèbre* (that in spite of my desire to aid you with my celebrated pen), *je trouve moi-même forcé de vous re-esprit* (I find myself forced to remind you) *que je consentisse de être-venir rédacteur de la Maestro* (that I consented to become editor of the 'Maestro') *sur consideration de recevoir trente shillings par faible* (on consideration of receiving thirty shillings per week) *Vous êtes une marchandise, jamais-le-moins* (you are aware, nevertheless) *que je avoir, comme encore vu l'ombre de nulle chose.* (that I have, as yet, seen the shadow of nothing). *Jamais esprit*—(never mind)—*Je devrais pas vous écrire à tout* (I should not write to you at all) *mais un ami désire très beaucoup de aller aux biens de Sadler* (but a friend desires very much to go to Sadler's Wells) *et j'ai non d'argent pour le prendre là.* (and I have no

money to take him there). *Je le considerai, la pour, comme un favori* (I shall therefore consider it as a favour) *si vous voulez envoyer a moi, dix shillings sur un marquis* (if you will send me ten shillings on account).

"*Croyez moi votre domestique de basse-naissance,*

("Believe me your humble servant),

"JENKINS.
("JENKINS).

"RUE DANDY-EN-JAMBON—PONT EAU-TRICTRAC
("BUCKINGHAM STREET—WATERLOO BRIDGE).
"*Mois de Pouvoir, 1844.*" "(Month of *May, 1844*)."

"The proprietors of the 'Maestro,' not being able to 'raise the wind,' were consequently compelled to write an excuse to Jenkins, who thus prevented from taking his friend to Sadler's Wells, indignantly sent in his resignation, in these terms:

"*Aux Propriétés du 'Maestro.'*
("To the Proprietors of the 'Maestro').

"*Messieurs* (Gentlemen).

"*Comme vous avez pas conenvoyé de m'avancer* (as you have not consented to advance me) *le petit quelque je hommes-évitais* (the small sum I mentioned to you), *Je signe encore mon poteau* (I resign my post) *et suis non plus long rédacteur de vos draps* (and am no longer editor of your sheets).

"JENKINS."

A little later the 'Musical World' announced:

"We can state, upon unquestionable authority, that those respectable newspapers, the 'Morning Post' and 'Britannia,' have, at lenGth, disencumbeRed themselves altogether of the notorioUs JeNkins . . . . WE take some

credIt to ourSelves fOr this. We have persisted iN our course in spite of vituperation. We undertook to extirpate Jenkins—and we have done it. Many of our friends, sick of the very name of Jenkins, remonstrated with us in the form of epistles expostulatory, assurinG us of the small inteRest taken by the general reader in the sUbject aNd hinting that we wEre injuring our sale and Influence—but we were regardleSs of this, thOugh in some degree ackNowledging its truth. We had the high aim in view, of rooting out a rank funGus, which stank in the nostRils of trUth, and impudently iNtruded its pestifErous shank Into all that waS fair and gOodly in art. We had sworN to destroy the enemy of musical England, and in the face of friendly admonition and hostile spear-thrustings, we have Gone on unsweRvingly in oUr path, and at leNgth, through obstinacy as unflinching as it was wEll directed, have succeeded In putting a total extinguiSher on the burning shame which has sO loNg disgraced the hemisphere of musical literature . . . ."

At the end of the year "Jenkins" had come to life again as editor and music critic of an illustrated serio-comic paper called the "Great Gun." Jenkins attends a concert and in the fourth number of the new paper reports: "Who is that black-looking, dolorous pianist, who appears in dismay when he has struck a wrong chord? How dismal is his music—how loud his 'moans,' like the 'wild wind.' Unhappy youth! He is the rejected on all sides. He is the great J. W. D. and Q. He wails for the *World's* wrong. He sets himself up for an *Examiner*. He makes himself generally useful and is in ecstasies when allowed to turn over the leaves of some great lion, but not Thalberg whom he abhors and hisses. He pours forth the froth of Frith Street, and he glorifies all music provided it be published *on the Square* in Soho; but the *ton* must be *staple*, or else he declares the composition to be stale, flat and *unprofitable*. He is a kind of *Diable Boiteux*, with all the malignancy but without the wit of the club-footed imp. Speaking of satanic personages, who is that odd-looking companion of the *Diable Boiteux?* He is the composer of the 'Devil's Opera' and a British Beethoven"!

The "Musical World" publishes a "Life of Jenkins." The "Musical World" amuses itself in a leading article by sketching the principal incidents in the life of Jenkins Greeneyeson, Esq. The "Musical Examiner" in the course of an article on "The Pop-Gun!" refers to No. 4—"Mr. Macfarren is ridiculed as a 'British Beethoven.' One person is described as 'black-looking and dolorous'; another as 'odd-looking'; another as 'an unhappy youth'; another has 'a club-foot' and is likened to the '*diable boiteux*.' . . . . Mr. Grüneisen of the 'Post' is lampooned as 'the Devil in spectacles—*Le diable louche —un gros bon homme qui a un œil un peu de travers*' (as the French dictionary has it)—and other offensive epithets; that is, he *might have been* thus lampooned, by a writer, who can so far degrade his calling as to reproach men for 'odd looks' and 'club-feet'—the endowments of Providence, and hardly to be reckoned as sins." Perhaps Jenkins is irritated. He returns to the charge with alliteration. "We need scarcely quote the coarse attacks on Costa by the 'Investigator' and the 'Muck,' because the rhapsodies and ravings in these two unmusical prints must emanate either from intense intoxication or irreclaimable insanity . . . . To be dispraised by some writers is not mean praise, and the frank and manly character of Costa may pass muster when assailed by the railer at royalty and the apologist of Atheism. If we chose to pollute our pages with extracts from the 'Investigator' and the 'Muck,' we could expose the vile writer . . . . We could unmask a profligate professor foaming with frantic passions—culling the flowers of St. Giles and Billingsgate . . . . But we will not proceed now—*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*." By the time this was published the "Musical Examiner" had run its allotted race, a split between the partners, Wessel and Stapleton, bringing the little paper to a standstill on December 21, 1844, when it appeared for the last time. Some fourteen years later, Clem. White, going right round the world in a long and vain quest after fortune writes from some more or less antipodean region:

"I once knew a curious chap that used to write for a paper called the 'Musical Examiner.' That fellow had

some green spots about him that were pleasing to the eye and cheering to the heart—he really was a curious chap! He used to write in all sorts of places and 'devil may care' whether his 'Light' was North or South—he was no convulsive sob—or missing flowerpot—he did not belong to the Hurrican Flute—or the Fiddlers attack school—not a bit of it, he was young and fresh—he used to write with stiff shoulders under a bad shirt with a Cod's Head in his stomach—he was a slasher!"

1843 had brought over Spohr, Ernst and Sivori, Dreyschock, Döhler, Hallé and Charles Filtsch. The last was a Hungarian boy, thirteen years of age, a pupil of Chopin. He may on this account have been specially recommended to Wessel and Stapleton, publishers in England of Chopin's works. Their musical adviser to whom Filtsch paid a visit soon after his arrival in London, and played, was at once charmed by the pale melancholy-looking boy with long fingers, large eyes, and a smile "which has *but one parallel* in our remembrance."

On June 21 he made his début, at the St. James' Theatre, between two French pieces, one of which was an adaptation of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet" under the title of "La Fille de l'Avare." Says the "Britannia": "Bouffé had concluded his powerful sketch of the miser, Grandet, and whilst the audience was still dwelling on the terrific passion displayed by this inimitable artist, the stage lamps were lowered, a grand pianoforte was placed near the prompter's box, and a thin, pale-faced boy was seen to emerge from the side scenes, and, after a hurried salute, seat himself at the instrument." Subsequently he gave a matinée, at which some of Davison's songs were sung. An affectionate attachment had sprung up between Davison and Filtsch. Filtsch's career was as short as it had been promising. He died towards the end of the following year. In both 1843 and 1844 Davison joined Macfarren in concerts of chamber music. At these the older classical music was represented by the works of Bach, Handel and Scarlatti, Mozart, Beethoven and Dussek, the modern classical school by those of Spohr and Mendelssohn, interspersed with the produc-

tions of young English musicians, Sterndale Bennett, Macfarren, Smart, Loder and Davison. The performers included Bennett, who sustained the pf. part in Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, Miss Charlotte Dolby whose songs included "In a Drear Nighted December" and Henry Jarrett who joined Davison in Beethoven's Horn Sonata. These concerts were given at Chappell's pianoforte rooms, 90, New Bond Street. Those in 1844 were given at the concert room of the Princess' Theatre. In this series Mendelssohn, Ernst and the then "little" Joachim performed. The second concert opened with Beethoven's posthumous quartet in C sharp minor led by Ernst, and included one of Davison's best and last songs, "Swifter Far Than Summer's Flight," sung by Miss Dolby. At the third and last of the series Mendelssohn, with Joachim and Hausmann, played his Trio in D minor.

The "Maestro" gives a vivid description of a visit by Mendelssohn on June 15, 1844, to Erat's music rooms where the Society of British Musicians were giving a concert in his honour. The programme included a trio for pianoforte, violin and 'cello by Horsley and a vocal piece by Macfarren, and when it had been gone through: "Mr. Calkin requested Dr. Mendelssohn in the name of the company, to sit down to the pianoforte, and favour them with an extemporaneous performance, a requisition instantly complied with by the great master. Wonderful was the inspiration which followed. With the most extraordinary readiness of memory and invention he, after a rich and elaborate introduction, seized the quaint scherzo in Horsley's trio, and reproduced it under the most novel and picturesque aspects. Presently the ear caught the sentimental phraseologies of Macfarren's canzonet, which, in its turn, came out invested with the most delicate and ingenious imageries—the efflorescent produce of the moment. By and by the subject came out in droll alternation—the merriment of the one, the languor of the other, peeping through a framework of sweeping arpeggios, in a way of which it is impossible to give the faintest notion. The subjects, antagonising as they were in form and character, were

Denmarck Hill Camberwell
at Mr. Benecke's.

My dear Sir June 22d 1842.

Have a thousand thanks for your very kind and friendly letter and invitation. How I should have liked to be able to accept it! But I am afraid it is impossible, as I am going to Manchester with my wife on Wednesday next and am engaged for every day till then. We shall only spend one day in town after our return & then proceed to the Continent, & these circumstances will deprive me of the pleasure I could have anticipated of your kind invitation. My best and sincerest thanks,

MENDELSSOHN. FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO J. W. D.

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for it & for every thing which you say in your letter, & which I should be proud to deserve; let me hope you will ~~always~~ continue the same friendly and fellow-artist like feelings towards me, as I always shall to you.

I am sorry to say I have been so seriously unwell as to prevent my writing a note the whole of last week; so I could not finish my Concerto for the next Philharmonic & am not able to fix anything certain for Mr Wessel, & the same is the case with Studies of whom I have not yet thought. Pray present my thanks to Mr Wessel and if they

should like to publish those Compositions when born and finished I shall be very much obliged to them.

Whilst writing this I have just received the Collection of Songs which did not come with your letter & for which I beg to say my best thanks. It will be a great pleasure to me to peruse them again & again, & to become thoroughly acquainted with them; the few German words, Miss Berdixen said to me, have made me most anxious to know something of her writing, and since I know Macfarren's Symphony I have always been looking out for other works of his, to confirm

me in the impression, which that work produced on me, & for which I was so much indebted to him! Many, many thanks then for so many kind and welcome things and believe me always to remain

Yours very truly

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

now heard conjointly—treated with wonderful flexibility and skill—displaying an ingenuity in fitting them harmonically, either in fragment or in entirety, perfectly astonishing. This great exhibition of art and genius ended with a fugue based on the canzonet, which the player worked in the most masterly manner reaching at length a climax of exalted grandeur which served as a contrasting preparation to the 'dying fall' with which the performance closed, wherein the scherzo and the song were faintly heard, mocking each other as it were, and retroceding delicately and deliberately into silence."

Macfarren had in the September of this year become a married man, a circumstance which naturally somewhat separated him from Davison. Their joint concerts were not resumed. But in the early summer of 1845 Davison, thus left to himself, gave a couple of smoking matinées musicales at his rooms in Berners Street. The programmes contained his own as well as Macfarren's and Bennett's music while the virtuoso Leopold de Meyer performed fantasias and other of his own arrangements or compositions. Among the guests at these smoking matinées were Benedict, Moscheles, Vincent Wallace, Vieuxtemps, Sivori, French Flowers, Holmes, Dorrell, Albert Smith, Charles Lamb Kenney, Desmond Ryan, Dion Boucicault, Tom Taylor, John Macfarren, Elmore, Clement White, Alfred Day and other musicians, literators and painters, to the number of over a hundred.

Davison had made himself a position in the artistic world. Arrived at the thirty-second milestone of the years, he had, in travelling along a road shared by Music and Literature made some mark in each. If in his literary compositions, his command of words and facility of expression had at times lured his impulsive temperament into the style of that "fine" writing then so much in vogue, if his philosophy was less of the deep and earnest than of the "showy and sentimental" school, he had discovered a vein of poesy and humour belonging to no one else. As a musician his advance had brought him into notice during the last two or three years, as not one of the least talented of the young "native talent" group. Some of Davison's musical productions retain a charm

of their own after more than half a century. The subject of the song which, presumably, is that which Macfarren so admired, "The Lover to his Mistress," may seem at a first glance, to be wanting in character, but its treatment raises it into graceful and piquant melancholy, deepens it into even mystery. Passion breathes through "I Have Wept Mine Eyes Tearless," whilst the leading theme of "Swifter Far Than Summer's Flight" is a genuine melody made effective by the most simple means. All but one or two of Davison's vocal compositions are pitched in the minor key, but this monotony of sentiment is relieved by unexpected and happy touches betokening the hand of the artist.

In J. W. Davison's after life, one might know him years without becoming acquainted with the songs he produced in the 1842-4 period, when they met with marked success and may have encouraged hopes for more and better work in the same direction. One may be inclined to speculate on the course of Davison's life had he remained principally a musician, had he sought to delve deeper in the field of music. So also is one inclined to ponder on the consequences that might have followed, just a hundred years before, had Charles Edward pushed on from Derby. 1845 seems to have been for Davison the parting of the ways.

1845-1847.

THE "TIMES."

CHAPTER VI.

The Beethoven Festival at Bonn, 1845—Meyerbeer and Jenny Lind—Madame Pleyel—Kalkbrenner, Berlioz, Hiller and others—Charles Kenney—Music and Musical Events of 1846—Activity of English Opera—Wallace, Macfarren, Balfe—Some Musical Critics, Chorley, Gauntlett, Holmes, Hogarth, Taylor, Henry Smart, Ryan, Barnett, Grüneisen and Ella—Davison's views on Art and Music—His position and power as critic of the "Times"—Some amusing letters of advice.

THE year 1845 was marked by a grand musical festival in honour of Beethoven, held at his birthplace, Bonn on the Rhine. Thither flocked a host of musicians of more or less note, gathered from the four corners of Europe. Thither came the King of Prussia, the Queen of England and Prince Albert. There, during four August days, were held festivities which included music, dancing, feasting and fireworks. A steamboat was launched on the Rhine, christened the Ludwig van Beethoven and used forthwith by a company of musical excursionists to Nonnenwerth. A service was held in the Cathedral with a performance of the Mass in C; a statue of Beethoven was unveiled. Perhaps the chief figure in the scene was Liszt, active in his financial support of the festival, in its organisation and management, in musical performance. He played the "Emperor" Concerto. Spohr too, at the conductor's desk, was conspicuous. Under his direction was given the Ninth Symphony. Davison who had gone to Bonn representing the "Musical World" was an excited wit-

ness of the festival, a partaker in most of the festivities. Amongst other English musicians and representatives of the English press was his old antagonist, Mr. Grüneisen, French Flowers, Henry Wylde and Charles Kenney, one of the musical and dramatic critics of the "Times" and his travelling companion. At Bonn, Davison met Hallé again, made or renewed the acquaintance of the whimsical and humorous horn player, Vivier, and became fast friends with Jules Janin, feuilletonist of the "Journal des Débats," with whom for years afterwards he was to exchange letters recommending artists. He was introduced to Marie Pleyel, who impressed him deeply and he may have for the first time exchanged salutations with Marie Pleyel's whilom suitor, Hector Berlioz.

After the Bonn Festival came a journey by the river with Janin to Coblentz, where he made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer. He was very agreeably impressed by Meyerbeer, whom he met again at Cologne and who strongly recommended him to hear Jenny Lind. Accordingly while at Cologne he went to hear Jenny Lind in "Norma." Thence he journeyed to Spa and spent a week in the company of Janin and Liszt, thence to other Belgian towns, ending with Brussels, where he called on Madame Pleyel and was more than ever delighted with that artist's wit and talent. On his return to England he exerted himself to get her an engagement, with the result that she came over during the following London season.

We read of this interesting artist as Mademoiselle Moke, living with her mother in Paris, studying the pianoforte under Kalkbrenner, becoming engaged to Ferdinand Hiller and then to his friend Hector Berlioz, who, viewing life through the glass of Shakespeare, called her his "Ariel." Soon, Berlioz, away on a journey, hears that he in his turn has been discarded for M. Pleyel. In the excitement of the moment he starts for Paris with pistols intended for Ariel and himself, but does not carry his intention to the end.

With her extraordinary talent, her wit and her beauty, Mme. Pleyel's career in Paris promised to be remarkable. It appears to have been wild and brief and was followed by a period of retirement in her native Bel-

gium, after which she appeared at the Bonn Festival under a cloud.

In the novel which Berlioz published in the "Figaro" and a translation of which appeared in the "Musical Examiner" in the spring of 1844, we read: "And yet, in spite of the brilliancy and grandeur of her talent, Ellimac sometimes appears to me endowed with a vulgar organisation. Shall I tell you? She prefers music embellished and ornate to the simple and grand efforts of the heart and soul, she escapes from their intoxication: she heard, one day at Paris, thy symphony from beginning to end without shedding a tear; she thinks the *adagios* of Beethoven *too long* (Elamef fo nam!). The day when she avowed this to me, I felt an icy thrill pierce my heart. Still more!—a Dane—born at Elsinore, she possesses a villa, built upon the very ground and *with the sacred ruins of Hamlet's Chateau*, and she sees nothing particular in that! She pronounces the name of Shakespeare without a blush or a tremor, he is no more to her than a great poet, *just like others*,—she laughs—she laughs—poor unfortunate—at the songs of Ophelia, which she finds very unsuitable *(indelicate)*. No more Elamef fo epa). Oh! pardon me! (raed sey sit suomafni")—etc.

And Ellimac seems to be Madame Pleyel. In the programme of her first London recital figured the once-hissed "Sonnambula" fantasia of Thalberg, among compositions by Döhler, Dreyschock, Prudent and Liszt, but the interpretation of those fantasias, transcriptions and "morceaux de concert" must have cast a siren spell, and the "Times" headed the choral praise of the London press.

Of the Bonn Festival and of his subsequent musical peregrinations, Davison wrote fully and regularly to the "Musical World" and his letters were not concerned only with musical doings, but contained various personal experiences, including a travelling acquaintance he made with a young French priest who had read Vanini and with whom he enjoyed the most pleasant conversation and philosophical discussion.

While this series of letters about Bonn and Beethoven,

Liszt and Spohr, Jules Janin, Madame Pleyel, the French priest, Flemish scenery and Quentin Durward—while this series of letters was going on there appeared in the "Musical World" of September 11th: "Dresden. The new opera by Richard Wagner, Kapelmeister of the King of Saxony and successor to Karl Maria von Weber, is founded upon the popular German legend, 'Der Venusberg.' It is in active preparation, and will be shortly produced in this city. The connoisseurs speak with enthusiasm of its merits, and rank it amongst the masterpieces of the day. The libretto—a work of great poetical merit—is also written by Wagner, as were the books of his first two operas, 'Rienzi' and 'The Flying Dutchman.' It will be seen that he possesses the rare union of two talents—poetry and music."

Charlie Kenney, the "Times" critic, was more at home in the dramatic than in the musical department of his work, and during the Bonn Festival his travelling companion may perhaps have assisted him in the preparation of his reports. Before the end of 1845, Kenney's health failing for a time, he had to find a substitute as music critic and chose Davison, whose engagement as a regular member of the staff seems to have been decided by his contribution in August, 1846, of an elaborate analysis of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" a few days before its production at the Birmingham Festival. Thus began his connection with the "Times." Henceforward no more composition of songs or overtures, and, though Marlow should be re-visited from time to time, no more musical settings of dirges or laments. For the best part of the next forty years most of his time and strength is to go to the more and more sedate chronicling of current musical events.

The larger body was to absorb the smaller. Notwithstanding the fair measure of success he had earned as a musical composer, much in his previous career pointed to this development, witness his frequent references to the power in the art world wielded through the leading organs of the press, to the incapacity of many of those that wielded it, and to the possibilities for good, were real musicians to replace "amateurs." Therefore, to

JOACHIM. ERNST. WIENIAWSKI.

have within reach the music sceptre of a paper that dwarfed all its contemporaries was a great temptation.

The "Times" in those days, read by everybody who was anybody, was indeed a power in art as in politics. Who spoke through it might be heard by the whole English public, by most of American and European society, through perhaps a million readers. Until the abolition, in 1855, of the newspaper stamp, followed, in 1861, by the repeal of the paper duty, both opened the field for cheap newspapers, the "Times" towered large and high over all its fellows. To quote the words Richard Wagner used when referring, in 1869, to the "Times" of 1855:* "Just reflect how colossal and universal is the paper of which I am speaking." The power of the journalist is that of advertisement. He can focus general attention, to do which, with care and ability from the point of vantage afforded by such a paper as the "Times" was to be a councillor and officer in the government of Art, one able to protect, encourage or repress; one whose assistance is scarcely less valuable to the artist that has obtained a position in the public view than to him that has not yet emerged from obscurity. For, though merit is self-luminous, its recognition may be hastened or indefinitely retarded by the man on the look-out. Such was the responsible position open to the music critic of an influential organ of the London press in about 1846.

The state of the province over which this position gave him influence may be rapidly sketched. Of concert-giving institutions the most important was the Philharmonic Society, giving eight concerts in the London season, at a subscription for the series of four guineas, or at an admission to a single concert of one guinea. Its orchestra of some seventy members was as remarkable for vigour as for want of finish and, up to the season of 1846, was directed by a leader, the first violin, as well as by a conductor, who was frequently changed, the leading and conducting being not infrequently at cross purposes. It was at the first Philharmonic Concert of the season of 1846 (March) that a permanent

* See Wagner's "Judaism in Music" ("Das Judenthum.")

conductor (Costa) first appeared. Its repertory consisted chiefly of certain symphonies by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Spohr, certain overtures by the same masters, reinforced by Weber and Cherubini, with some operatic scenas, Italian songs and miscellaneous compositions by now forgotten composers. Then there was the Society for Ancient Concerts, whose title was no misnomer, since with Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn, might occasionally be heard a chorale by Bishop Benno, an anthem by Henry the Eighth and a romance by Thibault, King of Navarre. These extremely fashionable concerts, much followed by the court and the aristocracy, were given, like those of the Philharmonic Society, at the Hanover Square Rooms, tickets for a concert costing one guinea, or, for a rehearsal half-a-guinea. The orchestra was conducted by Sir Henry Bishop and it was surmised that the more ancient items of the programme went through some preparation at that practised hand.

More open to the general public were the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which presented Handel's oratorios as well as the "Creation" at Exeter Hall, and charged for admission as little as three shillings. Concerts of chamber music were occasionally organised by violinists like Blagrove, by pianists like Sterndale Bennett. In 1845, the year of the Bonn Festival, the Beethoven Quartet Society was established in London for the performance exclusively of Beethoven's quartets to very select audiences, and the same year was that of the foundation of the "Musical Union." Foreign professors, settled in London or visiting it during the season, swelled the list of entertainments. Among the former were Moscheles and Benedict. Among the latter were Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Sivori, and pianists too numerous to name. Shining at longer intervals and conspicuously above all were Spohr and Mendelssohn. Berlioz was almost, Schumann was quite, unknown. In private circles the compositions of the so-called romantic school were much in vogue, a school that seems to have meant Liszt, Herz and Thalberg. Turning to the stage we find Italian opera flourishing, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti,

being the chief contributors, with "Il Barbiere," "Norma" (Grisi was in her prime), "La Sonnambula," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Don Pasquale," "L'Elisir d'Amore" and "La Figlia del Regimento." From time to time "Don Giovanni," "Le Nozze," even "Fidelio" might be given. Verdi and Meyerbeer had scarcely appeared above the horizon. No less flourishing than the Italian opera was its inseparable companion, the ballet, which, in press notices, would sometimes, of the two, receive the larger share of attention. Those were still the days of the elder Taglioni, of Fanny Elsler and of Lucile Grahn, and already those of Cerito and Carlotta Grisi. In these, our own days, some of the opera reports of 184-, with their elaborate chronicling of "poses" and "pas," read oddly enough.

From time to time a German opera company would come over, with "Fidelio" and "Der Freischütz" and other less famous works. Thus Formes appeared. Occasionally English opera would show its head, and while Balfe or Wallace scored a success with the public, and Macfarren, Edward Loder or Barnett did the same, perhaps, with the connoisseurs, the sequel was in most cases the same—the addition of one more to the limbo of artistic things deceased. 1845-6 was an active time in English opera. Under the auspices of Bunn, librettist and manager of Drury Lane Theatre, Wallace's "Maritana" was produced in November, 1845, and, a few months later, Macfarren's "Don Quixote" followed by Lavenu's "Loretta" and Balfe's "Bondman," while, towards the end of 1846, Loder's "Night Dancers" was produced at the Princess'. Still, on the whole, so far as English music was concerned, 1846 did not brilliantly compare with 1836. The effort which, in the earlier period seemed to have united a band of talented young men to assert for England her right to a place among modern musical nations, may be said to have already died out. The Society of British Musicians had lost its distinctive character; its orchestral concerts of music by living British composers had dwindled into concerts of the chamber music of composers of various nationalities and ages. The more conspicuous of the "native talent"

band do not seem to have entertained any very affectionate respect for each other's genius. He that gave a concert admitted of modern English music no more than his own compositions. Meanwhile the Royal Academy was carrying on the education in London of its classes, and John Hullah and one or two others, had made a good start in various centres, metropolitan and provincial, in the more simple musical education of the masses.

In the larger provincial cities, Manchester, for instance, there were musical societies, Philharmonic and other, but with their doings the London critic had not much to do. More important in themselves and to him were the periodical festivals which took place at the cathedral cities of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford and at Birmingham and Norwich, besides those that were occasionally organised in other towns. Broadly speaking, it may be said that the main support of these provincial festivals was Handel's "Messiah," buttressed by heaps of Italian songs. Foreign artists of distinction were heard in the provinces, either in connection with the festivals or on their own *tournées*, and, in the provinces, as in London, Jullien was conducting popular concerts of the "promenade" kind. In January, 1846, however, Jullien appears to have made the first move in a new departure by giving, at Covent Garden, a Beethoven Festival.

It is generally averred that at this period musical criticism was at a low ebb. The "slasher" of the "Musical Examiner" had so declared. There were, however, amongst even the journalistic critics of music two or three critics who lacked neither general education nor special knowledge. There was, for instance, Dr. Gauntlett. Dr. Gauntlett will perhaps be best remembered by the part he took in the revival of Gregorian music. He also contrived some improvements in the construction of organs. He wrote, though not with regularity, for more than one paper, occasionally collaborating with Mr. Grüneisen, to whose lively energy he brought a more scholastic musical knowledge. There was H. F. Chorley, who wrote reviews and reports for the "Athenæum," literary on occasion, musical regularly. There was W. H.

Holmes, of the "Atlas," author of two or three works on musical subjects, including a life of Mozart. There was George Hogarth, Charles Dickens' father-in-law, and, from 1850, secretary of the Philharmonic Society. He had written an unpretending little "History of Music," and was, in 1846, critic to the newly-founded "Daily News" and to other papers. Edward Taylor, who then wrote for the "Spectator," was a composer, but more distinguished as organiser of the periodical musical festival at his native Norwich, and as a particular friend in England of Spohr. Henry Smart, distinguished organist and composer, a nephew of Sir George Smart, of the Philharmonic Society, was another of the musical critics of this time. He was a light of the "native talent clique" and belonged to Davison's personal set, as did many of the rest of the critics, such as Desmond Ryan, of the "Herald" and "Standard," Morris Barnett, of the "Morning Post" and, in the sequel, "Jenkins," between whom and the "profligate professor" there was a last passage of arms over the production of Macfarren's "Don Quixote" in 1846, and with whom about a year afterwards, hands had been shaken and peace permanently concluded. Finally, without exhausting the list, there was John Ella, founder and director of the "Musical Union," and occasional contributor of musical criticism to various periodicals.

Of all these, perhaps the most conspicuous as a music critic was H. F. Chorley. In 1846 he had seen about ten of his thirty years' service in the "Athenæum." He had tried novel-writing, wrote verse, not always badly, and had a taste and style whose refinement may have bordered upon affectation. It was ridiculed for being ladylike but praised for being independent. He probably kept aloof from the rank and file of artists, but he was highly esteemed by Mendelssohn, was a great friend of Moscheles and a literary collaborator of Sterndale Bennett, for whose work, nevertheless, he does not seem to have entertained much admiration. His opinions in matters musical were distinctly conservative, and the "new school" had no more uncompromising opponent than he. The two camps into which the musical poli-

ticians of London became divided, the larger, of the "Times," and the smaller, of the "Athenæum," joined their forces when "the music of the future" was in question.

Davison's opinions by this time may be said to have solidified, not to say ossified. To his education in the musical art, acquired with enthusiasm in impulsive, if desultory and unmethodical ways, sufficient reference has been made. It is worthy of remark that his knowledge of and interest in music were limited to the works of modern composers. Of music (apart from traditional folk-songs) earlier than that of Bach and Handel he had little knowledge, and the great earlier Flemish and Italian schools, the works of such a master as Palestrina and the austere glories of plain song (the taste for which in England was at this time reviving) he seems never to have approached, which is not a little strange considering his attraction and sympathy for what corresponded to these in literature. On the important question of the progress and development of Art he held that movement must be along lines in continuation of those laid down by a succession of musicians definitely acknowledged by the world as great, and therefore known as classical masters. The earlier of these had gradually found and left their stamp on a certain form which their successors had accepted and never departed from, however much they might develop it. It was a form evolved by necessity for emotional expression in music and was based on laws natural and eternal. Thorough knowledge of it was to be acquired by hard study, theoretical and practical; without which no freedom in the expression of purely musical ideas was to be hoped for, and to depart from which was to relapse into chaos.

One broad principle of this form was continuity, the persistence throughout all the conditions of development of one main idea. This, Davison would illustrate by a reference to the first movement of Beethoven's "Eroïca" with its main subject

never lost sight of, and contrast with it what he regarded as the more or less brilliant patchwork and glamour of later composers, whom he considered wanting in the power of continuity and therefore obliged to rely on continual modulation and the multiplication of subjects. Beethoven's treatment of a subject he compared to the progress of a river gathering volume as it flows.

He held that having something to say and being able to say it were two things not always with the same possessor, and that only he who possessed both was the truly great artist.

Davison was much attracted by the etherial, that which is at once dreamy and bright, sad yet fresh and clear. Though no connoisseur in painting, he greatly admired Turner. Shelley as a lyric poet had for him an enchantment which never lost its force. And so, in music, he had a special love for the pungently etherial quality of Mendelssohn's music. All affectation of depth or transcendentalism he disliked. He had himself sipped at the cup of magniloquence, and "like cures like." Keenly observant of outside detail, he quickly detected the uncouth, the ridiculous or the ugly in what was irregular, ambitious or strange, and the husk may sometimes have turned him from a good kernel, faulty grammar from a real poem. Not less keenly susceptible, however, to human magnetism, an amiable advance, a sympathetic attitude by the composer did much to win him for the composition. Hence, in a measure, his indulgence of the eccentricities with his admiration of the originality and his celebration of the genius of Berlioz.

In art a thorough conservative, Davison was also in a certain sense a protectionist. He saw English musicians cast into the shade by their foreign competitors, neglected by the public and looked down upon by society. He saw the profession divided into cliques and its members lamentably deficient in all instruction outside the pale of their own art—perhaps of their own special department of art. This seemed to him to constitute cause and effect, therefore he looked for the diffusion amongst all artists of a spirit of fellowship, an *esprit de corps*, which he regarded as the beginning of enlarged views,

leading to culture, higher effort and more successful expression of England's musical power—to the glory of an art whose influence was refining and exalting. With this he had a natural sympathy for the modest and the less prosperous, and would take trouble to defend the name and fame of those, whether national schools or individual musicians, who, not belonging to the more brilliant constellations, were therefore allowed to waste their glimmer unnoticed.

With regard to the executive province of art, he believed in impulse and the inspiration of the moment—genius he called it—without which the most carefully prepared and most ably carried out plan was to him of little moment; and, finally, he strongly advocated a faithful adherence to the author's text, departures from which he was not ill-qualified either by nature or education to detect.

Such seem to have been his principles, with the modification to which they were subject by personal regard. They made him uphold the classical masters, and Mendelssohn, their modern representative; they made him lenient to the failings of those whom he believed to be working for the good of art and of English art; they made him eager to challenge the claims of new artists heralded from abroad by a flourish of trumpets; they made him encourage those who, like Alexandre Billet, were willing to sacrifice personal display to the rekindling of such minor lights as Dussek, Steibelt, Woelfl, Clementi and Pinto, or to the clearing of the almost untrodden paths of some of Beethoven's later sonatas. They made him denounce the conductor who added brass to Handel, and the vocalist guilty of overloading Mozart with florid embellishments or of dwelling on a high note unwarrantably long.

Except to readers who take a special interest in the history of music and musicians, Davison's articles in the "Times" are less interesting than his contributions to the "Musical Examiner" or the "World." Out of a copious and classical vocabulary flowed sentences that were clear and correct, whether in brevity or in complexity, sentences that seemed easily and naturally to

HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.

From an old painting by unknown artist in National Portrait Gallery.
Photo. Walker and Boutall, 16 Clifford's Inn.

follow the current of their writer's fancy. Here and there a bit of humour gleams or glimmers. But in the "Times" Davison was not as free as in less responsible papers, he could not unrestrictedly follow his fancy, rambling around a subject or even making excursions right away from it. Nay, he was sometimes expected to subordinate his own opinions and even the style of his writing to those of persons in authority. Hence, perhaps, the writer of the essay on Chopin might have occasion to write in a kind of sympathetic ink, apparent only to the initiated.

As critic of the "Times," editor of the principal organ of the musical profession, and a conspicuous figure in literary and musical circles, Davison had a position which many may have envied and some grudged him. How his position was regarded is shown by the attitude towards him of fellow journalists, of singers, performers, composers. Auber, Rossini, and especially Meyerbeer, are flattering in their politeness and hospitality. From time to time one may give him a snuff box, or a diamond pin, or some shirt studs, which accumulate and survive him, an apparently untouched and neglected collection. Artists abandoning Paris on account of revolutions, rely on his support to enable them to obtain a footing in England. Artists new to England are recommended to him, as if in the English capital he exercised the functions of musical consul-general for foreign parts. "Mon cher Davison," writes Théophile Gauthier, musical critic of "La Presse," "Je vous recommande de toutes mes forces . . . . Je crois qu'elle vous fera plaiser et vous interessera. Faites sa fortune avec trois lignes." Allowing for the figurative licence of the writer, "Faites sa fortune avec trois lignes" expresses the general spirit of the letters of introduction with which the critic of the "Times" was abundantly favoured.

His own behaviour invited this. He could be hail-fellow-well-met with most sorts and conditions of men, from the world-renowned author or composer to the obscure orchestral fiddler, from the African explorer (Richard Burton, for instance) to the commercial traveller he met at an inn.

He liked company, though sometimes when out of humour he would hide from it behind what his friend, John Simon, had described as "portals previously patulous," but above all other company he liked that of artists, its variety, its freedom, its emotionality, its sparkle, its go.

The critic who is thus one of the artist world must find himself hindered as well as helped by personal acquaintance with those whom it is his business to criticise. He is placed *au courant* with the needs and wants of that world, and knowledge obtained behind the scenes helps to an understanding of what goes on before them, but perhaps that sense of proportion which is essential to clear judgment is obscured by personal feeling.

Davison's position on the "Times" had its drawbacks, he was exposed to solicitations on various grounds—art, country, friendship, charity, also to attacks from various quarters—through the medium of other newspapers, or through his own editor, who, on receipt of a complaint, sometimes anonymous, would pass it on to the critic with a brief comment or request for explanation.

For most of the time Davison wrote for the "Times," the editor was John Thaddeus Delane, whose government was strong and firm. Delane had real personal regard for the members of his staff, but his disciplinarian spirit does not seem to have allowed him to prove it to them directly. He would speak of them more sympathetically behind their backs than to their faces, and the general was not the comrade. This, at any rate, is the impression left by a large number of letters he wrote to Davison, together with one or two to John Oxenford, Davison's dramatic colleague. The responsibility of Delane's position and the amount of work he had to get through made him a letter writer of words few and direct, whose swift straightness to the point may sometimes have verged on bluntness, but Davison often tried his patience by being late with copy, and on one or two occasions by delaying the issue of the paper. Delane made no pretence whatever to any knowledge of music, and very seldom interfered with his critic on this ground, and then only when the critic seemed running counter to very

decided general public opinion. But, from 1847, for several years Davison had to deal with the editor's colleague, Mr. Mowbray Morris, who had opinions of his own on musical matters and the duties of critics, and sometimes expressed them in a fashion as unreserved as admonitory.

11th February, 1850.

My dear Sir,

In your review of the new opera to be played at the St. James' Theatre I hope that you will hold the balance even between the public and Mr. Mitchell. Your remarks upon the Caid were substantially just, but MM. Nathan and Lac were much too tenderly treated. The former has a powerful voice, but it is quite beyond his control, and when I heard him he hardly sang a note in tune. Lac's singing has nothing at all to recommend it, neither quality, expression or execution, and he is the most unprepossessing person I ever saw on the stage. In short, they are both unfit for their parts, and if Charton were less charming and the opera itself less sparkling, the piece would have been damned the first night.

Cholet's acting and singing in the selection from the "Maitre de Chapelle" merit the highest praise.

What the public has a right to expect from us in our theatrical criticisms is not so much instruction as protection. The managers of theatres will always be below excellence if they can. The best is always very dear, and their object is to make money. It is our duty to keep them up to the mark, in order that play-going people may always be sure of a superior article for their money. I don't wish you to be violent or ill-natured, but when a thing is decidedly bad, like Lac or Nathan in the Caid, the truth should be plainly, though temperately stated. With respect to these gentlemen, had I criticised them myself, I should have pronounced them absolutely unfit for their parts.

I must tell you that we are accused of being too partial in all our musical views.

27th July, 1850.

My dear Sir,

Your notice of "La Juive" is exactly what I wished it to be and I think we have on this occasion vindicated our taste and done justice to the public without doing an unnecessary injury to an establishment which undoubtedly deserves encouragement.

Yours faithfully,

MOWBRAY MORRIS.

or :

14th July, 1851.

You have praised Alboni too extravagantly. Nothing human can come up to such a description.

or :

14th April, 1853.

My dear Sir,

Ronconi is no doubt a very accomplished vocalist and a very amusing buffoon, but I do not think he merits the unqualified approbation which you are accustomed to bestow upon him.

CHAPTER VII.

H. F. Chorley of the "Athenæum"—Aristocratic mendicancy and the exploitation of artists—The "Musical World" concert—Ella and the formation of the "Musical Union"—Ella's manifesto, 1845—A birthday letter—Her Majesty's Opera House and the disagreements between Lumley and Costa—The starting of the rival Royal Italian Opera House—Lumley's coup, the engagement of Jenny Lind—Her first appearance in England, May 4, 1847—The Jenny Lind fever—Carlotta Grisi, Rachel and Alboni—Macfarren and Day's Harmony—Davison in Paris at Alboni's début—Mendelssohn's death—A Chopin Anecdote—Macfarren in America.

IN Davison's composing days he had come under the critical notice of H. F. Chorley with not much cause for dissatisfaction. If his instrumental compositions met with little mercy, his songs were applauded, the quaintly sentimental "In a Drear-nighted December" being singled out for specially favourable comment. "Mr. J. W. Davison deserves to take his place among our classical song writers in virtue of his setting of Keats' 'In a Drear-nighted December.' His melody falls into the rhythm of the words, without either constraint or puerility; it falls, too, into the spirit of the lyric—and this was more difficult—by its quaint but not languishing pensiveness, which refreshes while it saddens the ear. The accompaniments, too, seem to preserve a happy mean betwixt what is too trite to be endured and what is too difficult to be accomplished." This was in 1842, but the relations between the two critics remained distant and doubtful, if not antagonistic. They took opposite sides on the "native talent" question, and if there came oc-

casions for an apparent approach to friendliness, something certainly happened with contrary effect, thus, in 1845, the "Athenæum's" New Year's number contained "Music for Gentle and Simple," an article drawn forth by the prospectus of Mr. Ella's "Musical Union." The prospectus appeared to show that the aristocratic patrons of the scheme would enjoy a series of first-rate musical entertainments for a ridiculously small subscription, and left it to be inferred that the services of most of, if not all, the artists would be gratuitous. This the "Athenæum" writer denounced as the exploitation of artists and the organisation of aristocratic mendicancy, and his article was quoted in the "Musical World" with approbation. An article on the same lines appeared later in the year, in reference to a concert got up under the patronage of several royal and noble ladies for the benefit of a charitable institution. Here, while a few stars of the musical firmament shone, apparently, for the pecuniary consideration to which they were accustomed, others less known had "most kindly offered their gratuitous assistance." The "Athenæum" writer likened this "assistance" to that of "the volunteers who were confined to the barrack yard from a conviction that they would desert if they could," and the whole thing was stigmatised as a cloak to cover meanness. The article called forth a protest from the concert-giver, on whom, in reply, the writer descended with added force in a second article. Both articles were quoted in the "Musical World," but the following year the arms of the "Athenæum" were turned against its admirer.

In 1846 the "Musical World," then the property of Spencer Johnson, of St. Martin's Lane, literally *gave* a concert to its subscribers with the presumably gratuitous aid of distinguished artists, including Mme. Pleyel, Moscheles, Benedict, Sivori, Vieuxtemps and Piatti. The concert seems to have been got up in imitation of a practice obtaining among Parisian musical journals; while at the same time it looks like a development of Davison's smoking matinées at Berners Street. The programme was admirable—Bach, Mozart and Beethoven forming its chief substance, Mme. Pleyel consenting that two of her

four performances should be of genuine music. Some songs by Henry Smart, Davison and G. A. Macfarren helped to complete and diversify it. The concert was very successful, and was praised by the papers excepting the "Athenæum." The "Athenæum" denounced the "Musical World" for thus laying itself under obligations to the artists, and denounced the artists for helping to annihilate impartial criticism. It drew a picture of the state of things in Paris where bribery and corruption were at such a pitch that, while on the one hand, artists of name were beset by journalists for direct subsidies, poor and obscure musicians, however deserving, stood no chance of emerging from their obscurity. The "Musical World" in a leading article retorted that the "Athenæum's" music critic, by inviting artists to his private soirées to sing and play gratis to his guests, was doing precisely what he condemned. However, what was intended to be annual came to an early end. The second and last "Musical World" concert took place in July, 1847, with a programme in which Mendelssohn was largely represented, the other composers being Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Spohr, Smart, Macfarren, Joachim and Godefroid.

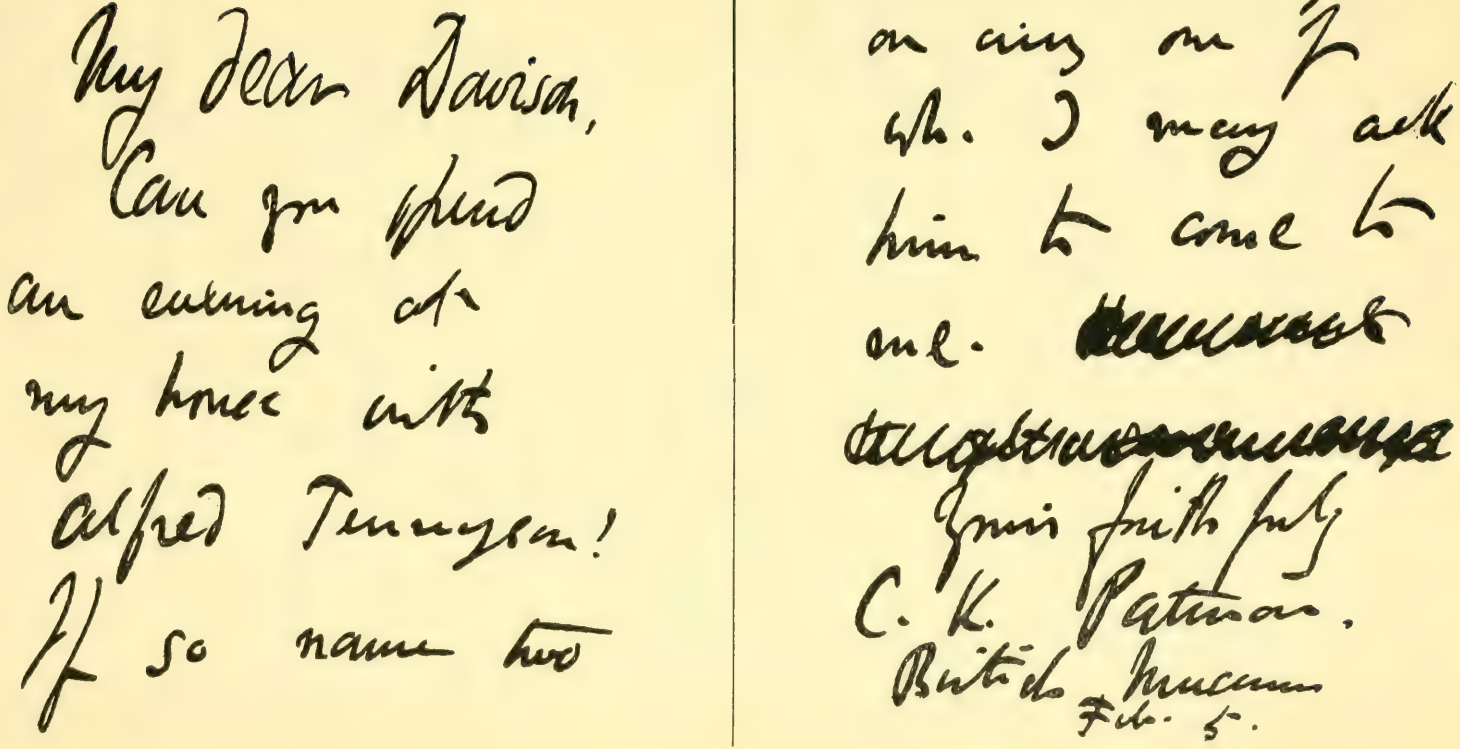
Au fond, there was an incompatibility of temper between Chorley and Davison, to which may be attributed a mutual antipathy that time did nothing to allay. Their difference over the concert given by the "Musical World" coincided with a *rapprochement* between the editor of the "Musical World" and the director of the "Musical Union." We find the latter bantered in Harrison's "Monthly Collection" of 1838, the occasion being a performance at the St. James' Theatre of an opera by Lord Burghersh, founder of the Royal Academy and afterwards Earl of Westmoreland.

"Mr. Lucas conducted, Mr. Cramer led. Everything went to perfection, and in consequence of the strength of the orchestra and chorus, all the mistakes in harmony, unallowed progressions, perfect consecutive fifths, etc.,

came out with *refreshing* energy, quite to the delight of his Lordship, on whom wrong notes produce the same effect as *right* ones. We heard his Lordship *once* remonstrate with a member of the orchestra, but only once. The drums came in two bars too soon, and a professor kindly told his Lordship that *something* was wrong; on which Lord Burghersh, with stentorian lungs, cried out to Mr. Ella* (the first *second* violin player in England, *perhaps* in Europe; *we know nothing of Asia*). 'Ella! Ella! you are playing that wrong *again!*' This rather amused Mr. Ella, who was not playing *at all* at the time, but knowing his Lordship's peculiarities, he bore the laugh of the orchestra good humouredly enough."

Ella was an orchestral player of the violin and viola, had long served under Costa, had written about music in the "Athenæum" and the "Morning Post," and had contributed to the early numbers of the "Musical World" sketches of music in Paris, including an account of Berlioz. His musical studies had been prosecuted abroad as well as at home and to his foreign experience was perhaps due in a measure the liberality of his musical taste. His acquaintance with the *beau monde* he perhaps owed to Lord Saltoun, who had a small private orchestra, with the management of which Ella was entrusted. Ella had his social musical gatherings, matinées and soirées, like Davison and Chorley, and perhaps long before either, but Ella's guests were distinguished socially as well as musically, and, in 1844, when Mendelssohn headed the guests that performed, and the Duke of Cambridge those that listened, the idea originated of an institution where the élite of the social and musical worlds might be brought together, and where the highest instrumental chamber music might be cultivated and a taste for it diffused among the socially select. Thus the "Musical Union" was conceived, and in the following year brought into being, with its President, Vice-President and Committee,

* "A protégé of Lord Saltoun, generally known as Count Ella. He is the author of some *celebrated* sketches translated out of good French into *bad* English."



My dear Dawson,
Can you spend
an evening at
my house with
Alfred Tennyson!
If so name two
or three evenings
on any one of
wh. I may ask
him to come to
me.
Yours faithfully
C. K. Patmore.
British Museum
Feb. 5.

COVENTRY PATMORE. FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO J. W. D. 1846.

To face page 86.

Dear Darrison,

I must again disappoint you, and, I need not say, myself by asking you to put off your visit to Highwood Hill. Mr Moxon has just anticipated my application to him by applying himself, thro' L. Hunt, to me, about my vol. of poems and has put a little flattered my self love by undertaking its publication without seeing a line — merely trusting to the stray reports of Hunt & Procter concerning it. But he says he

COVENTRY PATMORE. FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO J. W. D. 1846 (early in).

must have it out before
easter, and I have 50
pages yet to write. so that
I shall not have one
leisure moment for the
next three weeks at least-
I shall perhaps see you
on sunday. meantime
believe me

Ever truly Yrs.

C. Patmore.

Thursday Evening.

maugre the "Athenæum" which, like a fairy uninvited to the christening, dubbed the new-born "the Musical Ruin." For, with respect to the payment of the artists, it would appear from Ella's own words in the "Musical Union Record" of July, 1870, that for the first two years the artists received nothing.

The earlier meetings were held at Ella's private house, 70 Mortimer Street. None could subscribe without being nominated by a member of the Union, and the nomination was followed by a personal introduction to Mr. Ella. On certain conditions, however, visitors were admitted. Precautions were thus taken apparently that the commercial element added to the Union of 1845 might not be detrimental to the social element which had predominated in the matinées of 1844. Nor was the respectability of the audience alone looked after. A letter of Mr. Ella's apparently written shortly before the opening of the Union, furnishes the following:

"I have visited the institutions abroad and I now supply the *desideratum* in defence of my country, so abused, so sneered, so written against, by foreign musicians. Of course, every institution supported by the aristocracy must have enemies amongst levellers, republicans and atheists; but I think you will agree with Guizot whom I heard from the tribune say 'that the Government of England did not give subventions to the theatres, because the fine arts were patronised and protected by a rich and powerful aristocracy.' Now, if we are to ridicule the aristocracy, where must we seek for patronage? From August 20, 1844, to March 11, 1845—I, Jno. Ella, twenty-two years member of the Italian operas and seven years *senior* ripieno first violin have not earned one farthing by my practical skill on the instrument I profess most to understand. This fact speaks volumes. There is one more remark, I am entrusted with the sole musical direction and authorised to invite any artist of genius, talent and RESPECTABILITY, foreign or native to the meetings, and the committee and members are responsible alone for the *morale* of the Society. I shall neglect *no one*

and not join any faction or favour any party. *What are my musical qualifications, it may be asked by the envious? Here they are!* I have been many years member of *all* the great orchestras, am a pupil of Attwood and Fétis, am devoted to my profession and am *Director of the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Amateur Club at Lord Saltoun's* and the GUEST of the leading members of the 'Musical Union.' *Talent and character*—a modicum of the former combined has given me the power of organising this Society, which I opine will lead to great results.

"Truly yours,
"JNO. ELLA."

After the eventful Birmingham Festival of 1846 the newly-appointed "Times" music critic went on a provincial tour, followed by an excursion with Hill, viola player, and main pillar of the Beethoven Quartet Association, into Wales, and ending in a rest at his "favourite spot" Marlow. Referring to this Charlie Kenney writes: "I see you have again been to Marlow and that the Shelley enthusiasm continues. Do you remember our famous visit to the house and Clem's delicious philosophy on the man's mistaking our object to be sherry and offering us beer."

Clement White's philosophy on this occasion is unfortunately not recorded.

For Davison's birthday in October, 1846, Macfarren wrote him the following letter:

Dear Davy,

Pray accept our earnest congratulations, whenever and wherever they may reach you. True though it be that the summer of our friendship is past, though there be for us no more Wimbledon, nor Blackheath, nor Greenwich nor from North Crescent to Beaufort Buildings, nor Newman Street, nor Marlow—though there be indeed none of these —nor of Brixton, nor of our last earnest walk with poor Jack through the park when we had called on Mendelssohn and found him out, though there be no more even of

our evenings in Berners Street (which last at least is not my fault), though there be no more — nor —, nor —, though there be no more passion-fiery letters—no more — no more — though you be constant to nothing but to inconstancy, and to me (who am no longer inconstancy's prosopopoea)—though the only thing you do, which you did, is to not pay your debts—though all this—the feelings which took root in our twofold heart in that glowing, feverish, stormy, luxuriant summertime are truly evergreens and they cannot be destroyed come what come may by all the frost of even our present wintry autumn—albeit they bear small fruit—neither blossoms—for instance, we send you no birthday gift, I forbear to say keepsake. We should like to shake hands with you for old time's sake, however be this as it may, to provide for the worst, we enclose one good firm double grasp in this letter—scrunch it with all your might and return it WHEN we see you.

Many thanks for your advertisement, you will be pleased to hear that Mendelssohn has written me for the Overture to "Don Quixote" and the new symphony for the Leipzig concerts (perhaps you can put this in print). Shall you go to hear the last-mentioned at the British on Friday?

Yours and ever,

G. A. M. and THALIA.

Early in 1846 disagreements between Mr. Lumley, the lessee of Her Majesty's Opera House, and his orchestral director, Signor Costa, had drawn to a head. Costa's acceptance of an engagement to conduct the concerts of the Philharmonic Society was one of the several points that seemed to be in dispute, but under the surface more important elements may already have been at work. From the newspaper correspondence that appeared at the time it is not easy to make out whether Costa's action was part of a preconcerted plan of secession or whether Lumley was refusing reasonable demands. Costa resigned his post at Her Majesty's and his departure was followed, at the end of the operatic season of 1846, by that of the

principal members of the company, including Mario and Grisi. Meanwhile, energetic efforts had been made to set up a rival establishment, the moving spirit being Signor Costa's staunch supporter, Mr. Grüneisen. According to Mr. Grüneisen, Her Majesty's Opera, under the management of Lumley, was sinking into a lethargy not unlike that on account of which the Philharmonic Society had been criticised.

To quote Grüneisen's statement as to his own share in the Covent Garden venture, and as to the aims of the undertaking:

"Whatever may be said of private vengeance, of personal pique and of artistic antipathy, I claim for the originators of the Royal Italian Opera of 1847, higher aspirations and more elevated sentiment. The second Italian Opera House became a real want, an absolute necessity. Had it not been started, the lyric drama, instead of progressing, would have been thrown back for an indefinite period. The repertory would have been restricted to the wishy-washy Italian masters and the executants would have been confined to the most inferior order of artists—vocal and orchestral . . . . The 'idea' of an Opera House using the Italian, the best language for singing, for the purpose of executing the works of all masters, *without distinction of country*, was my suggestion as the only system calculated to spread the universality of Art."

According to Grüneisen certain persons had applied to him as early as 1845 for advice as to starting a second Opera House. During 1846 the "Morning Chronicle" was the trumpeter of the new scheme, which promised to be crowned with success. Mr. Lumley at the end of his season for 1846, deserted by the best of his company, appeared in somewhat doleful plight. He was, however, a man of daring and resource and saved himself from extinction by a grand *coup*—the engagement of Jenny Lind, notwithstanding her contract with another manager.

The long lawsuit that resulted helped to keep up the excitement raised by extraordinary puffing. Jenny Lind came over, and on May 4, 1847, made her first appearance

in England, at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Alice in Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable." The preliminary puffing had in no way discounted her success with the general public, which was immediate and complete. What was called "Lind fever" ensued. Not content with flocking *en masse* to hear and cheer her, not content with fighting for an entrance to the theatre where she was playing, the public interested itself in the Swedish nightingale as in a heroine, and followed her movements and actions with more than the curiosity that is excited in ordinary times even by royalty. That she was extraordinarily gifted there can be little doubt, but that there were reasons for her popularity in England as potent as that of her vocal talent is equally certain. She was a stage star whose brightness no cloud of calumny had ever approached. She was understood to be a pattern of the domestic virtues. This alone doubly enhances the attractiveness of a lyric actress. Her manners were reported to be singularly natural and unaffected, she was said to be generally ready to lay upon herself the humblest duties of life, and her eleemosynary charities showed her benevolence. This combination, under the limelight of vigorous advertisement, was as irresistible in England as it had been in Germany and was to be in America. The other stars of the hour paled before it. Giulia Grisi in her meridian, Alboni, débutante at the new establishment, the great Rachel, on one of her periodical visits to London, were cast into the shade.

Davison was at first carried away in the torrent, but, presently, if he still swam along with it, there was not much heart in his strokes, and before long, though never insensible to the charms of the invader, he gave vent to his disgust at the neglect of the public for old favourites, and the writer of the Essay on Chopin made up for his brief attack of Lind fever by lavishing rhapsodies on the dancer, Carlotta Grisi, on Rachel, the muse of tragedy, and on Alboni.

In the autumn of 1847 Alboni was to make her début in Paris and thither, in September, Davison betook himself. Shortly before starting for France he saw his old friend who was bound for a longer voyage.

Macfarren was going to try his fortune in America. He had, in 1845, given up his professorship of harmony at the Royal Academy after holding it for some ten years, preferring this course to a sacrifice of his independence. Dr. Day had published his treatise on harmony—treatise revealing an unorthodox conception of the roots of chords —Macfarren had given his adhesion to Dr. Day's theories and was using Day's treatise in the Academy teaching. To this the Governing body, having considered the matter, objected, and requested Macfarren to return to the old system. Macfarren refused and finally resigned his post.

A young English composer of music that did not much appeal to popular taste was not likely to make a very good living at home. Hence, perhaps, his departure in August, 1847. There had been again a lull in his friendship with Davison. On the one hand, Macfarren was no longer a bachelor, on the other, Davison, since the Beethoven Festival and his connection with the "Times," was making new, some of them good and lasting, friendships. At Bonn he had become acquainted with some Parisian critics and musicians, Jules Janin amongst them. His appointment to the "Times" brought him into closer connection with its dramatic critic, John Oxenford, his great crony at this time, and may have presently led to his scarcely less intimate friendship with Thomas Bowlby. If Macfarren had ever been a Bohemian, he was less one now. Not so his friend and old companion. One evening in August, 1847, on board his ship bound for the New World, Macfarren writes:

Dear Davy,

We *might* have left London and forgotten you, the present in the dear memory of all you used to be, but our last ten hours together showed us that what you were you still can be and gives us the happier memory of a living friendship than one of a living friend with a dead feeling. Good-bye—be steady—be in love—be married—and you are happy—greet for me your mother and Bill and our capital friend the Governor—once more good-bye.

In that same month of August, Fiorentino writes from Paris: "Venez, venez bien vite, esprit d'enfer; . . . . il me tarde de vous serrer la main."

Early in September Davison went to Paris and remained there, excepting a rapid run to and from the Gloucester Festival, until December. In Paris he witnessed Alboni's début at the Académie Royale, and expected that of Miss C. A. Birch on the same stage, but was, after many delays, disappointed, Miss Birch fearing at the last that her defective pronunciation of French would expose her to ridicule. There he cultivated the acquaintance of Jules Janin and Fiorentino, Vivier (like the ancient mariner, buttonholing the unsuspecting stranger with the recital of the history of a mythic "Pietro"), Hallé, Balfe, Stephen Heller, Meyerbeer and Berlioz. There he went from theatre to theatre, from boulevard to boulevard, sometimes accompanied by his once arch-antagonist, Grüneisen. There he dined with Panofka, sumptuously, and with Carlotta Grisi and Vidal, whom he joined in reading from Voltaire's poems. There he had a copious draught from the cup offered by Parisian artistic, literary and Bohemian life and withal wrote each week long and lively letters to the "Musical World." On November 10, just after despatching one of these, the news reached him of Mendelssohn's death . . . .

The expression of Parisian musical regret was general. A group of artists, including Stephen Heller, Hallé and Panofka, signed a memorial addressed to Mendelssohn's widow, in the name of the German musicians resident in Paris. Chopin was applied to for his signature and not unnaturally refused. "La lettre venant des Allemands, comment voulez vous que je m'arroge le droit de la signer?" This reply jarred on Davison's highly-strung feelings and irritated him into some acrimonious remarks.

Presently the stream of youth, health, strength and spirits had resumed its interrupted course, flowing over everything, until, early in December, he prepared to return to London. Berlioz had already been there a month, having come over to take the direction of Jullien's operatic enterprise at Drury Lane. There had been some talk,

too, of his giving grand concerts at Covent Garden Theatre as early as November. Davison, in returning from Paris, was to escort the lady who after became Berlioz' second wife. To quote from the last pages of a commonplace book that he was keeping at this time, under date Monday, December 5.

"Arrived at Boulogne at ¼ to 5, had some brandy and ham—some difficulty to find my passport—went to bed at ¼ to 6—rose at 7¼—found Mrs. Berlioz—a dreadful rainy morning—went to steamboat and embarked—passage awful—7 hours at sea—couldn't get into Folkestone—obliged to land at Ramsgate—went with Mad. B. to Castle Inn both of us suffered horribly from sickness)—then had some soup, wine, etc., and dressed—thought I had lost Jarrett's Horns, but found all right—quarrel between the two innkeepers (rivals) next door—got off by express at ½ 3 (22/6), reached London at 6½ and found Berlioz ready to meet us at the station—off in cab and arrived in time to get to Drury Lane Theatre and hear a great part of the *opera* (see M. W.)—saw Ella, T. Chappell, Bodda, Miss Bassano, M. Seguin, wife and father-in-law—Albert Smith, etc. etc. etc. Markwell at theatre—Costa, Gruneisen and Webster in box opposite. After opera Mad. B. went away with B. Met Benedict at the door and walked with him to the French plays, round the Drury Lane and Strand way—raining—talking of Mendelssohn all the way—Benedict inconsolable—and told me 100 interesting things of poor Mendelssohn."

In one of Davison's letters from Paris, published in the "Musical World," he reviewed the state in which Mendelssohn's death left the world of music, looked at the void, and speculated on who might have been able in some measure to fill it. And he referred, with characteristic impulsiveness and evidently with the most friendly intentions to Macfarren: "I might have had *one hope*—that hope would have been centred in George Macfarren; but he, unable to prosper in the land which gave him birth, has been compelled to travel to the New World, in

IGNAZ MOSCHELES.

From "Famous Pianists," by permission of A. H. Payne, Leipzig.

search of a livelihood." This came to Macfarren's knowledge, and, for a moment, all the fat of the old romantic friendship was in the fire. "My dear Davy," he writes from Philadelphia on December 30th. "I have written to you several times and received no word of answer and I had fully made up my mind not to trouble you again, feeling assured that letters which are not worth noticing are not worth the time they cost to read, much less that spent in writing them, when I learned that in noticing the death of Mendelssohn you have stated that I am seeking in a foreign country the living I could not find in my own. Now I daresay you made this *most* injurious assertion with the best possible intention, but I wish you had happened to think that hell is likely to be well enough floored without your supplying the devil with paving stones. I am quite sure and I have often told you so, that a man had better be known as a scoundrel than supposed a pauper, and one had better be convicted of the worst atrocities than be accredited with the worse crime of being unable to obtain an honest living. Let me, then, beg of you, if you cannot find something in my public career to say to my advantage, do not expose the secrets of my private circumstances with which the public have nothing to do, in order to preclude the possibility of my ever again showing my face in that country in which your good intentions have disgraced me. Whatever be the truth, however, the construction your words put upon it is most uncharitable and most unwarrantable, since you said not that Mrs. Bishop, Sivori, Herz, Meyer, etc., came here to seek the living they cannot find, etc. There is no reason why you should cast the aspersion of beggary upon me, for trying to make all the money I can, any more than upon them. I could fill a letter on this subject if I said half as much as I am annoyed, but if I filled twelve it would be to no purpose, since the injury being done cannot be undone, for to allude to it now in your paper, even to contradict it, would only be to tell some of it who saw it not before and to remind others (if such can be) who saw and have forgotten it—so here an end—let your own ideas of good and evil suggest to you the rest. If ever you write (and be sure I will

not again intrude upon your valuable time until you do) address me still at . . . . "

[With this outburst the steam escapes. Macfarren is connected with the American touring company of the harpist, Bochsa, a connection involving annoyances with which Macfarren's is not a spirit to tamely put up. He is retarded in the musical setting of an operatic libretto furnished by Desmond Ryan, with a view to Drury Lane. And then Macfarren's letter takes a quieter course—sorrow at Mendelssohn's death, and other matters, among them the scenery of Philadelphia.]

"The climate quite heavenly, day after day we see the sky without a single speck of cloud, one large, intense, bright, universal blue, boundless as the happiness of a loving and beloved heart, and we have moonlight of which in England you can have no conception, truly daylight asleep dreaming of all his brightest and most beautiful, sunshine at rest, delighting in the plenty and the peace it has produced."

But in this letter and henceforward the occasional presence of another handwriting in Macfarren's letters indicates the approach of permanent darkness. The letter quietly and quaintly ends:

"Take it for all in all it is a place worth coming to, even without being compelled to seek the living, etc. etc. What is Europe now that its greatest man is not?

Still and ever sincerely yours,

G. A. M."

1848-1852.

LONDON MUSIC IN MID-CENTURY.

CHAPTER VIII.

Revolution of 1848—Berlioz as conductor at Drury Lane—Jullien's operatic enterprise—Some interesting Berlioz letters—His farewell to the British public—Jullien's view of men and things—Pauline Viardot-Garcia, Alboni, Castellan, Mario, Tamburini and Masini in the "Huguenots"—Letters to Benedict—Davison in Scotland and Ireland in the track of Jenny Lind—Foundation of a Mendelssohn scholarship.

DAVISON'S three months of Parisian excitement had appropriately ended in seven hours' sea-sickness. Two months later Paris itself was upheaven; the throne of Louis Philippe sank like a cockle shell, and in the general commotion the Parisian world of dancers, actors, singers and musicians was much disorganised. Sundry were in sore straits and looked for escape abroad, and the king was not alone in taking wing for England. Berlioz was already there, so was Fiorentino, Parisian musical critic who called Jullien "ce saltimbanque" and was called in return, not unjustly, "ce moderne bravo." Hallé, Vivier and Billet now came over, and an English family, the Goddards, with their talented pianist child, Arabella. Some of the refugees succeeded, with the help of Davison amongst others, in permanently establishing themselves in England. Some made but a temporary sojourn. Of these was Berlioz. He had some idea of settling, though, had the principal musical bodies received him as cordially as did the critics, it is hard to see how his restless nature would have remained quiet in London. His leaning towards England, however, is frequently shown and

from an early period in his career. In that already quoted fantastic novel of his, "Euphonia," he writes:

"England with a heart and an arm of steel, is an artist-nation in comparison with modern Italy." His incessantly irritated brain had crazed over Harriet Smithson as "Ophelia," his passion for the Irish actress ending in an unhappy marriage. Shakespeare was one of the—perhaps *the* permanent enthusiasm of his life—his deity. To that rich and "spacious," that ever sane nature, standing amidst its world's tumult immovable as a cliff, the self-tormented and eager spirit would, like a tired eagle, return for rest. "Shakespeare! Shakespeare! tu dois avoir été humain; si tu existes encore tu dois accueillir les misérables! c'est toi qui es notre père, toi qui es aux cieux, s'il-y-a des cieux . . . . Father! Father! where are you?"

In 1841 his overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" had been performed without any success. In the season of 1843 he was expected to visit London, but the visit did not come off till the autumn of 1847, when Jullien, embarking in his operatic enterprise at Drury Lane, engaged him as conductor. He crossed over from Paris on Saturday, November 6, two days after Mendelssohn's death, the news of which can hardly have reached him before his arrival in London. The place thus left vacant in the world of English music, Berlioz had some idea of occupying.

Amongst his principal London friends were Jules Benedict, at whose house Davison used to meet him, and Charles Rosenberg, dramatic critic of the "Morning Post," an enthusiastic young man, librettist, verse writer of not a little talent and on occasions musical critic.

Jullien's operatic enterprise—"Lucia," "Linda" and the "Marriage of Figaro," in English, also Balfe's "Maid of Honour," the principal artists being Mme. Dorus Gras and Sims Reeves—went on for fifty or sixty nights until nearly the end of February, 1848, but was unsuccessful. Meanwhile, of a series of concerts which appears

to have been projected in order to introduce Berlioz to the London public, a single one was given at Drury Lane on February 7. In anticipation of it, Berlioz writes on January 21:

*Mon cher Davison,

Ne mettez pas dans mon programme, je vous prie, le nom de Miss Birch; je n'ai rien à lui faire chanter; et apres avoir été annoncée, cela lui ferait peutêtre de la peine de ne pas figurer dans le concert.

Nous essayerons une répétition générale de deux parties de Faust, Mardi prochain; si vous pouvez venir à Drury Lane à midi ½. Les chœurs me donnent bien de la peine; l'habitude qu'ils ont de chanter ces damnées rapsodies Italiennes à deux parties et même à l'unisson, les a gatés.

Enfin avec du temps nous arriverons.

Aidez moi seulement, et rapportez sur moi un peu de l'intérèt que vous portiez à Mendelssohn. Adieu, adieu, tout à vous. H. BERLIOZ.

Vendredi.

The programme included the "Carnaval Romain" overture, "Harold en Italie," the first and second acts of "Faust" and other selections, the artists being those of the Drury Lane opera. Next day the "Times" had not space for detailed criticism, and the "Musical World" praised the conductor, the poet, the philosopher and the man. However, Berlioz writes on the 14th of February:

* [*Translation*]. My dear Davison—Do not put Miss Birch's name in my programme; I have nothing for her to sing; if her name were to appear in the programme she might be vexed at not appearing at the concert. We are going to try a full rehearsal of two parts of "Faust" next Tuesday; if you can come to Drury Lane at half-past twelve. The chorus give me a great deal of trouble; their habit of singing those damned Italian rhapsodies in two parts or, even, in unison, has spoilt them. However, we shall succeed in time. Help me, only, and give me a little of the interest you gave Mendelssohn. Farewell, farewell. Yours ever, H. Berlioz. Friday.

*Mon cher Davison,

Je n'ai lu qu' hier votre bienveillant article du "Musical World" et je vous en remercie, il est écrit dans le sens qui peut m'être ici le plus utile et j'y vois de votre part des dispositions amicales dont je suis bien touché et bien reconnaissant. Adieu, je vous serre la main.

H. BERLIOZ.

Lundi, 14.

Jullien annonce mon second concert avec le même programme pour Jeudi, 24 Février.

What he thought privately appears in a letter to A. Morel written two days earlier: †D. lui même a fait un article dans le T. dont on lui a, faute de place, ôté la moitié, ce qui en reste a produit son effet néanmoins. Mais je ne sais ce qu'il pense au fond; avec des opinions comme les siens, il faut s'attendre à tout.

The second concert did not take place, but on the 22nd of February, at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians, Berlioz was a guest, and the subject of a toast which "was received with unanimous and long continued plaudits," Berlioz, returning thanks in French, paying several compliments to the musical taste and feeling of the English nation, and expressing himself "highly flattered by his reception, and gratified by the manner in which his works had been executed."

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* [*Translation*]. My dear Davison—It was not till yesterday that I read your kind article in the "Musical World," for which I thank you, it is written in a way that can be most useful to me over here, and shows a friendly feeling on your part for which I am very touched and grateful. ["Adieu, je vous serre la main" means] Yours sincerely, H. Berlioz. Monday, 14. Jullien has announced my second concert with the same programme for Thursday, February 24.

† [*Translation*]. D. himself wrote an article for the "Times," half of which was cut out, for want of space. However, what was left produced its effect. But I don't know what he really thinks; with opinions like his, one mustn't be surprised at anything.

ARABELLA GODDARD. Æ. 1842

With February, Jullien's unsuccessful speculation in grand opera came to an end. The French Revolution at this time may have strengthened Berlioz' desire to obtain a permanent footing in England. In Paris he finds the prospect gloomy. In a letter written apparently soon after his return there he asks Davison to get Jullien to send him something of what he owes him. *"Il n'y a presque plus moyen de vivre dans notre infernal pays, et dans peu on n'y pourra plus vivre du tout."

In March, Berlioz back again in London, writes:

17 Mars, 1848.

†Mon cher Davison,

Je suis obligé de chercher à me tirer d'affaire ici comme je puis, maintenant que tout art est mort, enterré et pourri en France. En conséquence, en attendant que je puisse tirer parti de ma musique, peutêtre, avec votre aide par-

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* [*Translation*]. "It has become almost impossible to live in our infernal country, presently it will be quite impossible."

† [*Translation*]. My dear Davison—I am obliged to get along as best I can, now that all art in France is dead, buried and rotten. And so, until I am able to do something with my music, perhaps I might, with your help, be able to do something with literature. Would you then kindly sound the editor of the "Times" as to the possibility of his printing some (unpublished) articles of mine, to be translated into English by you, and find out what we should both get. There's part of my Bohemian journey, which the Débâts has had for two months without printing it. I am losing patience and if the "Times" can offer me a fair price I will part with the work and finish it at once. It is romantic, farcical, and contains some fairly funny criticism of Parisian musical manners, and a few words on London. Good-bye. Don't forget this. Yours ever, H. Berlioz.

P.S.—I sought you as a diamond in the sand, the other night at Exeter Hall. I wanted to tell you what you know as well as I do, that that Symphony of Mendelssohn's is a masterpiece, stamped, as gold medals are stamped, in one stroke. The fullness of his inspiration has given us nothing fresher, more spirited, more noble, more masterly. The Paris Conservatoire is not even aware of the existence of this magnificent work, it will make the discovery in ten years' time.

viendrai-je à employer ma prose utilement. Veuillez donc vous informer auprès de l'Editeur du "Times" de la possibilité qu'il y aurait d'imprimer dans ce Journal des articles de moi (inédits) traduits par vous en Anglais; et sachez ce que cela nous rapportrait, à tous les deux. J'ai une partie de mon voyage en Bohème, que les Débâts possèdent depuis deux mois sans l'imprimer, l'impatience me prend et si le "Times" veut m'en donner un prix raisonnable je la lui céderai, et je finirai ce travail immédiatement. C'est romanesque, bouffon, et cela contient une critique assez drôle des moeurs musicales de Paris, avec quelques mots sur Londres. Adieu, soyez assez bon pour vous occuper de cela. Votre tout dévoué.

H. BERLIOZ.

P.S.—Je vous ai cherché comme un diamant dans le sable l'autre soir à Exeter Hall. Je voulais vous dire ce que vous savez aussi bien que moi, que la Symphonie de Mendelssohn est un chef d'œuvre frappé d'un seul coup, à la manière des medailles d'or. Rien de plus neuf, de plus vif, de plus noble et de plus savant dans sa libre inspiration. Le conservatoire de Paris ne se doute seulement pas que cette magnifique composition existe, il la découvrira dans 10 ans.

The literary project does not seem to have borne fruit. By "Exeter Hall" in his postscript, Berlioz must mean the Philharmonic Concert Rooms where Mendelssohn's A major (the "Italian") symphony to which he undoubtedly refers, was performed on the 13th of the month. Two months earlier, with reference to "Elijah," he had written to Alexis Lwoff: "J'ai entendu le dernier oratorio de ce pauvre Mendelssohn (Elie) c'est magnifiquement grand et d'une somptuosité harmonique indéscriptible."

No further Berlioz concerts taking place, Rosenberg wrote to the "Musical World" asking why the concerts had been stopped, why the Philharmonic Society took no notice of Berlioz, why such an artist was allowed to

remain the season in London idle. Rosenberg's letter was backed up by articles in the "Musical World" directly appealing to the Philharmonic, but without avail, and, of concert-giving institutions, only the one-year-old Amateur Musical Society, with its honourable bassoonist, its baronial trumpeter, its ducal double-bassist and its sprinkling of professionals, was bold enough to engage Berlioz to conduct a performance of some of his own music. A couple of months passed away and, on June 29, Berlioz himself gave a concert at the Hanover Square Rooms and scored a decided success. An ample report appeared in the "Musical World," followed the week after by a farewell letter from Berlioz to the British public, through the editor of the "Musical World":

*Monsieur le rédacteur,

Permettez-moi de recourir à votre journal comme à celui qui s'occupe exclusivement des choses musicales, pour exprimer en quelques mots des sentiments bien naturels après l'accueil que j'ai reçu a Londres. Je pars, je retourne dans ce pays qu'on appelle encore la France et qui est le mien après tout. Je vais voir de quelle façon un artiste peut vivre ou combien de temps il lui faut pour mourir au milieu des ruines sous lesquelles la fleur de l'art est écrasée et ensevelie. Mais quelle que soit la durée du supplice qui m'attend, je conserverai jusqu'a la fin le plus reconnaissant souvenir de vos excellents et

* [*Translation*]. Sir—Permit me to have recourse to your journal, as that which concerns itself exclusively with matters musical, in order briefly to express feelings which are natural enough after the reception given me in London. I am going away, I am returning to the country which is still called France, and which, after all, is my own. I shall see by what means an artist may be able to live, or how long it will take him to die amidst the ruins under which the flower of art is crushed and buried. But, how long soever be the suffering that awaits me, I shall, to the end, keep a most grateful recollection of your excellent and accomplished artists, of your intelligent and attentive public, and of those fellow journalists of mine who have given me such a chivalrous and constant support. I am doubly happy at being able to admire in them, those great qualities, kindliness, capability, intelligent attention united with honesty

habiles artistes, de votre public intelligent et attentif, et de mes confrères de la presse qui m'ont prêté un si noble et si constant appui. Je suis doublement heureux d'avoir pu admirer chez eux ces belles qualités de la bonté, du talent, de l'intelligente attention unis à la probité de la critique; elles sont l'indice évident du véritable amour de l'art et elles doivent rassurer tous les amis de ce pauvre grand art sur son avenir, en leur donnant la certitude que vous ne le laisserez pas périr. La question personnelle est donc ici seulement secondaire car vous pouvez me croire, j'aime bien plus *la* musique que *ma* musique et je voudrais qu'il m'eut été donné plus souvent l'occasion de le prouver.

Oui, notre muse épouvantée de toutes les horribles clameurs qui retentissent d'un bout du continent à l'autre me parait assurée d'un asyle en Angleterre; et l'hospitalité sera d'autant plus splendide que l'hôte se souviendra plus souvent qu'un de ses fils est le plus grand des poëtes, que la musique est une des formes diverses de la poésie, et que, de la même liberté dont usa Shakespeare dans ses immortelles conceptions, dépend l'entier développement de la musique de l'avenir.

Adieu, donc vous tous qui m'avez si cordialement traité, j'ai le cœur serré en vous quittant, et je répète involon-

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of criticism; those are the unmistakable signs of a real love for art and should reassure all lovers of poor great art as to her future, by comforting them with the certainty that you will not let her perish. Hence the personal question is only secondary, for, believe me, *Music* is much dearer to me than *my* music, as I wish I had had more opportunity of proving. Yes, our Muse, appalled by all the horrible clamours resounding from one end of the continent to the other, seems to me sure of a shelter in England; and the hospitality offered will be the more splendid, the more the giver of it remembers that one of her sons is the greatest of all poets, that music is one of the various forms of poetry, and that, on the very same freedom which Shakespeare allowed himself in his immortal conceptions depends the whole development of the music of the future. Farewell then to you all who have treated me so kindly, my heart is full at leaving you, and there rise to my lips those sad and solemn words of Hamlet's father: "Farewell, farewell, remember me." Hector Berlioz.

tairement ces tristes et solennelles paroles du père d'Hamlet: "Farewell, farewell, remember me."

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

Whilst Berlioz was carrying on the opera at Drury Lane, his impresario, Jullien, was trying to make up for that unlucky speculation by a provincial tour.

During the earlier period of Jullien's career in England Davison seems to have seen in him the successful sensation-monger, the money-making mountebank, the bland humbug, and ridiculed him accordingly in the "Musical World" and "Musical Examiner." Presently the real musical talent, the *bonhomie*, the original character of Jullien combined with his absurdity to overcome Davison's antipathy to the foreigner waxing adipose in England, and Jullien's Beethoven and Mendelssohn Festivals gave occasion for the change to be proved. The provincial tour, 1847-8, seems to have been successful. Anxious, however, about Drury Lane, the "Times'" articles upon which may have been rather few and tepid, Jullien writes from Edinburgh on January 17:

*Mon cher Davison,

Je suis parfaitement étonné de voir que vous êtes resté le seul contre mon Théâtre, vous savez bien que si le "Times" est contre une chose quel-conque cette chose ne peut tenir longtemps, vous voulez donc me perdre . . . . Croyez-vous que l'art y gagnera . . . . Non . . . . vous êtes

* [*Translation*]. My dear Davison—I am quite astonished to see that you remain the sole opponent of my theatre, you know that if the "Times" is against anything whatever, that thing cannot hold out long, do you want to ruin me . . . . will art be a gainer, do you think . . . . No . . . . you are too well acquainted with things not to know the contrary. What is it you want then, tell me frankly, have I ever refused you anything? What do you want . . . , do you want me to bring out Macfarren's opera . . . . I am ready to sign an agreement with you that it should be the first work produced next year . . . . Is there anything else you want . . . . Speak . . . . but, I beseech you, do not assassinate me.

trop au fait pour ne pas savoir le contraire. Que voulez vous donc, parlez franchement, vous ai-je jamais refusé quelque chose? Que vous faut-il . . . . voulez-vous que je joue l'opéra de Macfarren . . . . Je ferais tout de suite un écrit avec vous pour que ce soit le premier ouvrage monté l'année prochaine . . . . Voulez-vous autre chose . . . . Parlez . . . . mais de grâce ne m'assassinez pas.

A week later he writes:

*"Ici nous faisons un argent énorme, Miss Dolby plait beaucoup aux Ecossais, notre grande vogue est venue de ce qu'un journal influent a dit dans un paragraphe public avant notre arrivée que dans le Swiss quadrille j'employais une machine pour l'avalanche qui devait detruire un mur de la salle, et que les propriétaires avaient refusé de laisser entrer cette horrible *machine infernale.* Voilà comment se font les succès; nous avons refusé plus de mille personnes par soirée et ce soir nous donnons un *extra Night;* les billets sont tous pris et à un haut premium. Certainement quand les gens ont été dans la salle ils ont été charmés pas les solos de Piatti, de König, de Baumann, de Richardson et surtout des nouvelles chansons de Miss Dolby, mais ils ne seraient jamais venus sans l'article

* [*Translation*]. "Here we are making enormous sums, Miss Dolby pleases the Scotch greatly, our great vogue (however) is due to a report, paragraphed by an influential paper before our arrival, that in the Swiss quadrille I used a machine for the avalanche which was to demolish one wall of the concert-room, and that the proprietors had refused to receive this horrible *infernal machine.* Thus are successes made; we have had to turn away more than a thousand people each evening, and this evening we are giving an *extra night;* the tickets are all sold and at a high premium. It's quite true that, once in the concert room, the audience was charmed by the solos of Piatti, König, Baumann, Richardson, and especially by Miss Dolby's new songs, but they would never have come without the *appalling* item of the *infernal avalanche* . . . . such is the secret of success . . . . Jenny Lind would have gained no greater success in London than Mme. Viardot and La Frezolini (who sing better than she does) if Mr. Bunn and others had not made her out to be a sort of freak of nature whom everybody must needs see."

épouvantable de *l'avalanche infernale* . . . . voilà le secret des succès . . . . Jenny Lind n'aurait pas eu plus de succès à Londres que Mme. Viardot et la Frezolini (qui chantent mieux qu'elle) si M. *Bunn* et autres n'avaient fait d'elle une Bête curieuse que tout le monde voulait voir."

Such was Jullien's view of men and things and on it he acted, but subsequent events showed that he was a bad business man. He was not long after wound in the toils of the money-lenders, and in August became a bankrupt, passing through the court with credit, however, and a compliment from the commissioner. Throughout this year the extraordinary success of Jenny Lind went on, and Mr. Lumley was enabled to make head against the rival house. Her success was not less great in the provinces and in Ireland and Scotland than it had been in London. To this Davison's letters testify. The lawsuit, Lind *versus* Bunn, dragged itself along. The operatic season might have been marked by the début in Verdi's "Ernani," at Her Majesty's, of Sophie Cruvelli, but the new singer's light was lost in that of Jenny Lind. At the Royal Italian Opera "The Huguenots" was given by the Queen's command, with Malibran's sister, Pauline Viardot-Garcia, with Alboni, Castellan, Mario, Tamburini and Masini. The "Musical World" heralded this performance with a vigorous article by Grüneisen and celebrated it by another from the pen of John Ella.

The festivals this autumn were first at Worcester, next at Norwich, where Benedict was conductor. To him Davison writes from Worcester:

My dear Benedict,

Lockey is put down for a song by Lachner, with obliged horn, but Phillips (Lovell) has written a very nice song, with do.; and Lockey likes the song which Phillips has written, so Jarrett has tried it with the composer, and all are satisfied of the preferability of the MS. over the printed song; wherefore will you condescend so far from

your magnanimity as to insert for Lockey in the programme, instead of *song*, *Lachner, song*, *W. L. Phillips*, which will greatly oblige everybody concerned in the matter, in which, though I be not concerned, I feel an interest, having undertaken to forward this hemigraph, or petition (whichever you may style it, as you may consider the substance of the letter, the matter discussed or the matter upon which it is discussed).

Will you inform Mr. Klingemann with my compliments that I was *here* on the day fixed for the meeting, and I shall not be in London until after the Norwich Festival? (the sign of ? is all right—it is good English, and may be employed in epigraphy). The Festival here (Worcester, I forgot to put it on the forehead of this letter) has begun *wonderfully* well; maugre the opposition of Jenny Lind last night at Birmingham and some nights hence at Manchester (two concerts)—wonderfully well, I may say very well

Jenny Lind made £1,500 at Birmingham—"Elijah" was splendidly performed—it is the *ne plus ultra* of music.

Yours ever in haste,

DAVISON.

Many compliments from the Castellans, Lablache, Alboni, Grüneisen, etc.

À BENEDICT.

Soon afterwards he writes to Benedict again, from Balloch, a brief letter surrounded with postscripts, a letter with which may be compared that written in the same place and appearing a few days later in the "Musical World":

Write me a line—Post Office, Edinburgh.—J. W. Davison.

CHOPIN.

BALLOCH, DUMBARTONSHIRE,

October 10, Tuesday, Midnight.

My dear Benedict,

How can you—a lover of scenery—be in London while I, your brother in scene-seeking, am at Balloch, on the banks of the Leven, at the entrance of Loch Lomond, *on a very moonlight night*, smoking a cigar and going to write a letter to the "World"?

Vide M. W. on Saturday, which consider a letter to you —not to Desmond Ryan.

Ever yours truly,

J. W. D.

I am delighted, transported, intoxicated with Scotland. Edinburgh beats Glasgow—but Glasgow beats Edinburgh; there is the Clyde, and the Clyde leads everywhere —to the mountains, to the Lochs, to Heaven!

Remember me to Mrs. Benedict.

P.S.—Better than hearing "Maritana" and Miss W—?

P.S. No. 2.—I have seen Bothwell Castle!!! Better than Distin's farewell concert? Lind was *immense* at Glasgow.

The Distin family almost constituted a complete brass orchestra, and on the 9th of October had given at Drury Lane a monster entertainment with forty-seven pieces by forty-four principal vocalists and instrumentalists, besides a "tolerable numerical orchestral force."

At about this time Chopin was in Scotland and played at Glasgow and Edinburgh, but Davison does not seem to have seen him. A year later he attended Chopin's funeral. From Scotland Davison went to Ireland in the track of Jenny Lind.

Towards the end of the year a committee was formed with the object of aiding in the foundation of a Mendelssohn scholarship at the Conservatoire of Leipsic. This may have been the business on which Davison was to have seen Mr. Klingemann. Among the members of the com-

mittee were Messrs. Sterndale Bennett, Benedict, Hullah, Chorley, Davison and chairman, Sir George Smart. A performance of "Elijah" was organised at Exeter Hall with the help of Jenny Lind, Mr. Hullah's upper singing classes, the Royal Academy and the Sacred Harmonic Society. The orchestra was drawn from the two Italian Operas, and Benedict conducted.

Two years later Benedict and Jenny Lind, who had meanwhile abandoned the stage, were with Barnum in the United States.

CHAPTER IX.

The Position of the Sacred Harmonic Society in 1847—Its prosperity renewed by the appointment of Costa as conductor—Costa as organiser, marshall and director of the principal musical forces of England—A comparison with Jullien—Promenade Concerts—The London Wednesday Concerts—The Grand National Concerts—Jullien the first to attempt the popularization of the highest class of orchestral music—The London Thursday Concerts—Introduction of Gounod's works at Hullah's concerts—Gounod, Verdi and Meyerbeer—Beethoven's "Fidelio"—M. W. Balfe—Mlle. Cruvelli—Carlyle as a music critic.

HER Majesty's opera had come to a split in 1846. The Sacred Harmonic Society seemed in danger of falling to pieces in 1847. In the thirteen years since its foundation the society had done a great work by familiarising the London public with some of the great works of Handel. But of late all progress seemed to have ceased. The same great works were being constantly performed and the performances showed no improvement. Little or nothing new was brought out; little or nothing of interest was revived. The society was threatened with competition. John Hullah's singing classes had been developing and advancing for seven years and had begun to give performances of Handel's oratorios in Exeter Hall itself. The Sacred Harmonic therefore came in for a good deal of criticism. It was charged with indifference, slothfulness and sordid management. A radical change

was urged; that, however, involved the deposition of officials for whom it was claimed that their efforts had virtually established the society, Mr. Surman, the conductor, against whom various charges had been made, and Mr. Perry who was for a short time his successor, both of them old members of the society. After a laborious inquiry by a special committee the society decided upon dismissing Mr. Surman—his friends helping him to form a rival society which went on for some years as the London Sacred Harmonic.

The post from which he had been dismissed was before the end of 1848 offered to and accepted by the able, energetic, indefatigable Costa whose force of character had thus placed him, within twenty years of his arrival in England, at the head of the most important provincial festival, that of Birmingham, and had made him director of the three representative musical institutions of the metropolis, namely, the Philharmonic Society, the Royal Italian Opera and the Sacred Harmonic Society. The Neapolitan friend of "Jenkins" was at the top of the profession, organising, marshalling and directing the operations of the principal musical forces of England, conducting Meyerbeer's operas, Handel's oratorios and Beethoven's symphonies, without a rival. His appointment to the conductorship of its orchestra, instilled fresh life into the Sacred Harmonic Society, gave that respectable body a tonic, renewed its prosperity.

Costa was a man of strength, order and discipline, a man "born to command" as the cant phrase goes. He could command himself and command others. The clouds and the flashes of genius may never have troubled a mind that was, above all, clear, courageous, decided and prompt—a mind that was administrative rather than originative. Without any fuss Costa went straight onward along the way of real work and of worldly reward. The contemporary with whom one is most tempted to compare Costa is Jullien. Both were of Latin race. The Neapolitan came to England in 1829, the Frenchman about ten years later. Neither was welcome to the young English school which sprang into existence between those two dates, though Costa seems to have

been regarded in a serious, Jullien in a serio-comic, light. As to their musical gifts, a musician with the scores of "Eli" and of "Pietro il grande" before him might be able to compare them. Costa's operas and oratorios, Jullien's operas and symphonies are no longer to be heard. There may not have been much to choose between them; commonplace both may have been, the one well written and highly respectable, the other pretentious and extravagant. "Ce bon Costa," said Rossini in 1856, "m'a envoyé une partition d'oratorio et un fromage de Stilton. Le fromage était très bon." In musical attainment each must have stood high, judging not from contemporary accounts only, but from what we know each of them effected. Each again was gifted in a remarkable degree with that special, perhaps magnetic, power of holding together and swaying numbers of men. They were both real conductors, but their manner of conducting differed widely. Costa was the embodiment of calm, collected, concentrated will, without the least show or ostentation. Jullien, on the other hand, not only conducted but acted. He was ceremonious, grandly emotional. He would appear in a demonstrative shirt-front, conduct with a demonstrative beat, would be warmed by the excitement of a quadrille into standing up on his gilt chair, wherein at the conclusion of a symphony, he would sink back with demonstrative exhaustion ("charming languor"). He was melodramatic, transpontine, not unworthy of "The Children of the Abbey." Costa had to deal mainly with existing musical forces, which he drilled, and with audiences more or less educated, whom he served as an able and energetic officer. Jullien raised, we had almost said created, his orchestras, drawing the members from all parts. And of still rawer and more mixed material were his audiences. Costa's path, if at times no doubt rugged and difficult, was steadily up hill. Jullien was now up on a height, now down in an abyss. Costa was made of the sterner stuff, but Jullien with his bombast had perhaps a spark of ætherial fire.

We read of promenade concerts in London as early as 1838, in imitation of the Musard Concerts in Paris. Early in 1840 Jullien's name appears in connection with them.

In 1842 he has become their conductor at the Lyceum—Highland quadrilles *ad captandum* with the Overture to "William Tell," etc. etc. Presently the "concert monstre" and the Jullien masked ball are evolved.

In 1845 we find him at the Surrey Zoological Gardens conducting an orchestra of three hundred performers, playing the overture to "William Tell," portion of a Haydn symphony, a movement of Beethoven's "Pastoral" and polkas, waltzes, quadrilles and operatic selections, the whole crowned by the National Anthem accompanied by the discharge of artillery. Early in the following year he is giving a Beethoven Festival, followed in due time by Mozart and by Mendelssohn Festivals. Meanwhile in 1847-8 came the national opera scheme, Berlioz and bankruptcy. But Jullien was buoyant and the autumn of 1848 found him giving a month's promenade concerts at Drury Lane, helped by four English regimental bands. Thus was Jullien turning up the soil. Then came at Exeter Hall an institution called the London Wednesday Concerts whose professed object was to give the public good miscellaneous musical entertainment at cheap prices, tickets of admission ranging from one shilling to seven shillings. Willy, a violinist and old member of the Society of British Musicians had got together a small concert band, which went out on hire, and he and his band were engaged by the society of the new concerts, Thalberg too with his fantasias, Vivier with his horn, Sims Reeves—now regarded as the successor of Braham—and Braham himself in about his seventy-fourth year. The performances consisted of operatic selections, some modern English and some classical music. Thalberg played, for instance, Beethoven's C minor concerto. As these concerts took place only once a week they cannot have much interfered with Jullien, who, the following year was again to the fore, with a selection from Meyerbeer's "Prophète," then just brought out in London, and with Mendelssohn festivals. But in the autumn of 1850, Jullien found himself anticipated by an opposition at Her Majesty's Theatre, which began by seducing from their ancient allegiance a considerable number of his orchestra. The executive com-

mittee, directors and managers of the "Grand National Concerts" issued a manifesto, some of which ran as follows: "Their constant aim will be to present an intellectual entertainment of the highest order, embracing the Greatest Works of the Greatest Masters, illustrated by the most eminent Artistes in Europe, and that at the cheapest possible rate consistent with prudence to themselves and justice towards those whose interests they have mainly in view. Every effort has been used to render the selection of Artistes wholly free from all undue partiality to country or individual; and first-rate excellence being the only passport to an engagement at these concerts, it is confidently believed that the most splendid available talent will thus be brought together—a consummation next to impossible when the arrangements are confided to one person, more or less fettered by national prejudice, connection or interest. The usual Evening Programme will be a varied Programme—such as to meet, as far as possible, the wishes and tastes of all, and thus gratify the lovers of the higher class of Music, as well as those who may prefer a lighter school.

"A highly important and distinctive feature in this undertaking, and one which the Committee are most anxious should be in every way worthy the support both of English Artistes and English Audiences, will be the introduction of original instrumental and lyrical works, by native composers, to whom every opportunity will be afforded of obtaining a satisfactory interpretation of their labours, etc."

Among the pianists advertised in the prospectus were: "Miss Goddard (pupil of M. Thalberg, who will make her First Appearance in Public) M. Charles Hallé (who will perform Beethoven's concerto in E flat with full orchestral accompaniments on the Opening Night, and a different Concerto on each evening of his engagement;" among the violinists: Molique, Blagrove and Sainton; among the violoncellists: Piatti; among the harpists: A. P. Thomas; among the vocalists: Sims Reeves. The orchestra which included many of Jullien's musicians, was drawn mainly from those of the two Italian Operas, with Balfe as conductor. The price of seats ranged from

one shilling to four shillings and there was moreover a promenade at one shilling and sixpence.

The prospectus, long and magniloquent, was carried out after a fashion and some large audiences were drawn together. At the first concert Hallé played the E flat concerto, minus its two last movements. At the second, Beethoven's "Eroica" was given piecemeal, the first movement at the beginning, the rest at the end of the first part of the programme "so that the train of serious and elevated thought into which the hearer was thrown by the music of the mighty master was interrupted for an hour and a half by a string of commonplaces."

Some of the principal artists announced, like Thalberg, never appeared. Of new works by English composers, only one was given—Macfarren's "Sleeper Awakened," a serenata, the words of which were by John Oxenford. The first season of the Grand National Concerts was also their last.

The "Musical World" recording this failure says: "For our own part we are by no means shaken in our opinion, that first-rate concerts on a grand scale, in a large arena, and at a moderate charge of admission would be certain to succeed."

Meanwhile, Jullien, deserted by some of his principal supporters, had set to work, filled their places and improved his band. He makes his start a month or so after that of the Grand National. The interior of Drury Lane is embellished by a wonderful crystal curtain, and the season opens with a Bal masqué. This is the season of the Nepaulese Quadrilles, ending with a grand Ghoorka march, and of the British Army Quadrilles descriptive of a siege. The cornet solo plays "The Exile's Lament," and the flute, some variations on "Coming thro' the Rye," while for another taste is the Andante from the "Pastorale" and the Scotch symphony, in connection with which Jullien issued a popular analytical programme, one, that is, commenting on the music from a poetical point of view.

The "Musical World" that year gives Jullien credit for being "the first to attempt the popularization of the highest class of orchestral music in this metropolis."

ROSSINI.

Souvenir d'admiration
offert à la célèbre madame
Arabella Goddard Davison
G. R.

From the same time his concerts get favourable notice in the "Times" though not without criticism. For instance in 1850, respecting the bits and scraps of classical music: "We have a strong objection to the mutilation of great works, and M. Jullien should know better than to sanction so equivocal a precedent by his example, the 'Mendelssohn Festival' announced for Tuesday next will give him an opportunity to make amends." Thus could the "Times" serve as lever to move Jullien in the right direction.

The London Wednesday Concerts drifted into ballad entertainments and came to an end in 1852, the veteran Braham once more appearing. By that time an imitation of them had sprung up in the London Thursday Concerts, held also at Exeter Hall, whose aim also was to give the public a miscellaneous performance of popular music, vocal and instrumental at a reasonable charge—to wit, one shilling, two shillings and four shillings, but with a brass band. They lasted a season or two. None of these cheap concert schemes aimed at providing anything better than a "miscellaneous" entertainment, that is a mixture of good and bad. So much for orchestral concerts. Meanwhile, in the winter of 1849-50 Mr. Willy had attempted a series of "classical concerts" of chamber music for the general public at prices considerably below those charged at soirées and matinées. It seems to have been the first attempt of its kind. In the small room of the not yet fully inaugurated St. Martin's Hall he gathered audiences numbering some four or five hundred to listen to "music of the highest class," said the "Musical World," adding: "What the Sacred Harmonic has done for choral music, and Mr. Jullien for orchestral, Mr. Willy has begun to do for the music of the chamber." These, from their brief period of existence, cannot have been a profitable speculation. They help to mark the movement which, from 1848, was setting in towards giving good instrumental music to the general public at low prices. The movement was weak and uncertain, but unmistakable. In 1850 St. Martin's Hall was formally inaugurated and Mr. Hullah, to whose efforts the building of the new hall was due, and for whose service it was chiefly intended,

began giving concerts there. The orchestra was under Mr. Willy, the chorus under their head teacher and director, Hullah. The tonic sol-fa movement was still in its infancy and Hullah's system of teaching the masses held the field with apparently striking results. His system was adapted from that of the French Wilhem, to which France owes its legion of choral societies (orféons). It contained no new musical principles, but a new principle in the organisation of study. Its main object was the economising of energy, and its method was that of the "enseignement mutuel," by which, as soon as the learner has progressed some way, he begins teaching those less advanced, the lower classes learning from the middle classes, these from the upper, and the upper from the head teachers. Of his upper singing classes Hullah formed his choir. They gave monthly concerts, and in January, 1851, introduced Gounod to the English public by singing certain selections from his compositions of sacred music. Later in the same year Hullah and others attempted to form an orchestral society at St. Martin's Hall, something to supply the place of the Philharmonic in winter. The leading instrumentalists of London appear to have joined the society, the scheme of which was to give a series of eight concerts "of the highest class of orchestral music with special reference to new, untried or comparatively unknown compositions"—the dates for the first season being fixed in November and December, 1851, January and February, 1852. Such profits as might accrue were apparently to be shared by the performers. But there was no appeal to the general public on the score of cheapness, the prices of tickets ranging from two guineas to three guineas as a subscription for the series, or half a guinea to fifteen shillings for a single concert. When it came to fixing the programme of the first concert, some of the performers began to make excuses for absence on the plea of other engagements, and soon it seemed as though with the majority of the society the interests of art weighed little against certainty of emolument. So the society, having met to examine itself on its own principles, forthwith dissolved. But in 1852 the Philharmonic Society was met by a rival in the new

Philharmonic Society, formidable in that its scheme courted the favour of the general public; this illustrated the course things were taking in music.

Half a year after the St. Martin's Hall performances of his music on sacred subjects, an opera of Gounod's was given at Covent Garden—"Saffo."

The intellectual dramatic singer, Pauline Viardot Garcia, sister of Malibran, was the friend who brought the French composer out, and Mr. Chorley of the "Athenæum," who greatly admired Mme. Viardot's talents, was the friend who heralded with praise the new composer. Some of the selections given at St. Martin's Hall seemed to have made a favourable impression, but the opera was a failure in spite of its interpreters, Madame Viardot, Mdlle. Castellan, Tamberlik and Tamburini, a very strong cast. The terms in which Gounod's music was severely criticised in the "Times" and the "Musical World" are interesting to read now, in view of the work Gounod produced after his one lasting success, "Faust."

During these years Verdi and Meyerbeer were rising into importance. The Italian's fame was building up on "Attila," "Nino" and "Ernani," that of the Jew on "Robert le Diable" (with Jenny Lind in 1847), "Les Huguenots" (with Viardot and Mario in 1848), and "Le Prophète" (with Viardot and Mario in 1849).

The school of Meyerbeer was still further represented by the production in 1850 of Halevy's "Val d'Andorre," at the St. James', and of the same composer's "Tempesta" at Her Majesty's Theatre. The subject of the latter opera had been chosen for a libretto by Mendelssohn shortly before his death. Halevy's librettist, Scribe, made of "Ariel" a pantomimic part, which was played by Carlotta Grisi. In this age where the Jews with their special and ancient talent for music, were so prominently directing the fortunes of the lyric stage, as is proved by merely citing the names of the principal composers, singers and managers, Wagner, in a narrow, intense and acrid pamphlet, was publishing the truth as he saw it, "Judaism in Music" coming out in 1850. Next year Thalberg's opera, "Florinda," was produced at Her Majesty's.

Davison's attitude was hostile to the "young Gounod,"

bepraised by the "Athenæum" which cared little for Macfarren and Sterndale Bennett, and to the "young Verdi" whom some critics were hailing as the hope of Italy, but as to the merits of Meyerbeer, he seemed uncertain, and his attempts to deal with "Le Prophète" do not seem to have given immediate satisfaction to his chiefs; Mowbray Morris writing:

"We don't like your critique, and if you refer to the terms of my letter of Monday, you will perceive that what you have written is hardly what I asked for.

"There is great diversity of opinion respecting the intrinsic merits of 'Le Prophète.' I myself think that it is a very grand conception and that its beauties are of the highest order of excellence, but I doubt whether the execution is what it might be, and I fear that the beauties are few and far between. The skating scene is bad in itself and could not but be bad because it arrests the progress of the drama.

"But if we speak of the performance of the opera by the Covent Garden Company, our strain may be quite different. The orchestra is perfect, the *mise en scène* has never been surpassed, and the acting of the two principal characters, Viardot and Mario, has seldom been equalled. Costa is entitled to great praise for having organised so admirable a band, and the managers of the theatre deserve the public gratitude for their selection of music which has tended to elevate the public taste and to make us acquainted with music which was hardly known except through the imperfect performance of drawing-rooms.

"Try your hand again. Avoid the debateable ground of the music except as connected with its execution by the artists; and give due praise to the admirable acting of Viardot and Mario, especially the former.

"If you can find time to do this before you come to dinner, we might snatch five minutes to talk it over, but don't put yourself out."

However the critic's work in general was appreciated and in 1850 his salary, whatever that may have been, was raised to two hundred pounds a year. Afterwards it rose to two hundred and fifty pounds, at which it remained.

The year 1851 was that of the Great National Exhibition, whose Crystal Palace in Hyde Park was opened on the first of May. On such an occasion as this, the assembling in London of a host of provincials and foreigners, something had been expected by musicians. By some, the movement was regarded as opportune for the foundation of a National English Opera House. The Italian Opera Houses seem to have done fairly well—the Royal Italian Opera with Grisi and Viardot, Mario, Tamberlik, Tamburini, Ronconi and Formes—Her Majesty's with Sontag, Cruvelli, Alboni, Sims Reeves and a nominally strong ballet which included Carlotta Grisi, Marie Taglioni, Carolina Rosati, Amelia Ferraris and Cerito. Four new works were brought out and were failures; Gounod's "Saffo," with Viardot, at Covent Garden; at the Haymarket, Auber's "L'Enfant Prodigue," with Sontag, the same composer's "Corbeille d'Oranges," with Alboni (for whom the work had been expressly written) and Thalberg's operatic essay, with Cruvelli. This artist, absent since 1848, when she had scarcely been noticed, now reappeared on May 20, and made her real English début as Leonora in "Fidelio."

Perhaps Davison wrote no other so long and enthusiastic article in the "Times" as that in which he reported the event which reflected most credit on the operatic season of 1851, and in which he reviewed Beethoven's one opera. "Fidelio" was repeated eight times, not many for a season of extraordinary length. To the excitement thus engendered may be due a brief quarrel with "Fidelio's" orchestral conductor, composer of recitatives with occasionally "a little too much tendency to the style of opera buffa," and introducer of an ophicleide into the grave scene.

On June 2 Ella writes: "There were Sainton, Deloffre, Hill, Graham, Hallé, Piatti, Bottesini, Fossi, another and self assembled *chez moi* on Sunday, when someone said that you and Balfe had *boxé*, etc. Berlioz heard it from another quarter, and the only person who asked me about it was Grüneisen last night just before I saw you, and I have written to tell him of the contents of the friendly letter you showed me last night."

The friendly letter may have been Balfe's reply to the following, written on the morrow of the quarrel:

Balfe,

I have been wrong, and I own it. Will you forgive what was foolishly said under the influence of excitement and repented as soon as uttered?

We have been old friends and a silly word should not divide us. There are some who would be pleased to see us on ill terms, and I should be glad to disappoint them. You were hard upon me last night—not without reason I confess—be generous and say "quits"?

However you may receive this, understand clearly that what I said and did last night I regret sincerely. I have spoken to no one on the subject, and my own reflections alone have brought the conviction that I owe you an apology. I offer it without hesitation, if you are satisfied I shall be happy—if not, I have nothing left but to lament the loss of a good friend under such circumstances.

J. W. DAVISON.

30, PERCY STREEET,
BEDFORD SQUARE.

To which Balfe replied:

Sunday, 1st June, 1851.

Dear Davison,

Your letter received this morning shows you to be a man of heart. You say you regret what you said last night "in a moment of excitement" and you apologise, you hold out your hand, which I grasp with pleasure. I myself regret what happened last night, and cry "quits" with sincere pleasure.

I remain, as usual,
Your sincere friend,
W. M. BALFE.

With regard to Cruvelli, whom he compared with Jenny Lind to the latter's disadvantage, and hailed as the successor of Malibran, Davison could find little to criticise, except, to quote the "Musical World," the fact of her executive means being as yet imperfect—of her conception at times aiming at deeper and more varied expression than her physical resources in their present condition enable her entirely and at all times to realise as she imagines them . . . . the lovely errors of youth and enthusiasm . . . . wild flowers as they are, almost as sweet and bright, and fragrant and beautiful as the real flowers of art which have been tended by the hand of experience and watered by the showers of maturity . . . . the mistakes of impulse, the overhaste of genius, which sometimes despises elaboration, the shortcomings of ardent youth, too eager and too confiding to calculate."

Beyond that Davison could only mildly remonstrate in the "Times" for "the very few changes she makes—of which we cannot approve, since we have yet to be convinced that to alter Beethoven is to improve him."

An anonymous letter addressed to the editor of the "Musical World" in September, 1851, throws another light on the subject:

Sir,

As you have already devoted so many pages of the "M. W." to assisting the public towards an appreciation of the great merits of Mlle. Cruvelli, I think it would be a still greater kindness to that inimitable *artiste* if you would, by way of conclusion, point out for her consideration some of those objections which have been taken to her performances. For *myself* I have been often petrified by the grandeur of her delivery of the heroic passages allotted to her in the music of Leonora—but on every occasion I have equally felt the want of that tenderness of the woman which should be ever keeping pace with the inspired firmness of the heroine. Her *conception* of the character of the devoted wife I take to be nearly perfect, but it is impossible to deny, and it is the opinion of every competent judge that Mlle. Cruvelli's

magnificent and unrivalled voice is at present very *uncultivated*, and in many parts of the register more marvellous than pleasing. Now if Mlle. Cruvelli is honestly told that she is inferior in this respect to such *artistes* as Me. Grisi and Me. Castellan it will surely be much more likely to assist her future career, than holding her past successes forth to the world as proofs of absolute perfection. Her genius makes it just possible that she will, when this important point of refinement of style is properly attained, rival the greatest known singers—but it is equally certain that her excessive and often exaggerated force of delivery, and her lavish use of the *fortissimo* will, if persisted in, prevent her taking her proper position. Everyone that I have ever consulted on these points, even the most enthusiastic of her admirers, has made the same remarks and I cannot understand how any man could listen without pain to her reading of "Ah non giunge" at the Worcester Festival, and of "Rejoice Greatly" on the same occasion—especially by the side of such perfect examples of vocalisation as her "Hear ye Israel" and "How beautiful are, etc." In spite of your correspondent or any one else's correspondents, the oratorio-goers one and all called her singing "coarse." It was also much regretted that she favoured the company at the Worcester evening concerts with some of the most detestable trash ever set to music. A great singer like Mlle. Cruvelli should aspire to direct and form the public taste. We have lately seen one of the greatest of living *artistes* set a good example in this respect. I allude to the fact that Herr Formes declined to sing the rubbish written for a bass voice in a recent operatic abortion. If you refuse to warn Mlle. Sofie of her failings you have the responsibility upon your shoulders of ruining the prospects of a woman of extraordinary genius—for she will hardly notice any adverse criticisms except those which come to her through your medium. In speaking this out, I am expressing opinions different from your own, but they are none the less identical with the opinions which I have heard expressed by more than one of the most cultivated musicians of this country. But you will,

GIUSEPPE MARIO.

From Pougin's "Acteurs et Actrice d'Autrefois." By permission of the publishers, Juven and Co., Paris.

at any rate, not mistake the spirit which has induced me to address you.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
PHILO-CRUVELLI.

P.S.—The same remarks apply to her acting as to her singing. She should study Rachel's simplicity.

A series of papers in minute analysis of Beethoven's great work were contributed by Macfarren and went on for several months. In the first, comparing "Fidelio" with "Don Giovanni," he observes in reference to the former masterpiece "though there may be rarity of *tunes* there is no scarcity of melody of the most intellectual, refined and impassioned character," an observation which seems prophetic of the "infinite melos" of Bühnenweih-Festspieler.

The season of 1851 at Her Majesty's Theatre, already so interesting from the important production of "Fidelio," derives another and very special interest from the fact that it was most probably the season as it certainly was the theatre in which Thomas Carlyle prophesied among the music critics.

Carlyle's criticism of Lumley's opera house, audience, singers and dancers in 1851, and his burning view of the degradation of modern music as there presented, appeared in a "Keepsake" for the new year, whence, before the end of the old, most of it had been transferred to the pages of the "Musical World."

"Lustres, candelabra, painting, gilding at discretion, a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the lamp; a hall as if fitted up by the genies, regardless of expense—upholstery and the outlay of human capital could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, likewise regardless of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One

singer in particular, called Coletti, or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibility, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies, originally an almost poetic soul, or man of genius as we term it, stamped by nature as capable of far other work than squalling here like a blind Samson to make the Philistines sport! The very ballet girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange, mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades and stand still in the devil's name! A truly notable motion, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it, motion peculiar to the opera—perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in the world. Nature abhors it, but art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito or Taglioni the second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of indiarubber or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling. Perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine the second had bred herself so carefully—some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too—to say nothing of the Stanfields and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers . . . . Alas! and all these notable or noticeable human talents and excellent perseverances or energies, backed by mountains of wealth and led by the divine art of music and rhythm vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not worth much amusing.

"Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two muses, sent for, re-

gardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned the light in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse was magical, and made your fair one an Armida—if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old, improper females (of quality) in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some reminiscence of enchantment, and I saw this and the other lean domestic dandy with icy smile on his old, worn face; this and the other Marquis Singe de Lomme, Prince Mahogany or the like foreign dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile with dyed moustachio and Macassar oil, gracefully, and then tripping out again—and, in fact, I fancied that Coletti and Cerito and the rhythmic arts were a mere accompaniment here."

"Catholicus Anglicanus," it may be remembered, had regarded music as "the most heavenly of arts (and the only one which holy scripture gives us authority to conclude will survive the destruction of earthly things)." Carlyle, for his part, thought music was well said to be the speech of angels, felt, in fact, that "none among the utterances allowed to man" was so divine. But he found music in his day divorced from sense and fact and bragging "that she had nothing to do with sense and fact but with fiction and delirium only," and the Haymarket Opera with its Hall of Alraschid, its blind, squalling Samson, its scissor ballet-cohort, its infinite expenditure of capital and labour and its sham aristocratic audience, was the triumph of phantasm and inveracity. He thought of Tyrtæus, who "did not sing 'Barbers of Seville,' but the need of beating back one's country's enemies," of Sophocles "who sang the judgments of eternal deity upon the erring sons of men," of Æschylus, of David and:

"Your celestial opera house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of eternal death; through it, too, I look not 'up into the divine eye' as Richter has it, 'but down into the bottomless eye

socket'—not upwards towards God, heaven and the throne of truth, but too truly towards falsity, vacuity and the dwelling place of everlasting despair."

Towards the end of the essay another note is sounded; allusion is made to stern faces . . . . but capable withal of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasion.

Perhaps most of the critics of the day accepted the fashion with shallow seriousness, while the prophet sternly saddened for a spell may have been tickled by that "heavenly thing," heart-born laughter.

The performers he mentions by name are "one singer in particular called Coletti, or some such name" and "one little Cerito or Taglioni the second." Taglioni the second would be *the* Taglioni's niece Marie. Coletti, whom Carlyle singles out in such a remarkable way, is not one whose name has remained famous. In 1851, however, he was principal baritone at Her Majesty's Theatre, and was very popular not only with the public but with the majority of the critics, by some of whom he seems to have been considered another Tamburini. In the "Musical World" he is the "stentorian barytone," the "popular barytone" with "powerful voice, firm voice, manly style, energetic style" with "carefulness and intelligence." He was "Coletti the careful," "Coletti out of his element as Pizarro," "in Belcore he was not Tamburini, nor light, nor humorous, nor florid, but weighty, thoughtful, painstaking, and Coletti."

In the Parisian correspondence of the "Musical World" of 16th October, 1847, we read: "Coletti, for the sake of his well-deserved reputation as a careful and excellent barytone, should never attempt to play 'Don Giovanni,' which is altogether out of his element. He is as heavy as lead and as stiff as a poker—while his *fun* is sepulchral."

In the "Times" (April 2, 1849) we read: "The character of the old Doge in Verdi's opera, 'I due Foscari,' is perhaps the most striking of Coletti's impersonations. His powerful voice is capable of the most pathetic expression, and there is no vocalist who can more adequately

represent the effect which strong grief would produce on a temperament naturally firm."

Whether or not Carlyle paid his visit on one of those "long Thursdays," when fragments of different operas constituted a long and artistically tedious hash, whether or not he witnessed a performance of Mozart's "Nozze," Rossini's "Barbiere" or Bellini's "Sonnambula," whether he saw Marie Taglioni in "La Sylphide," or Cerito in "Ondine," are matters which must here remain undetermined.

CHAPTER X.

The Musical Institute—Paris and the Coup d'Etat—The New Philharmonic Society—Madame Pleyel, Wilhelmine Clauss, Emile Prudent, Henselt, Vieuxtemps, Sivori and Joachim—Spohr's "Faust" and "Jessonda"—Jullien's departure to the States—Johanna Wagner—End of Lumley's ten years' venture in Italian opera—John Oxenford, critic, philosopher and poet—His contributions to the "Musical World."

FROM concert music the Great Exhibition seems to have distracted attention. Few foreign artists came to London this season. The only concerts which seemed to profit in a marked way by the extraordinary influx of strangers were those of the Sacred Harmonic Society which, offering, as they did, something novel and nationally characteristic, were constantly crowded. Elsewhere the concert rooms were deserted for the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. Here there were organ recitals and Dr. Bexfield's fugues and a large collection from all parts of the world of musical instruments, the pianoforte—field of contention amongst makers, native and foreign—the flute, in the many phases of that instrument's modern modifications—and a whole new class of brass instruments invented by Sax—all these plentifully represented and many of them obtaining official marks of distinction. For pianofortes, the highest award was made to one firm only, a foreign house, and this gave much dissatisfaction to some of the English makers, musicians and critics. A newspaper con-

troversy had been raised early in the exhibition by the report on the musical instrument department, of the "Times" expert, if not its musical critic.

In another way the exhibition may have had results affecting English musicians.

In October, at the close of the great show, the prospectus of the Orchestral Society was issued containing the date of eight concerts which, owing, as we have said, to an apparent want of esprit de corps among the leading instrumentalists of London, never took place. Instead came another prospectus, from a society founded on November 22, founded as if with the purpose of removing what appeared to be a prime cause of English musical failure—disunion.

The name of the new society was the Musical Institute of London, founded "for the cultivation of the art and science of music; for the formation of a library of music and musical literature, and a museum and the provision of a reading room; for the holding of conversazioni, for the reading of papers upon musical subjects, and the performance of music in illustration, and for the publication of transactions."

The contributions of fellows and associates were, for the former, two guineas on admission and two guineas annually, for the latter one guinea on admission and one guinea annually. The society was joined by most of the leading musicians of London. The Rev. Sir W. H. Cope was president. Hullah and Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley were the vice-presidents. The council included Beale (the music publisher and friend of Berlioz), Benedict, Ella, the Rev. T. Helmore, Henry Leslie, Macfarren and the pianist Lindsay Sloper. Amongst the fellows were Bowley (a pillar of the Sacred Harmonic), the Chappells, Frederick Collard, Dando, of the Crosby Hall Quartet Concerts, Davison, the pianist Dorrell, Henry Hill, of the Beethoven Quartet Society, Molique, Piatti, Praeger (Wagner's London host and biographer), Thalberg, the Earl of Westmoreland (late Lord Burghersh) and Dr. Wylde. Spohr was an honorary fellow, and the associates numbered the principal musical women of London.

Amongst the notable absentees were Sterndale Bennett, Chorley and the Broadwoods.

There are certain big birds that lay eggs notwithstanding the fact of their remaining strictly celibate.

The Musical Institute may be compared to such an egg. In spite of its large prospectus and array of names, there was no life in it, and it practically came to nothing. The efforts that were made for a year or so to hatch it being quite unsuccessful.

The London season of 1851, owing, no doubt, to the exhibition, was much prolonged. The Royal Italian Opera did not shut its doors till the end of August, while Her Majesty's Theatre, after the regular season, went on, "at playhouse prices," till the closing of the exhibition.

Soon after this the enterprising lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre having taken the Théâtre Italien, was in Paris. Ferdinand Hiller was his chef d'orchestre. Davison went over and witnessed the *rentrée* of Sophie Cruvelli, her triumph and her extravagant praise by the *feuilletonistes* —of whom Fiorentino declared her to be in "Norma," more inspired than had been Malibran or Pasta. Fiorentino was Jullien's "moderne bravo." He made levies upon artists in the coolest and most direct fashion, and when, at length, denounced and "qualifié" by a committee of inquiry, picked a quarrel with one of the most prominent of the committee, fought a duel with, and wounded him. By his courage of a certain sort, and his unscrupulousness, his wit and his attractive manners, Fiorentino managed to amass a large fortune.

In Paris towards the year's close, the atmosphere was surcharged and unsettled, pregnant with storm. Tuesday evening, December 2, Cruvelli was singing as usual at the Théâtre Italien. On Wednesday evening, there being no performance, Davison and a companion wandered up the Boulevards —almost deserted except by the military, who, after midnight, arrived in large bodies. Next day, curious spectators, being obliged to quit the open street, gathered at the windows and on the balconies, and, in the afternoon, Davison made one of a group watching the movements of the military from the first floor balcony of the Café

JULES BENEDICT.

JOHN SIMON.

JOHN OXENFORD.

GEORGE ALEXANDER MACFARREN.

THOMAS BOWLBY.

du Cardinal, a house at the corner of the Boulevards and of the Rue Richelieu. Ominous sounds and appearances betokened the imminence of something unusual, and many spectators retired inside the houses. "Those in the *balcon* of the Café du Cardinal failed to take the hint, and it was not till two tremendous volleys of musketry made the boulevards ring again that they became aware of the peril to which they stood exposed, and scrambled through the windows." A shot had been fired from that house, said the soldiers, who presently broke in, made a search and arrested the whole of the party, with whom Davison was. One of them was Sax, the military musical instrument maker. He was recognised by the commanding officer and was the means of saving his companions from anything more unpleasant than penning in the Passage de l'Opéra till the troops had moved off.

For some weeks during this period of disorder in Paris Davison acted as one of the foreign correspondents of the "Times," for which he wrote letters describing the state of affairs.

In 1852 the institution of a New Philharmonic Society, talked of years before, was at last accomplished. Long back the Philharmonic had been arraigned for its narrow conservatism, for its government by clique, for its reluctance to encourage native talent, for its failure generally to keep pace with the times. The opportunity thus open to rival enterprise was taken by the music publisher, Beale, and a young pianist and composer, Henry Wylde, the leading spirits of the new society whose prospectus was issued early in the year. "The growing taste for the Arts, more especially for music, in this country, demands a new institution where the greatest works by the greatest masters of all ages may be heard by the public at large. . . . . Exclusiveness, the baneful hindrance to all progress of Art, will not be tolerated in this society . . . . The first and the simplest emotion, says Burke, which we discover in the human mind, is curiosity. Now while, on the one hand, by the performance of new works, a laudable curiosity is gratified, on the other hand, encouragement is given to unknown and aspiring talent . . . . The New Philharmonic does not entertain the opinion acted

upon by an elder institution, that no schools but those which may be called classical are to be considered as capable of affording pleasure, and that the works of such schools can only be enjoyed by a select few amateurs and artistes."

The new society made a fair start. It took up its quarters at Exeter Hall, and adopted even better than Exeter Hall concert prices, tickets ranging from half a guinea down to half-a-crown, a striking contrast to the guinea single admissions to the Philharmonic concerts at the Hanover Square Rooms. The orchestra which was superb had for leader Sivori, for conductor Hector Berlioz. The performance of contemporary English music as well as of compositions by its conductor with an analytical programme and with the appearance of artists not yet seen at the concert of the elder society, gave to the New Philharmonic an air of novelty. The first concert, March 24, gave the "Jupiter" symphony, a selection from "Iphigenia in Tauride," Beethoven's triple concerto in C, the overture to "Oberon" and Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet."

It may be compared with that of the Philharmonic's first concert of the season, Haydn's symphony No. 12, Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto No. 2, the "Eroica" symphony, the overtures to the "Magic Flute" and "Preciosa" and a violin fantasia on "Lucia di Lammermoor" by Sivori.

The second concert of the New Philharmonic gave the overtures to "Anacreon" and to the "Magic Flute," Beethoven's symphony in C minor, vocal contributions by Gluck, F. Gumbert, Bortniansky, a pianoforte concerto by Wylde and an "Operatic Masque" by Loder. At the third concert the successful "Romeo and Juliet" was given again, with the overtures, "Euryanthe" and the "Isles of Fingal," selections from Gluck's "Armida" and Spontini's "Vestale," and the "Concertstück" played by Madame Pleyel.

1852 was musically a very busy year in London. It was remarkably a year for pianists. Madame Pleyel came over and appeared at the concerts of the principal musical institutions of the metropolis,

excepting only *the* Philharmonic. Wilhelmine Clauss came over for the first time, Emile Prudent came over; Henselt was over, playing in semi-privacy. It is noticeable that most of these performers played as much "fashionable" music as sterling, or even more, like Madame Pleyel, who had a predilection for it. Emile Prudent played hardly anything but what seems to have been of the lightest order of claptrap, his own composition, which, despite Berlioz' good word for certain of it, has disappeared. Wilhelmine Clauss, at the Musical Union, played a fantasia by Liszt on "Don Giovanni." Among the violinist visitors were Vieuxtemps, Sivori and Joachim, even the last with a fantasia on "John Anderson my Jo" and the "Blue Bells of Scotland," composed by himself and played at the Philharmonic.

In 1852 and 1853 Spohr was again in London. In 1852 his "Faust" was given at the Royal Italian Opera. The season of 1853 brought quite a festival of his music, the Philharmonics, old and new, the Musical Union, the Quartett Association and the newly-founded Orchestral Union all giving performances, some of which he conducted, while, at the opera, "Jessonda" was revived, with Mdlle. Bosio, a new star. But in eleven years, admiration of the master had cooled down together with the rhapsodical ardour of youth, and though the symphony entitled "Das Irdische und das Göttliche" was played at the New Philharmonic, with Spohr conducting, there was no unwonted excitement in the "Musical World."

This year Clement White and Jullien left England to seek their fortunes elsewhere. White, ruinous through dissipation and improvidence, set out for Australia to give lectures there, "nichts wi'" Burns, Dibdin, Moore and the modern song-composers, including Bennett, Macfarren and Davison. Jullien, with pockets unfilled by the production at the Royal Italian Opera of his "Pietro il Grande," set out for America, there to be accompanied as secretary, agent or interpreter, by another victim of the nature of things, Bowlby, occasionally of the "Times," deeply and unluckily involved in the railway speculations that had excited the public mind.

Before Jullien's departure and perhaps for use in the

States, a sketch of his life came out in the course of a number of numbers of the "Musical World."

1853 saw but one Italian opera. There was no opposition to Covent Garden. Her Majesty's opera had ceased to exist. 1852, the year of the prophetic "Keepsake," was also that of Lumley's tenth and last season. In it Sophie Cruvelli again appeared in "Fidelio," but was not strong enough to prop up the tottering fortunes of Her Majesty's opera. To do that Lumley had reckoned on a second Lind and a second "fever," but he got only a second lawsuit. History repeats itself like the waves of the sea or the boughs of a tree, and time has its revenges. Five years before, Jenny Lind had engaged herself to Mr. Bunn and then thrown him over for the more lucrative Lumley. Now a dramatic singer with nearly if not quite as great a German reputation as the Swedish nightingale, engaged by Mr. Lumley, threw him over for Mr. Gye, lessee of the Royal Italian Opera. Mdlle. Wagner, daughter of Albert and niece of Richard Wagner, was under contract to come out at Her Majesty's opera in 1852, but Mr. Gye in apparent ignorance of this contract sought on his side to make terms with the artist who was now creating such a sensation in Germany. Mr. Albert Wagner opined that England was to be valued only for her money. A perhaps well-meaning agent of the Wagners, a Dr. Bacher, helped to muddle the negotiations, and, early in 1852, announcements were made at both opera houses of Mdlle. Wagner's forthcoming appearance at each "exclusively." The consequence was a chancery suit by which Mr. Lumley obtained an injunction preventing Mdlle. Wagner from appearing at Covent Garden, but he could not thereby make her sing at the Haymarket and with this disappointment his ten years' venture in Italian opera came to an end.

Thus was Carlyle more prophetic in his music criticism than he had imagined when he wrote in the "Keepsake": "Good Sirs: Surely I by no means expect the opera will abolish itself this year or the next."

Davison had been regarded by Catholicus Anglicanus as a disciple of Carlyle. More certainly strong in admira-

tion of Carlyle was another contributor to the "Musical World," namely, John Oxenford, dramatic critic of the "Times"—a dry, genial, very much self-educated Bohemian, thoroughly soaked in Greek, Latin and German, a fine critic, a discerning philosopher, and if a dull poet, a sometimes most admirable and happy doer of classical verse into English. As early as 1835 when Oxenford was twenty-three years old, Macfarren was setting his words to music and may have been already personally acquainted with him. To Davison, Oxenford probably was not known for some years later, and it is not until 1846, the year of the music critic's appointment to the "Times" that they appear to be on intimate terms. In later days they used occasionally to replace each other in their respective departments of the "Times."

A famous comparison might be made to serve for these two men, who, though not famous, might nevertheless in their measure be likened to "a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-of-war. Master Oxenford, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances; Davison, like the latter, less in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

With the occasional assistance of a still lighter craft "Charlie Kenney," the "Musical World" from 1846 was convoyed through not uninteresting regions. Adding Dr. Kenealy to the fleet, a stretch of fancy might see Clem White's "a lugger, two gabbards and a bad smack." In the earlier years of their friendship, Oxenford and Davison seem to have measured a man's worth by his wit and to have reckoned, like the great Carlyle, that there were many fools. Later, Oxenford, reflecting on this matter, possibly anent some special case of banning by the brief "Oh! he's a fool," came to the conclusion that a fool, after all, was sometimes a very good fellow, and put his conclusion into some dry sentence, which at third mouth, might lose its crispness. What is nearly his first work on the "Musical World" is a translation of Goethe's

"Affinities." This, starting in 1846, went on side by side with a translation of a novel by Paul de Kock, identical with that by J. W. D. published eight years before in Harrison's "Monthly Collection." Possibly the editor of the "Musical World" while desiring to deepen the tone of musical periodical literature thought it well at the outset to let his readers down gently and so lightened the "Affinities" with the "Marriageable Man." Appended to Goethe's work was a translation of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Rötscher's treatise thereon: "Isn't Rötscher good?" wrote his translator. But earlier as well as later in the field were the sonnets of N. D. Week after week, from September, 1846, until January, 1850, Oxenford's thirty-fourth to his thirty-eighth year, the "Musical World" brought forth regularly, as by clockwork, a sonnet signed "N. D."—168 in all—dry, dark-grey introspections and plaintive braggings, "Weltschmerz" and "Sturm und Drang"—views of and maxims in art and philosophy—the whole expressed in abstract terms, with no fresh touch of nature, but smelling of the study, monotonous, lacking freedom and flow and boldness of outline, fettered by a logic from whose ground the thought rarely rises on the breath of inspiration, yet full of mind and not infrequently lit by a lurid gleam. An interesting cycle of mental discontent, the subject of it ranging from a kind of transcendental sexual passion to a kind of doubtful pagan philosophy. Interesting in view of Oxenford's last frame of mind on earth is the following fair example of the sonnets of N. D.:

No. CLIV.

"Away with gloomy fancies and the train
Which dotard Superstition leads along,
A shapeless, orderless and aimless throng,
Whose senseless gestures, deepest wisdom feign;
Scatter with clear bright glance their visions vain!
When they attack thee, let thy heart be strong,
So shall thy pathway lead thee straight among
Things firm and real, palpable and plain."

Aye, if the road were broad, it might be so;
But to our eyes a thread that pathway seems,
Stretched faintly glist ning o'er a chasm profound.
From the abyss, strange forms their gaunt arms throw,
And lead us tott'ring to a world of dreams,
Where will and intellect alike are drown'd.

From March, 1848, for about a hundred weeks, the "Musical World" regularly produced J. O.'s translations of Goethe's epigrams from Venice, succeeded for some six months by epigrams from Meleager, Asclepiades, Posidippus, etc., while in prose the "Musical World" was made learned by various æsthetic works translated from the Greek or from the German. "What think you," writes Oxenford at the end of 1847, "of opening the year with a new translation of Aristotle's poetry?—I should be most happy to do it. It is the oldest æsthetical book existing, and therefore not unfitted for a journal devoted to art. It has, moreover, the peculiar advantage of being famous (!) with everybody, and read by nobody." Accordingly Aristotle on Poetry was given to the readers of the "Musical World" and the readers in an editorial note were bidden ponder thereon. After Aristotle came dissertations by Aristotle's editor, F. Ritter, and by Lessing, and these were followed by Winckelmann's "History of Ancient Art" and the "Euterpe" of Herodotus.

In 1853 Oxenford contributed to the "Westminster Review" an article called "Iconoclasm in Philosophy," an article professedly written in a spirit of impartiality, but which anyhow served Schopenhauer as a trumpet. About a year and a half later, Wagner receiving offers of a London engagement at a time when he is brooding with delight over the philosophy that has come to him as a revelation, writes to Liszt, and talks of that Schopenhauer who "recently to the disgrace of Germany has been discovered by an English critic."

Davison had deep admiration as well as affection for the learned Oxenford, whom it may here be added, Thackeray regarded as "an intellectual giant." To Oxenford perhaps is due the introduction of that maxim of Goethe's which in 1857 became the motto on the fore-

front of the "Musical World" and there remained till 1885—"the worth of Art appears most eminent in Music, since it requires no material, no subject matter, whose effect must be deducted. It is wholly form and power, and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses."

It may be feared that Oxenford, like his musical colleague, had missed his vocation and opportunity in life, that for his earthly career the genius of the world, with seductions and compulsions had lain in wait too successfully.

1852-1856.

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

CHAPTER XI.

Wagner in 1851 at Zurich—His "Communication to his Friends"—The New Movement Abroad—And in England—The Norwich Festival of 1852—Bexfield's "Israel Restored"—Pierson's "Jerusalem"—Macfarren's analysis of it in the "Musical World"—Its criticism in the "Times"—Chorley on the state of music in Germany—Wagner's "Tannhäuser" Overture and Schumann's B flat Symphony in London.

CARLYLE'S criticism of Lumley's Opera House was not the only prophetic utterance on music at this time, nor Lumley's failure the only sign of the changing of the old order. A month or so before the "Keepsake" publication, another prophetic voice had sounded, not by the waters of modern Babylon but by the banks of a Swiss lake, and Richard Wagner had made the "communication" to his "friends" wherein he traces the development of his own consciousness as an artist from the point where, in that stormy North Sea voyage to England, the idea of the "Flying Dutchman" was conceived, onwards through the composition of "Tannhäuser," the sketching of the argument of the "Meistersingers," and the composition of "Lohengrin," to the conception of the myth of "Siegfried."

Square, strong, wilful and impatient—hot with the idea of sweeping away a mass of art-encumbering rubbish—a stout tree growing through a brick wall, a flame under a frozen pot, a flood submerging dykes, canals, river banks and landmarks in general—Wagner saw what was, at least, an essential part of the truth with as burning clearness as, and more special knowledge than, Carlyle.

Poet, musician and German, Wagner saw the music-drama under Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer and Verdi. These he had begun by emulating, had put his first strong effort into the setting of a historical romance, a Bulwer-Lytton libretto, a thing of costumes and stereotyped attitudes. The form cramped him and he began to burst it. "Rienzi" was left behind. But not till the successive efforts of the "Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" were the fragments of the old formalities quite cast away. By that time he had convinced himself—that from the subject-materials must spring their form, that from the thing to be uttered must come the expression—that the thing to find utterance was man's own life-loving nature—that this, stripped of its garments of historical circumstance, appeared in its greatest strength and purest beauty in that large-looming outcome of a folk-spirit, the myth—that at the moment where feeling kindling with the verbal utterance of its subject, yearned for an expression beyond words, music was to come and not before, and, thus wedded to poetry, conceive true melody.

In "Rienzi," Wagner had, like the composers of opera, set himself to seek for definite melodies.

Less and less, as he went on, did he trouble himself with this search. More and more did it come without seeking, begotten by the word of true poetry, conceived by music in the bosom of its welling harmonies.

Poetry the man; music the bride, created from, yet separate from and supplementing poetry.

These were the ideas set forth in the "Communication." These went to form the art-theory in the literary promulgation of which Wagner knocked against sundry established notions, divers celebrated musicians.

The conservative world was beginning to be disturbed, crystallisations to be fractured or fused, the surface of the earth to show cracks and fissures.

Wagner, towards the end of 1851, had got as far as the plan of the complete artistic expression of his theories. Referring to the "Siegfried" myth he says, in the wind-up of his "Communication": "I intend presenting my

myth in *three complete dramas*, which a grand prelude will precede . . . . I propose producing at a festival, got up at some future time for this purpose, the three dramas with the prelude *in the course of three days and an introductory evening* . . . . "

So wrote Richard Wagner in 1851. Soon there were signs of the new order in England. A rumour came of some new Art movement in Germany, and the names of Liszt, and of Schumann, and of Wagner, were confusedly associated. The fiery Liszt musical England knew. Of the kindly, deeply poetical and brooding Robert Schumann she had already perhaps some slight knowledge. Wagner, so utterly different from either, she knew not at all. It was a time on the part of musicians in England, of expectation. Rumour had it that this new movement arose out of a craving for novelty and originality—that established forms were threatened—that authority was despised—that Schumann was hailed as the real successor of Beethoven—Mendelssohn being the object of pitying disparagement—and that Leipzig where Mendelssohn had so lately reigned supreme, was now one of the principal foci of the agitation. Early in 1852 a correspondent of the "Musical World" roving about Germany wrote of these things. Late in the same year the music critic of the "Athenæum," also roving in Germany, bore witness to them. The heresy seemed likely to gain a footing in England, the new order and the old, in the shape of two ambitious musical works by young English composers, meeting and doing battle with dubious result.

In September, 1852, at the Norwich Festival, where Benedict was conductor, two new works by young English composers were produced. Bexfield's "Israel Restored" and Pierson's "Jerusalem." Bexfield was a native of Norwich, twenty-seven years old, an accomplished organist, and a composer of talent and ambition—nor devoid of belief in himself, judging from the biographical sketch he drew up for Fétis' "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens," and which started "this talented composer is one of the most rising men in the existing world of

music." In 1847, Novello published "Six Songs" by Bexfield. One was a setting of a passage in Shelley's "Queen Mab" describing a winter's night, one a setting of Tennyson's "Flow Down, Cold Rivulet," another a setting of something of Byron's. According to the "Musical World" reviewer, the young composer had "indited grand scenes, and eschewed simple tunes; and finally, with ambitious elaborations in the accompaniments" had "so overlaid his songs, that," etc.

Soon afterwards, from Mus. Bac. (Oxford) a degree he had taken with an exercise containing a strict canon in five real parts, he became Mus. Doc. "his exercise being a Sacred Cantata in ten movements concluding with a *strict canon* in eight real parts, with full orchestral accompaniments."

In 1851 his concert fugues for the organ "were played during the Great Exhibition, to the listening thousands who thronged the aisles of the Palace of Glass." Finally in October of the same year his oratorio, "Israel Restored," had a preliminary hearing by a large and influential audience at Norwich, who, at the conclusion of the performance, "rose and heartily cheered the composer for several minutes; the band and performers joined in the general applause. Dr. Bexfield, who seemed to be greatly excited," etc.

The other English composer, Henry Hugh Pierson, the composer of "Jerusalem" was now in his thirty-seventh year. He was the successful candidate for, and brief occupier of, the Chair at Edinburgh in 1844. Twelve months at Edinburgh had sufficed him. He does not seem to have liked bagpipes, a doubtful proof of his musical refinement, and returning to Germany, the scene of earlier studies, he had come into contact with Mendelssohn and Schumann. In England, moreover, he had influential friends and, when his oratorio was submitted to the committee of the Norwich Festival of 1852, at the same time as Bexfield's, so strong a party advocated the selection of each, that, to put an end to dissension, both were accepted. Articles then appeared in the press canvassing Pierson's claims as a musician, and "Jerusalem"

was carefully and not unsympathetically analysed in the columns of the "Musical World" by Macfarren.

Macfarren's analysis gave him an opportunity to state his views on that new musical movement which Pierson seemed to him to be following. He affirms that belief in a particular form which he shared with what may be called the conservative party in music, that belief in a form handed down by the classical masters to be developed, never disregarded, by their successors. He accepts the authority of the great masters, much as a catholic believes in that of the Fathers of the Church. Yet though he finds Pierson departing from the right road he admits the value of experiments, and, while noting the composer's failures and shortcomings, sees many things worthy of admiration, entirely deprecates "the praise or condemnation of an important work upon the merits of minute technicalities," and winds up: "As an original thinker, Mr. Pierson certainly deserves the attentive consideration of every musician; and as an English composer, who aims to elevate his art, he is entitled to the support of his countrymen, who can only be honoured in his success."

Pierson himself was very pleased with this notice.

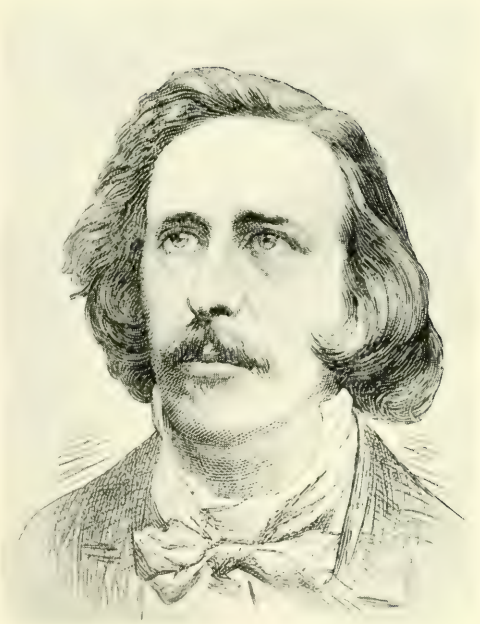
On the eve of the festival his friends circulated a pamphlet designed to prepare the mind of the public. In it the plan and methods of "Jerusalem" were examined with enthusiastic appreciation and the composer held up to favourable comparison with Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Spohr. The main idea of the pamphlet, ably set forth, was that Art must move, that new times needed new modes of expression, and that the composer of "Jerusalem" had made a great step forward. The circulation of this piece of special pleading, with however excellent motives, was injudicious, for it could hardly escape being regarded as a huge puff unfavourably reflecting on Dr. Bexfield. Bexfield, as a native of Norwich and well known in local musical circles had his partizans, and the festival was something of a battleground or Meistersingers' contest, between the two English musicians.

The principal singers were Madame Viardot, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Dolby, Gardoni, Sims Reeves and Formes; the band and chorus numbered four hundred; Sainton and Blagrove leading alternately, and Benedict conducting.

Bexfield, however, elected to conduct his own music. The preliminary performance of his oratorio the year before detracted from its present success. Less curiosity was excited than by the unknown work of Pierson. Nevertheless it obtained some measure of public approval and at the end "Dr. Bexfield received a flattering testimonial of the pleasure which the audience had received." Despite certain indications of ambitious intention, "Israel Restored" was regarded as the praiseworthy effort, along good old lines, of a talented but inexperienced musician. What he had to say he said, for the most part, plainly, and therefore he was patted on the back, and given credit for possessing a vein of occasionally pleasant melody, with some power of development. He had not succeeded in producing anything at all great but he was encouraged to go on. Dr. Bexfield had not much further to go—only thirteen months further, when he died.

More ambitious, more laboured, more talented, perhaps, and much more successful at the Norwich Festival of 1852, was Pierson's work. At the end of its performance the composer "was called for, and received with enthusiastic and long-continued cheering. When in the orchestra he made an effort to address the audience, but, apparently overpowered by his emotions, he was unable to proceed; and Mr. Benedict (to whom the excellent performance of the oratorio owed so much) took his place, and briefly expressed the gratitude felt by Mr. Pierson for the attention and flattering reception accorded to his work. This speech was responded to by much cheering and applause."

The other side of the medal appeared in the reports of the London critics. These were mainly hostile in their judgment of the new work. The "Times" critic, taking up much the same ground as Macfarren in his analysis,



H. HUGO PIERSON.

W. R. BENFIELD

was, however, far more pronounced in his condemnation of the tendencies of the new movement which connected strangely enough the names of Schumann and Wagner, and more severe in his criticism of "Jerusalem." To him the music of "Jerusalem," representing the music of the new movement, the "æsthetic school" as some called it, was a thing of vagueness and incoherency, its subjects made up of a multitude of beginnings without middles or ends—wanting in general plan and musical development of ideas, it abounded in sudden and ineffective transitions. There was excessive use of modulation with no respect whatever for the natural relationships of keys. There was that restlessness which prevented a composer from being able to lay down his subject in such a manner that the prevalence of some particular key should give it, as it were, a home to rest in—a kind of fragmentary and uncontinuous writing that simply denoted a want of facility, arising from imperfect studies and impatience at the restraint of counterpoint. "And yet," said the "Times," "amid all this, there is a vast deal in the music of 'Jerusalem' which shows an earnest mind, a feeling that would, if it could, express itself, and a continued aspiration after the lofty and ideal," and "'Jerusalem' is the work of a musician who thinks for himself, and does not borrow from or imitate others, and whose strivings after originality, if not resulting in success, the cause must be attributed to imperfect scholarship and a mistaken view of the true and unchangeable principles of art." . . . . The "earnestness of purpose and love of his art which alone could have induced him to attempt so vast an undertaking as the composition of a sacred oratorio have been liberally and warmly recognised. This should act as a stimulus to further study and exertion—not as an assurance that perfection has been attained."

The reception thus awarded to the new work raised a good deal of feeling, some of which found a vent in letters to the newspapers. One is not without a spice of partial truth warranting quotation.

"It is a curious circumstance, that, notwithstanding the perpetual whine about the dearth of English talent, and the backwardness of English artists in entering the musical arena, no sooner does an individual step forward to vindicate his native land from the reproach, than he is forthwith *pooh-poohed* and *cold-shouldered* by his own countrymen foremost of all."

The work which caused so much stir at the time of its appearance has dropped behind the new era of which it came in 1852, like the harbinger. Truly it was revived in fragments, at Norwich in 1875, and its rival was given a slovenly rendering at the Albert Hall in 1880. But it may now be said that "Jerusalem" and "Israel Restored" rest together in the depths of oblivion—thus in a measure justifying the strictures of the London critics.

When Mr. Chorley, a few months after the Norwich Festival was in Germany giving the "Athenæum" an account of the state in which he then found music, he observes: "As regards composition, its aims, limits and means, young Germany is in a fever which, should it last, will superinduce an epilepsy fatal to the life of music."

Amongst the new music Mr. Chorley had heard on his travels was the overture to "Tannhäuser" and Schumann's B flat Symphony. To these he gives special attention as illustrating on the stage and in the concert-room respectively the wrongness of the new school. Within little more than a year both works were heard in London—the overture, in April, 1853, at the New Philharmonic, the symphony in June at the Old. They were dismissed by the "Times" and "Musical World" with scant respect, the latter paper observing of the symphony, that it "made a dead failure, and deserved it. Few of the ancient 'Society of British Musicians'' symphonies were more incoherent and thoroughly uninteresting."

However, the "Musical World," as usual, let the other side have a say in its columns, publishing from about this time translations of the writings of both Schumann and Wagner. In November, 1853, five months before its performance at the New Philharmonic, appeared Wagner's synopsis of the "Tannhäuser" overture; in 1854 Schu-

mann's "Musical life maxims, originally designed to form an appendix to the first edition of his Jugend Album": in the two years following (during the first of which Wagner made his appearance in London as conductor of the Philharmonic concerts) a literal translation of the book of "Lohengrin," as well as of "Oper und Drama," and soon after that, sundry extracts from Schumann's "Gesammelte Schriften über Musik und Musiker."

Thus if the "Musical World" saw little but gloom and ugliness, decay and destruction to art in the new movement, it nevertheless did some little to help it to be judged on its own merits.

CHAPTER XII.

Berlioz's part in the New Movement—His return to England in 1851 and 1852—He dedicates an overture, "Le Corsair," to Davison—Production at Covent Garden of "Benvenuto Cellini"—Its failure—Berlioz in 1854 an unsuccessful candidate for L'Académie des Beaux Arts—Production in Paris of "L'Enfance du Christ"—Correspondence between Berlioz and Davison about Sophie Cruvelli—L'Art et la Famille.

AND Berlioz' part in the new movement? Berlioz seems to have recked little of such things as powerfully exercised the minds of Wagner on the one hand and Schumann on the other. In this he showed himself perhaps to be the more truly *artistic* spirit. Berlioz seems never to have had the idea of joining himself to anyone else in a crusade for the bettering of Art. The idea of a Folk spirit, or of a national art seems never to have entered his mind. Political changes annoyed him. They thwarted his plans of life and work, and, for the sake of uninterrupted art work and a congenial atmosphere of appreciation he seemed ready to make his home in a foreign country. He did not really belong to a people, to a nation. He seemed, in a way, outside humanity itself—a solitary, keenly-susceptible being, eaten up with a restlessness that made him search the strange ways of the realm of sound for a home. Perhaps, with one who knew the man and admired the mind, we may regard Berlioz as a brilliant meteor, with no regular path in the solar system of music, no power to mark, influence or guide, time, tides or mariners.

Through the Exhibition in 1851, of which he was a musical Juror, and through the New Philharmonic Society, in 1852, of which he was conductor, Berlioz had returned to English musical life. While he was conducting "Romeo and Juliet" in London, Liszt was conducting "Benvenuto Cellini" at Weimar, and his light was in the ascendant.

In September he had published a new overture which he dedicated to Davison, writing:

PARIS, *11 Septembre, 1852.*
19, RUE DE BOURSAULT.

*Mon cher Davison,

Richaut vient de publier une nouvelle ouverture que j'ai pris la liberté de te dédier. Je te l'envoie. Bonjour! Quid novi? Que devient-on à Londres? Te verra-t-on à Paris? On me l'avait fait espérer le mois dernier. J'ai été gravement malade, me voilà sur pieds. Donne moi de tes nouvelles. Mille amitiés. H. BERLIOZ.

P.S. L'association des musiciens de Paris organise pour le 10 Octobre une grande exécution de mon Requiem dans l'Eglise de St. Eustache. Je vais à Weimar le 10 Novembre entendre mon opéra de Benvenuto. Voilà toutes mes nouvelles. Bonjour et amitiés à Jarret. Est-il à Londres?

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* [*Translation*]. Paris, September 11, 1852. 19, Rue de Boursault. My dear Davison—Richault has just published a new overture of mine which I have taken the liberty of dedicating to you. I am sending it you. How are you? Quid novi? How are things going on in London? Is there any chance of seeing you in Paris? I hoped there was, from what I heard last month. I have been very ill, but I am on my legs again. Let me have news of you. Yours ever, H. Berlioz.

P.S.—The Society of Parisian Musicians are getting up a grand performance of my Requiem in the church of St. Eustace for October 10. On the 10th of November I am off to Weimar to hear my "Benvenuto." That's all my news. Remember m to Jarrett. Is he in London?

Referring again to the overture he writes, from Dresden, in the following April:

*Nous venons d'exécuter pour la 1ière fois à Brunswick *ton* ouverture du Corsaire, qui a très bien marché et produit beaucoup d'effet. Avec un grand orchestre et un chef au bras de fer pour le conduire ce morceau doit se présenter avec une certain crânerie.

In 1853 Berlioz was replaced as conductor of the New Philharmonic by Lindpaintner, to make up for which Berlioz found himself at last admitted to the programme of *the* Philharmonic. He had come over to London to superintend the preparation at Covent Garden of "Benvenuto Cellini," and, on Monday evening, May 30, the first part of the Philharmonic concert was given up to his music and conducting—"Harold," the "Carnaval Romain" and an air from "La Fuite en Egypte."

Of the "Times" article on this concert Berlioz wrote:

3 Juin.

17, OLD CAVENDISH STR.

†Cher Davison,

Je n'ai pas le temps d'aller te serrer la main et te remercier du bel article du Times, mais tu ne doutes pas du plaisir qu'il m'a fait. Cela prépare à merveille la grande affaire de Covent Garden.

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* [*Translation*]. We have just performed *your* overture, the "Corsair," at Brunswick; it went very well and was very effective. With a large orchestra and an iron-armed conductor, it's a piece that isn't without a sort of swagger of its own.

† [*Translation*]. June 3. 17, Old Cavendish Street. Dear Davison—I haven't time to come and shake hands with you and thank you for your capital "Times" article. I needn't tell you what pleasure it gave me. It paves the way splendidly for the great Covent Garden affair. The singers are beginning to understand their parts, and, in a fortnight or so, we shall be in working order. Yours ever, H. Berlioz.

Les chanteurs commencent à comprendre leurs rôles, et nous marcherons je l'espère dans une quinzaine de jours. Tout à toi.

H. BERLIOZ.

"La grande affaire" came off on June 25, when, after long preparation and rehearsal, "Benvenuto Cellini" was produced in splendid style at Covent Garden under the immediate direction of its composer, and had something like the reception accorded to it on its original production in Paris in 1838. It was so hissed and hooted throughout by the Covent Garden audience, that, in spite of all the labour expended in the preparation of the opera, a second performance was not ventured upon. According to the late Mr. Franz Hueffer, a grand supper had been prepared, to take place after the performance and to celebrate the expected success of "Benvenuto Cellini." Covers had been laid for a number of guests, including all the principal performers, Mesdames Julienne and Didiée, Tamberlik, Formes, etc. But after the utter failure of his work, the guests scarcely liked meeting the composer. None of them, therefore, turned up—excepting Davison, with whom, consequently, the host of the supper supped in sentimental *tête-à-tête*.

The failure of "Benvenuto Cellini" excited the sympathy of Berlioz's friends in London, and a grand concert at Exeter Hall was projected for his benefit. It did not take place, however. The "Musical World" of July 9 published a letter from Berlioz on the subject. "The concert cannot take place. The gentlemen of the committee organised to get it up, have conceived the delicate, charming and generous idea of devoting the sum realised by the subscription opened for the concert to the acquisition of the score of my 'Faust,' which will be published with English text, under the superintendence of Beale, and other members of the committee. It would be impossible to be more cordial and artist-like at the same time; and I rejoice at the result of the performance at Covent Garden, since it has been the cause of a demon-

stration so sympathetic, intelligent and worthily expressed. Give all the publicity in your power to this manifestation; you will render justice to your compatriots, and, at the same time, confer a very great pleasure on

Yours, etc.,

HECTOR BERLIOZ."

A little over a year later Berlioz was contemplating the Académie des Beaux Arts and wrote:

*Mon cher Davison,

Une place est vacante à l'académie des beaux arts par suite de la nomination d'Halevy au poste de secrétaire perpétuel. Je me suis mis sur les rangs. J'aurais des chances si j'obtenais la voix d'Auber. Il pousse Clapisson ! ! ! Veux tu avoir la bonté de tâcher par une lettre de décider Auber en ma faveur. Peut-être ne tient il guère à son protégé. En tout cas je puis lui être utile et je ne me trouverai jamais entre ses jambes pour le gêner dans ses opérations Lyriques comme fait et fera Clapisson.

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* [*Translation*]. My dear Davison—There is a vacancy at the Academy of Fine Arts due to Halevy's appointment as permanent secretary. I am a candidate. I should have a chance if I got Auber's vote. He is supporting Clapisson ! ! ! Do you mind writing to Auber and trying to get him on my side? He may not be so very interested in his protégé. Anyhow, I might be useful to him and I could never obstruct his lyrical enterprises as Clapisson does and must continue to do. The meeting takes place next Saturday. Auber should receive your letter before then. Kindest regards from yours sincerely, Hector Berlioz.

P.S.—I have got to send you a copy of the full score of "Faust," which has just come out; and which, on my recent visit to Dresden, obtained no "*equivocal success*" as stated by the "Musical World" on incorrect information. Tuesday, August 8. 19, Rue de Boursault. (Auber, 24 Rue St. George).

AUBER.

L'assemblée est pour Samedi prochain, il sera important qu' Auber reçut ta lettre auparavant.

Mille amitiés bien vives,

Ton dévoué,

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

P.S. J'ai à t'envoyer un exemplaire de la grande partition de Faust qui vient de paraître; et qui n'a pas obtenu *un succès équivoque* à mon dernier voyage à Dresde, ainsi que l'a dit le "Musical World" mal informé.

Mardi, 8 Aôut.

19, RUE DE BOURSAULT.

(AUBER 24, RUE ST. GEORGE).

The following month Berlioz writes:

PARIS,

8 Septembre, 1854.

*Mon cher Davison,

Voici ma partition que Barret a la bonté de te porter. Je n'ai pas tu trouver plus tôt une occasion pour te l'envoyer.

Tu avais raison deux mille fois de te refuser à écrire à Auber. Mais on m'avait si fort prêché la platitude que je m'étais résigné à tout; et cela pour rien, car je savais bien l'inutilité de mes humiliations. Clapisson est nommé. N'y pensons plus. Adieu je te serre la main.

Mille amitiés sincères,

H. BERLIOZ.

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* [*Translation*]. Paris, September 8, 1854. My dear Davison—Here is my score, of which Barrett is kind enough to be the bearer. I haven't had an earlier opportunity of sending it you. You were two thousand times right in refusing to write to Auber. But platitude had been so preached to me that I had resigned myself to everything; and all for nothing, for I foresaw the uselessness of my humiliations. Clapisson has been elected. We'll think no more about it. Good-bye for the present, and kindest regards from yours sincerely, H. Berlioz.

Three months later, "L'Enfance du Christ" is performed in its entirety for the first time.

PARIS,

Mercredi, 15 Décembre.

*Mon cher Davison,

Il faut que je te dise que l'Enfance du Christ a obtenu Dimanche dernier un succès extraordinaire (Pour Paris surtout). Le t'écris cela non pas pour que tu le dises, mais seulement pour que tu le saches et parceque je suis sûr qu'il y aura pour toi plaisir à l'apprendre.

Tu me manquais dans cette salle en émotions . . . . Glover, qui a entendu la répétition générale et l'exécution, m'a écrit hier une ravissante et cordiale lettre en me demandant la partition qu'il a à cette heure entre les mains. L'exécution me semble vraiment avoir été belle et bonne, j'ai trouvé précisément les chanteurs quil fallait pour mes personnages.

Nous donnons le 2me. concert Dimanche, 24 Décembre à 2 h. Mr. Bowlby, que je viens de rencontrer, me fait espérer que tu seras alors à Paris. Ce serait trop de joie.

Adieu je te serre la main.

Ton dévoué,

H. BERLIOZ.

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* [*Translation*]. Paris, Wednesday, December 15. My dear Davison—I must tell you that "L'Enfance du Christ," last Sunday, made an extraordinary success (for Paris especially). I am telling you this, not that you may repeat it, but only that you may know it, and because I am certain that the news will give you pleasure. I missed you in that scene of emotion . . . . Glover, who heard the full rehearsal and the performance, wrote me yesterday a charming and cordial letter asking me to let him have the score, which he has now got. I think the performance was really a fine one, I had just the singers I needed for the parts. We shall give the second concert, Sunday, December 24, at two o'clock. Mr. Bowlby, whom I have just met, gives me hopes that you will be in Paris then. That would be too delightful. Good-bye for the present. Yours ever, H. Berlioz.

Shortly afterwards it was Davison's turn to appear in some sort as an applicant. He appears to have given Mdlle. Cruvelli, an artist for whom he had almost unmeasured admiration, a letter of introduction to Berlioz, redoubtable critic of the "Journal des Débats." Berlioz received it in an ironical spirit which rather nettled his correspondent, to whom, therefore, he wrote:

Mardi, 19 Décembre, 1854.

*Mon cher Davison,

Je suis désolé, mais désolé réellement de t'avoir chagriné ou seulement contrarié; je n'avais pas pris tout à fait au sérieux ta recommendation, à cause d'une phrase que se trouvait dans ta lettre et qui semblait prêter à un sens contradictoire. Sans cela je n'eusse pas employé la forme ironique à propos de la rentrée de la Lionne. Crois moi, je ne suis pas de la force de Diderot à qui l'on recommandait un tableau en lui disant; "L'auteur a

* [*Translation*]. Tuesday, December 19, 1854. My dear Davison—I am sorry, really sorry, to have grieved you or even merely vexed you; I hadn't taken your recommendation quite seriously, because a phrase in your letter struck me as lending itself to a contradictory interpretation. Else I would not have adopted an ironical style in reference to the reappearance of the Lioness. Believe me, I am not up to Diderot's mark when a picture was recommended to him on the ground that: "The painter has several children and his only hope of a bare livelihood depends on the success of his work"—"Ah," said he, "you ask me to choose between Art and Family, well then, I am for Art, the picture is abominable." No, I should have replied: "If I *must* choose between Veracity and Friendship, I am for Lying, and for remaining the friend of my friend." Besides, what does a lie, more or less, matter? Do you want me to say next time that she has style, that she indulges in no sort of vocal extravagance, that she lacks not one of the musical qualities that would so well become her splendid voice? I'll say it, on my word of honour I will; but I will go and hear her again once only, for, last time, she made me suffer "cruvelly." Adieu. Don't say I don't love you, for if you did you would be a liar, as I am ready to be in order to prove the contrary. Yours ever, H. Berlioz.

plusieurs enfants et n'a d'espoir d'existence que dans le succès de son ouvrage—Ah, vous me placez dit-il, entre l'art et la famille, je me décide pour l'art, le tableau est détestable." Non, tu m'aurais vu répondre: placé entre la vérité et l'amitié, je me décide pour le mensonge et reste l'ami d'un ami. Qu'importe d'ailleurs un mensonge de plus ou de moins! Veux tu que je dise à la prochaine occasion qu'elle a du style, qu'elle ne se livre à aucune extravagance vocale, qu'elle possède toutes les qualités musicales qui siéraient si bien à son admirable voix? Parole d'honneur je le dirai; mais je n'irai plus l'entendre qu'une seule fois, car à la dernière j'ai souffert cruvellement.

Adieu ne dis pas que je ne t'aime pas car tu mentirais, comme je suis prêt à mentir pour te prouver le contraire.

Ton dévoué,

H. BERLIOZ.

From Davison's rejoinder may be quoted:

LONDON,

Dec. 20, 1854.

*Mon cher Berlioz,

Merci mille fois pour tant d'amitié—mais tu m'as tout à fait mal compris—Je ne me suis plaint que de "la

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* [*Translation*]. London, December 20, 1854. My dear Berlioz—Thank you, a thousand times, for so much friendship—but you have quite misunderstood me—I objected only to your "ironical style"—that's all. For your opinions on art and artists, believe me, I have too much respect to ask you for anything in the shape of criticism that could upset them, contradict them, or even cause their modification (your opinions, you understand, not the artists'). When I find myself obliged to differ with you, as, for instance, in the case of such illustrious composers as Gounod, Adam, etc.—or in that of such super-eminent awakeners of fairies as Prudent, or such great singers, with or without style, as Massol, etc., I am always sorry—

forme ironique" que tu as employé—voilà tout. Pour tes opinions sur les arts et les artistes j'ai trop de respect, crois moi, pour que je te demande quoique ce soit en fait de *critique* qui puisse les dérouter, contrarier, modifier même—(tes *opinions*—comprends tu? non pas les artistes). Quand je ne me trouve pas de ton avis, comme par exemple sur des illustres compositeurs tels que Gounod, Adam, etc.,—ou bien sur des éminentissimes réveilleurs des fées comme Prudent, ou des grands chanteurs avec ou sans style comme Massol, etc., je suis toujours fâché—mais je me sens assez entêté pour rester *Diderot* à leur égard, malgré la famille—Je ne partage pas tes sentiments cette fois—Je crois que le mensonge ne se marie pas bien avec l'amitié.

Sois persuadé, mon cher Berlioz, que je n'ai jamais demandé à un de mes confrères de mentir pour moi—et que jamais je ne le ferai. Crois tu que je ne lise pas tes feuilletons? Je sais bien, que tu a toujours fortement critiqué Mdlle. Cruvelli—Donc tu peux bien imaginer qu'en lui confiant ma lettre pour toi ce n'était pas un guet-à-pens pour te faire changer de couleur à son égard. Mais tu aurais pu "l'éreinter" en lui disant sévèrement tous ses défauts de chant et de jeu—de cantatrice et d'actrice—Bref—pour l'amour de Dieu et de moi, si tu en as veritablement pour moi (menteur) restes chez toi quand elle chantera.

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but I am obstinate enough to remain Diderot despite Family. There we disagree. I believe falsehood and friendship can't go together. I assure you, my dear Berlioz, that I have never asked a fellow-critic to tell lies on my account—and that I never will. Do you suppose I don't read your articles? I am well aware that you have always strongly criticised Mdlle. Cruvelli—so you might have been sure that the letter I gave her for you was not a trap to get you to change your tone. Anyhow, you might have criticised her to some purpose, and denounced all her faults as singer and as actress—in short—for the love of Heaven and of me, if you really have any love for me (liar), stop at home next time she sings.

Berlioz replies:

PARIS,

23, Décembre, 1854.

19, RUE BOURSAULT.

*Ce qu'il y a de sûr, très cher ami, c'est que tu viens de m'écrire quatre bonnes pages, toi qui jusqu'à présent ne m'avais jamais addressé que des billets de dix lignes tout au plus. A quelque chose le malheur est bon. Mais je te répète que je suis tout a fait chagrin de t'avoir fait de la peine. J'ai été comme toi il y a vingt ans; j'avais une passion admirative pour Mme. Branchu et je ne lisais pas sans douleur ni même sans colère la moindre critique sur son talent. Voilà pourquoi je te comprends. Ainsi rappelle toi le passage de Shakespeare où Hamlet dit a

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* [*Translation*]. Paris. December 23, 1854. 19 Rue Boursault.— One thing is certain, dearest friend, and that is you have written me four full pages, you who, till now have been in the habit of writing me notes of ten lines at the outside. Misfortune has its consolations. Once more let me tell you that I am truly grieved at having vexed you. I was like you twenty years ago; I was consumed with a passion of admiration for Mme. Branchu, so much so that the least criticism of her talent caused me not merely distress but anger. That's why I can understand you. You remember what Shakespeare makes Hamlet say to Laërtes: "That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house, And hurt my brother." I must tell you what has happened to me: I got a letter the day before yesterday from Sainton offering me an engagement to conduct the eight concerts of the Philharmonic Society. Now, unfortunately I had been engaged by Wylde a fortnight before, for two concerts of the New Philharmonic in May, and at very low terms. I have written to Wylde asking him to release me; if he refuses, I must, of course, keep my word, thereby losing a magnificent opportunity of bringing myself forward in London. It's a veritable catastrophe for me. But what's happened? How has it come about that Costa has given up the conductorship? I am in entire ignorance. Good-bye, I must leave you in order to attend a last rehearsal, my second concert taking place to-morrow. Shake hands, O Brutus. Cassius hopes that the little argument there has been will but add life and strength to thy friendship for him; he can guarantee that that, at least, will be its effect on his friendship for thee. Thine ever, H. Berlioz.

Laërtes: Supposez qu'en décochant une flèche par dessus le toit d'une maison j'aie blessé mon frère par hazard.

Il faut que tu saches ce qui m'arrive: Je reçois avant hier une lettre de Sainton me proposant un engagement pour aller diriger les 8 concerts de la société Philharmonique. Or j'étais par malheur, et à de très modestes conditions, engagé depuis quinze jours avec Wilde pour 2 concerts de la New Philharmonic Society dans le courant de Mai. J'ai écrit à Wilde pour obtenir de lui qu'il me rende ma liberté, s'il n'y consent pas il faudra bien que je tienne ma parole, et je perdrai ainsi une magnifique occasion de me produire à Londres. C'est une véritable catastrophe pour moi. Qu'est-il donc arrivé? Comment Costa a-t-il quitté la direction de ces concerts? J'ignore tout cela complètement. Adieu, je suis obligé de te quitter pour aller faire une dernière répétition, mon deuxième concert ayant lieu demain.

Je te serre la main Brutus, et Cassius espère qu'après cette petite discussion ton amitié pour lui n'en sera que plus vive et plus solide; c'est du moins ce dont il peut répondre pour la sienne pour toi.

Ton devoué,

H. Berlioz.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Conductorship of the Philharmonic Society—Election of Sterndale Bennett to the Board of Directors—Arabella Goddard engaged to play—Selects Bennett's F minor Concerto —Which leads to engagement being cancelled—"Punch's" comments—Costa resigns conductorship—Berlioz prevented from succeeding him by previous engagement to the New Philharmonic Society—Lindpaintner—Vincent Wallace—Wagner engaged as conductor—Ferdinand Praeger—The Philharmonic Concerts of 1855—Contemporary English composers in the programmes—Opinions of the London Press—Jullien prophetic.

"DO not take my new overture too fast . . . . My new overture must not be played too fast," wrote Bennett from Leipzig in November, 1836.

Twelve years later another overture of Bennett had been taken in hand by the Philharmonic, of which Mr. Costa had become conductor. At the rehearsal the overture was taken too slow, of which Bennett was informed, whereupon, "Fast, fast, fast" he wrote, or something like it, on the evening of the concert, to Mr. Lucas, principal violoncello and a director of the society. The hastily-pencilled scrap of paper was handed up to the conductor just before the performance of the overture. Costa misread it "Fuss, fuss, fuss," and, greatly offended, refused to conduct the piece, leaving that task to Mr. Lucas. A liquid ready to crystallize wants but the touch of a straw, Costa and Bennett each thought himself insulted, and from that time, 1848, Bennett played no more at the concerts of the society. But in 1853 he found

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE.

himself one of the Board of Directors, having been elected by an unusually large number of votes. The difficulty with Costa remained, Costa stipulating that he might refuse to conduct what music he did not like. In the season of 1853, the society engaged Miss Arabella Goddard, who chose for her piece Bennett's F minor concerto, but was informed shortly before the concert that the directors wished her to make her choice from among the works of the "great masters," suggesting Beethoven, Weber and Mendelssohn. The pianist decided to abide by her choice and her engagement was therefore cancelled. Doubtless, Miss Goddard, who, like Mdlle. Clauss, was at this time a pupil of Davison, was prompted in the matter by her mentor, friends again, after perhaps some tiff and coldness (see articles on Billet and Bennett*) with his ancient companion. The "Musical World" became sarcastic in its references to the Philharmonic Society and its seven directed directors, while the "Times" cut them with irony.

To this may be attributed the complaint that, in 1853, was made by the principal director of the society to the managers of the "Times" against their musical critic. An inquiry seems to have left matters just where they were.

The following poem on the subject appeared in "Punch," from the pen of Shirley Brooks:

THE EMBROGLIO AT THE PHILHARMONIC.

Done into Verse by a very old Subscriber and Poet.
(From "Punch.")

Sterndale Bennett was Indignant with Costa
For not playing Bennett's Composition faster;
Costa flew into Excitement at Lucas
For shewing him Bennett's Order, or Ukase,
Haughtily Resigned the Seat which he sat on,
And Contemptuously told Lucas himself to Take the *bâton.*
Moreover stipulated this Year with the Directors
That Nobody was to read Him any more Lectures:
Also, he made it a Condition Strict,
He was Only to conduct what Pieces of Music he lik'd,

* "Musical World," March 1 and 8, 1851.

Whereby this Year Costa doth Prevent
Any performance of Music by Sterndale Benn't:
Likewise Excluding the young and gifted Miss Goddard,
Whom with Admiration all the Critical Squad heard:—
All to be Deplored, and without Amalgamation,
The Philharmonic will Tarnish its Hitherto Deservedly High Reputation.

For the following seasons Bennett was not re-elected on to the board of the seven directors (or "directed") but others were, whose election gave no satisfaction to Mr. Costa. Costa's career, steadily successful as it was, did not lead him over endless beds of roses. He had in the Philharmonic to contend with not a little opposition despite the subservience to him which the "Musical World" thought it saw in the board of directors.

The season of 1854 had resulted in a pecuniary loss with the chief responsibility for which Costa may have been saddled by those members of the society who were opposed to the autocratic conductor. Costa, on the other hand, had introduced certain reforms, and wished to introduce more, to improve the band, for instance, by eliminating its fogy-members, though these should be at the same time members of the society. But when certain of these eliminated fogies were elected directors for 1854-5 Costa's dissatisfaction may be understood. He resigned. Such is the explanation given in the Rev. Mr. Cox's "Musical Recollections."

To the public, Costa's resignation was due to his engagement by the committee of the Birmingham Festival for 1855 to write an oratorio for them. There may have been a combination of causes.

To the conductor's seat there were aspirants, both native and foreign. Among the latter was Berlioz, who indeed was approached on the subject by the directors and who would gladly have accepted their invitation had his engagement with the New Philharmonic allowed him. But from this he was unable to escape. Lindpaintner also was thought of—but the requirements of the King of Würtemberg barred his way over the narrow seas. Among the native musicians who would fain have succeeded

Costa was Wallace. He wrote from New York in the February of 1855:

Dear Jim,

Having read in the London papers that Costa has resigned his post as Director of the Philharmonic, I venture to remind you that it is a Position of which I am ambitious, above all things.

It was then too late. Mr. Anderson, principal of the seven directors, had made his way to Zurich and engaged Richard Wagner.

Wagner had once been to London, in the spring of 1839, when, after that three weeks' stormy sea journey from Hamburg, he landed for a fortnight or so on his way to Boulogne, where he received from Meyerbeer some tokens of friendliness, and to Paris, where he and his devoted and admirable first wife struggled, and where his compositions included, besides "A Faust Overture," an overture called "Columbus," which was performed in 1841 at a concert given by the "Gazette Musicale." In 1842 he was back in Germany, and we hear, through the "Musical Examiner," of "Rienzi" successfully brought out, and, three years later, through the "Musical World," of "Tannhäuser" forthcoming.

For some years after the "Musical World" scrap in September, 1845, announcing the active preparations for the performance of the Dresden kapellmeister's opera on the subject of the Venusberg, little or nothing was heard in England of the composer—his participation in the revolutionary disturbances of 1849—his exile to Switzerland, whence in 1851 came the prophetic utterance already quoted. Towards the end of 1851, the fame of Wagner's niece, Johanna, had spread to England, and the stir she caused in the year following occasioned the casual mention of her uncle's name. From that time he appears on the English horizon invested with more importance than the opera-producing German kapell-

meisters in whose company he had previously been paragraphed. For he was thenceforward the principal figure in that ever larger-looming new art movement whose earliest appearance was noticed in England about 1852. However, although himself and his works had become subjects of interest among the higher circles of English musicians, his engagement at the close of 1854 to succeed Costa at the Philharmonic was a surprise.

In 1854, the "Musical World," whose contributors have been many and various, had, as its correspondent at the Rotterdam Musical Festival, Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, "talented composer and pianist."

Originally from Leipzig, Mr. Praeger had settled in London as early as 1834, some time between which date and 1855 he was brought into correspondence with Wagner by their mutual friend, Auguste Roeckel, musician, revolutionist and Wagner-devotee. According to Mr. Praeger's "Wagner as I Knew Him," this correspondence began in 1843, and led, in 1845, to an article in a London weekly on the production of "Tannhäuser," an article which is distinctly enthusiastic in tone. Howbeit, judging from his articles in the "Musical World," his references to such masters as Haydn and Mendelssohn on the one hand and Schumann on the other, judging also from the way he spoke about Wagner at the Rotterdam Festival, Mr. Praeger's opinions remained conservative until about July, 1854. His allusions at that period to the "Music of the Future" were laboriously sarcastic. A few months later, somehow or other, he was exerting himself to procure Wagner's engagement in London. According to Mr. Praeger's book, the Philharmonic directors were at a loss for a conductor. Of these directors, one happened to be a friend of Mr. Praeger, who thereby got Wagner's name mentioned, and, at the board's invitation, appeared before them and blew Wagner's trumpet with such effect that the principal director immediately started for Zurich. There, in midwinter, was Wagner, exiled, hard up and anxiously looking for an opportunity of making himself known. Mr. Anderson's offer of £200 for a four months' engagement did not strike Wagner as very splendid,

nor did the conditions of service seem altogether satisfactory. Wagner wanted unlimited rehearsals, as well as a second conductor for "the commonplace things." But he was not in a position to dictate terms, and, as his correspondence with Liszt shows, he was not ill pleased to take the opportunity offered for the production of himself and some of his compositions at the Philharmonic concerts, with the prospect, perhaps, of an introduction for "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" to the London stage.

Wagner arrived on March 5, 1855, and took up his quarters with Praeger, who from this time became his champion.

Communications did not at once cease between Mr. Praeger and the "Musical World," but the hebdomadal paper was beginning to be mystifying in its references to its whilom correspondent, so lately a classical zealot and railer at the "Music of the Future." March 24, 1855, Mr. Praeger writes:

MR. PRAEGER AND THE BOOKS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir—Several times of late you have done me the distinguished honour of mentioning my name in connection with that of *Richard Wagner* and his "books." It is "*the fact*" of *having* read those books which has convinced me that Wagner himself is entirely a stranger to all the machinations of that busy set of people living at and near Leipzig, who put the oddest notions down to, and draw all kinds of undigested conclusions from, those books—of which Wagner did not even dream whilst writing them. Against that "set" I have given my decided protest at different occasions; and reiterated the same only as lately as the Rotterdam Festival. They

do not understand Wagner (as "*some others*," who will not understand him). It may be indifferent to you and your readers what I think of Wagner; but I am proud to acknowledge my admiration for his genius and our mutual friendship. I am, moreover, firmly convinced that no one knows the works of the great masters, nor values and loves them more, than Wagner.

FERDINAND PRAEGER.

31, MILTON STREET,

DORSET SQUARE.

To which the editor replied in a bracketed note:

(Our correspondent lies under a misconception. The allusions were to Professor Praeger, of Hamm, who composed a treatise called "Parallax," and a metrical fable, entitled "Cowfinch and her Mother." It is well known to the friends of this learned gentleman, that he has been recently employed in translating the three great "books" of Richard Wagner into the Turkish language.—ED. "M. W.")

After this relations became more than strained, and while Mr. Praeger, as European correspondent of an American musical paper, mingled his praise of the "Music of the Future" with the sharpest criticism of London musicians and scribes, the "Musical World" held him up to obloquy as a self-interested professor, fertile in manufacturing facts to suit his own ends. Between the "New York Musical Review," to which he now contributed, and the "Musical World," to which he had contributed lately, there ensued an exchange of compliments recalling the days of "Jenkins."

Meanwhile on Monday evening, March 12, the Philharmonic season opened, the programme of the first concert being:

PART I.

Sinfonia ... ... No. 7 (Grand) ... ... *Haydn.*
Terzetto ... ... "So ave sia il vento" ... *Mozart.*
MISS CLARA NOVELLO, MR. & MRS. WEISS.
Dramatic Concerto Violin ... ... *Spohr.*
HERR ERNST.
Scena ... "Ocean, thou mighty monster" ... *Weber.*
MISS CLARA NOVELLO.
Overture ... "The Isles of Fingal" ... *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

Sinfonia ... ... "Eroica" ... ... *Beethoven.*
Duetto ... ... "O, my Father" ... ... *Marschner.*
MR. & MRS. WEISS.
Overture ... ... "Zauberflöte" ... ... *Mozart.*

The iconoclast, the revolutionist bent on demolishing the classical temples in order on their site to build up his own fane, the abuser of Jews, the detractor of Mendelssohn, was received with a mingled curiosity and excitement which further acquaintance increased. His beat was peculiar, his animation was extraordinary, his readings were novel. He conducted important works without a score.

At the next concert he appeared as composer.

PART I.

Overture ... ... "Der Freischütz" ... *Weber.*
Aria ... ... "O Salutaris Hostia" ... *Cherubini.*
MRS. LOCKEY.
Concerto ... ... Violin ... ... *Mendelssohn.*
MR. BLAGROVE.
Selection from "Lohengrin": Introduction, Bridal Chorus, Wedding March and Epithalamium. *Wagner.*

PART II.

Choral Symphony ... ... *Beethoven.*

Curiosity and excitement had increased.

The "Freischütz" overture was so *enlevée* under the new reading that the audience also was *enlevé*, and encored it. The "Lohengrin" selection had scarcely a happy result. It was ill calculated to give a fair idea of Wagner's music. A whole concert should have been devoted to him, as indeed he had at first hoped. As it was, those who were indifferent or hostile to the new school professed to expect from the author of the books something very original indeed, and while grudgingly admitting to some extent the extraordinary character and beauty of the introduction, received in the other selections a handle for criticism.

As to the performance of the Choral Symphony it must have been remarkable; the "Musical World" even going so far as to say with regard to the scherzo "the reading was the best we ever heard, and the execution almost perfect."

Wagner himself was not dissatisfied. He had found the Philharmonic chorus wretched and the orchestra lacking both in delicacy and enthusiasm, but the players had, he thought, taken a great fancy to him, and the public seemed favourably disposed.

At the third concert on April 16, offence seems to have been given by an incident, which trivial in itself, served to aggravate against Wagner the feelings of some of his audience.

PART I.

Sinfonia in A ... ... *Mendelssohn.*
Aria ... "Va sbramando" ("Faust") ... *Spohr.*

MR. WEISS.

Concerto ... Pianoforte, in B flat, Op. 19 ... *Beethoven.*

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER.

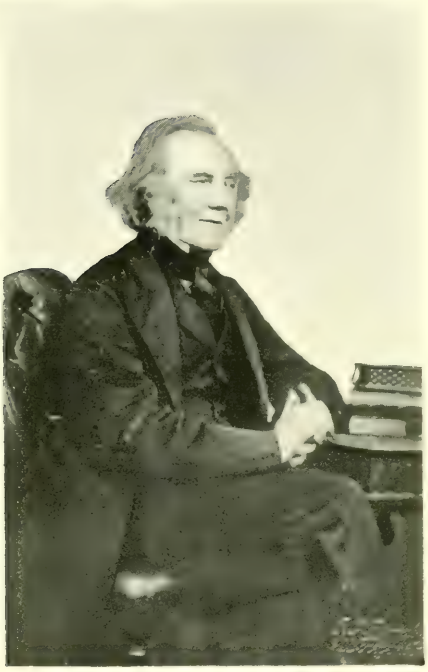
Aria, "Bald schlägt die Abschieds Stunde" ("Zauberflöte") ... ... *Mozart.*

MADAME RUDERSDORFF.

Overture ... ... "Euryanthe" ... ... *Weber.*

PART II.

Sinfonia in C minor, No. 7 ... ... *Beethoven.*
Recitative and Aria, "Ja, ich fühl' es" ... ... *Spohr.*
Overture, ... "Les deux Journées" ... *Cherubini.*



GEORGE HOGARTH.

It would appear that Wagner, having conducted Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony in the regulation white kid gloves, took them off and flung them after Mendelssohn's score, thus literally throwing down the gauntlet.

The correspondent of the New York paper wrote:

"The third concert of the Old Philharmonic has been given; and began with Mendelssohn's so-called 'Italian' Symphony (written for the society). It is not his best work, and the first movement and scherzo are as void of heartfelt music as some of his 'Lieder ohne Worte'; it is made music—aye, ready-made, and he might have gone on a great while longer in the same strain, without getting excited; but here it is sacrilege to meddle with Mendelssohn. Wagner conducted the symphony in white kid gloves, and took them off immediately after, as he never wears them, although it is almost a law here for the conductor. Notwithstanding *that*, the symphony went better than we have yet heard it, although Wagner would have preferred the so-called 'Scotch' Symphony, which is an infinitely superior work."

It is rather curious that while Wagner so much preferred the A minor to the A major Symphony, with Berlioz it was just the opposite. His letter to Davison on first hearing it at the Philharmonic on March 13, 1848, has been quoted; to D'Ortigue on the 15th, he referred to the "Italian" Symphony as "une autre en *la* de Mendelssohn, admirable, magnifique, bien supéreur, selon moi, à celle également en *la* qu'on joue à Paris."

To the "Musical World" Wagner's conducting of it in 1855 seemed "barbarous." "A more coarse, monotonous, uniformly loud, and at the same time rigorously frigid performance, never left an audience unmoved and apathetic in a concert room. It was deplorable to witness the contemptuous unconcern with which the whole of this

admirable work of genius was regarded by the representative of the 'future art and drama.' The same thing was remarked at rehearsal. The band was never once arrested, nor did the conductor proffer a single observation."

The programme of the fourth concert was as follows:

PART I.

Sinfonia in B flat, No. 3, MS. ... ... *Lucas.*
Romanza ... "Huguenots" ... ... *Meyerbeer.*
HERR REICHARDT.
Nonnetto ... ... *Spohr.*
Recit. and Aria ... "Fidelio" ... ... *Beethoven.*
MISS CLARA NOVELLO.
Overture ... "Ruler of the Spirits" ... *Weber.*

PART II.

Sinfonia, No. 7 ... ... *Beethoven.*
Duetto ... ... "Cosi fan tutti" ... *Mozart.*
MISS CLARA NOVELLO & HERR REICHARDT.
Overture ... "L'alcade de la Velga" ... *Onslow.*

Mr. Lucas conducted his own symphony. The Weber overture was encored.

Truly the public received Wagner "with friendliness and approbation, often indeed with great warmth" as he said, but the endless Philharmonic programme, "the miserable vocal piece" (from "Cosi fan tutti"?) and "trivial overture of Onslow" wearied and worried him well nigh off his equilibrium, and to the throwing up of the Philharmonic forthwith. Quieter counsels prevailed and at the fifth concert Wagner again figured as composer.

PART I.

Sinfonia in E flat ... ... *Mozart.*
Aria ... ... "Agitato" ... ... *Paer.*
SIGNOR BELLETTI.
First Concerto, Pf. ... ... *Chopin.*
MR. CHARLES HALLÉ.
Aria ... ... *Mozart.*
MDLLE. JENNY NEY.
Overture ... "Tannhäuser" ... ... *Wagner.*

PART II.

Sinfonia ... ... "Pastorale" ... ... *Beethoven.*
Romance ... ... "Robert" ... ... *Meyerbeer.*
MDLLE. JENNY NEY.
Barcarola ... "Sulla Poppa" ... ... *Ricci.*
SIGNOR BELLETTI.
Overture ... ... "Preciosa" ... ... *Weber.*

The "Tannhäuser" overture had already been heard at the concerts of the New Philharmonic and those of Jullien. Wagner was pleased with its reception by the public though he felt that it was "not yet properly understood." Among those who certainly did not understand it was the critic of the "Athenæum," whose metaphors fell into confusion—"When it is stripped and sifted, Herr Wagner's creation may be likened, not to any real figure with its bone and muscle, but to a compound of one shapely feature with several tasteless fragments, smeared over with cement, but so flimsily that the paucity of good material is proved by the most superficial examination."

The programme of the sixth concert was:

PART I.

Symphony in A minor ... ... *C. Potter.*
Aria ... ... "Il Seraglio" ... ... *Mozart.*
HERR FORMES.
Concerto, Violin ... ... *Beethoven*
M. SAINTON.

Sicilienne ... ... *Pergolese.*

MADAME BOCKHOLTZ FALCONI.

Overture ... ... "Leonora" ... ... *Beethoven.*

PART II.

Symphony in A minor ... ... *Mendelssohn.*

Aria ... ... "Non mi dir" ... ... *Mozart.*

MADAME BOCKHOLTZ FALCONI.

Song ... "O Ruddier than the Cherry" ... *Handel.*

HERR FORMES.

Overture ... "Der Berggeist" ... ... *Spohr.*

The seventh and last concert but one of the season was attended by the Queen and Prince Albert. Contemporary English music was again represented, while the overture to "Tannhäuser" was repeated.

PART I.

Overture ... "Chevy Chase" ... ... *Macfarren.*

Air from "Jessonda" ... ... *Spohr.*

SIGNOR BELLETTI.

Symphony ... ... "Jupiter" ... ... *Mozart.*

Scena from "Oberon" ... ... *Weber.*

MADAME C. NOVELLO.

Overture ... ... "Tannhäuser" ... ... *Wagner.*

PART II.

Symphony, No. 8. ... ... *Beethoven.*

Song ... ... "Ave Maria" ... ... *Cherubini.*

MADAME C. NOVELLO.

Clarinet obbligato, MR. WILLIAMS.

Duet ... ... *Paer.*

MADAME C. NOVELLO & SIGNOR BELLETTI.

Overture ... ... "Anacreon" ... ... *Cherubini.*

With Macfarren's overture as, at the previous concert, with Potter's symphony, Wagner took great pains, for

which he received full credit from the critic of the "Musical World," which nevertheless was obliged to remark anent the Beethoven symphony: "The horns in the trio were accompanied by a single violoncello (Mr. Lucas), as the composer intended, and not by all the violoncellos, as of late years, according to the 'Book' of Michael. We agree with Michael, and think that Beethoven, for once in a way, made a miscalculation of effect."

After the performance of his overture, Wagner was summoned to the royal presence, warmly complimented and much gratified.

This was Monday, June 11. Two evenings later Berlioz was at Exeter Hall conducting the fifth concert of the rival society; his programme including an English composition, H. Leslie's overture, "The Templar," and a Mozart symphony in A minor, with, amongst the rest, selections from "Romeo and Juliet."

Wrote Berlioz on June 2: *"Wagner, qui dirige à Londres l'ancienne société Philharmonique (direction que j'avais été obligé de refuser étant déjà engagé par l'autre) succombe sous les attaques de toute la presse anglaise. Mais il reste calme, dit-on, assuré qu'il est d'être le maitre du monde musical dans cinquante ans."

Wagner's position in London in 1855 was conspicuously that of a strange personality not yet revealed, irritating, surrounded throughout by assailants, and apparently overwhelmed and a failure—a figure engaging the generosity of the public mind, so that, after the last concert, June 25, Wagner received something of a farewell ovation. This was the programme:

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* [*Translation*]. Wagner, who is in London conducting the concerts of the Old Philharmonic Society (which I, being engaged by the other one, had been obliged to refuse) is succumbing under the attacks of the whole of the English press. But, it appears, he is quite calm about it, in his certainty of being master of the world of music fifty years hence.

PART I.

Symphony (No. 3) in C minor ... ... *Spohr.*
Scena ... ... "Der Freischütz" ... ... *Weber.*
MDLLE. KRALL.
Concerto, Pianoforte in A flat ... ... *Hummel.*
HERR PAUER.
Song ... ... "The Spirit Song" ... *Haydn.*
MISS DOLBY.
Overture "Midsummer Night's Dream" ... *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

Symphony, No. 4, B flat ... ... *Beethoven.*
Duet ... ... From "Le Prophète" ... *Meyerbeer.*
MDLLE. KRALL & MISS DOLBY.
Overture ... ... "Oberon" ... ... *Weber.*

Next morning Wagner shook the dust of England off his feet. His visit had been an apparent failure. Received with mild praise and encouragement from the "Daily News," "Spectator," "Illustrated London News" and "John Bull," papers sharing the services of one critic, Mr. George Hogarth, secretary of the Philharmonic Society, Wagner had been treated by the rest of the London press as one come to sow tares. Certain qualities were allowed to the conductor, though with the responsibility for an alleged falling off in the Philharmonic orchestra's performances, but the composer found no admirers. Where was the wonderful originality of the author of the "books"? Where was the much vaunted "music of the future"? This music was clearly of the present. Melody commonplace, harmony sometimes brilliant in effect, but fuller of faults than originality, orchestration borrowed from Berlioz. "Hullo," said Sterndale Bennett, "why this is Brummagem Berlioz." Macfarren, perhaps already, but probably later, spoke of "Wagner's *unclean* music," an expression which Davison thought very happy.

Fifty years later, with Wagner's accomplished work in

view, it is easy enough to find fault with the critics of 1855, confronted as they were with a new theory set forth with uncompromising self-assertion. True, the new theory was illustrated by the overture to "Tannhäuser" and a few selections from "Lohengrin," including the prelude. But this was not enough to give a fair notion. Little of Wagner's music was written for the concert room, but there were four or five overtures available, and "Tannhäuser" and the "Flying Dutchman" from which to make selections, and a concert entirely devoted to Wagner's compositions should have introduced him as Berlioz was introduced in 1848.

What Wagner thought of his critics appears in a letter published in a Berlin paper soon after his departure from London.

The "Musical World" commented thereon in its issue of September 22, 1855. The bribery to which the London critics were susceptible does not appear to have been of a very gross kind. The dinners, boxes of cigars and trinkets of which Davison was not infrequently the recipient, from those who were more or less his personal friends, could scarcely be regarded as instruments of corruption.

So far as the Philharmonic Society was concerned, both artistically and financially, the season of 1855 was generally regarded as having been so unsatisfactory that a committee of reform was appointed without loss of time, to look into certain abuses of administration and provide against the possible repetition of a disastrous policy. So Wagner was repulsed in 1855. But no later than April 29, 1856, Jullien, in Berlin, questing after orchestrists, informing Davison of his doings, discerning the state of music as he finds it and drawing his conclusions, writes: "Je te dirai ce que je t'ai dit en 1842 de Meyerbeer, en 1850 de Verdi—*tu mangeras du Vagner.*"

CHAPTER XIV.

Berlioz conductor at the New Philharmonic—His difficulties with Orchestra and Chorus—A letter of explanation—Attitude of London Critics towards Berlioz—Berlioz projects concerts at St. Martin's Hall—Introduction of Schumann's music—Lindsay Sloper—Sterndale Bennett—Madame Schumann—The Crystal Palace Concerts—August Manns—Clement White.

DURING the season Berlioz had conducted two concerts of the New Philharmonic, at the second of which were performed a cantata by Howard Glover, music critic, an overture by Wagner's friend, "the Hamm professor," a concerto of Henselt's, played by Klindworth, and Berlioz's own symphony, "Harold en Italie," with Ernst in the viola obbligato part. The performance of Berlioz's music was disappointing.

Berlioz's letters on the subject are not without interest. On arrival in London he had found things in an unsatisfactory state.

13, MARGARET STREET.

*Mon cher Davison,

Je suis arrivé Vendredi soir, et je n'ai pas encore eu une minute pour aller te voir. Aujourd'hui encore je serais pris toute la journée par notre répétition générale et en

* [*Translation*]. 13, Margaret Street. My dear Davison—I got here Friday evening, and I haven't had a minute to spare to go and see you. To-day, again, all my time will be taken up by our general rehearsal, and when I come home, dripping like a water-rat, I shall probably have just enough strength left to get to bed. But, pending

BERLIOZ.

From a photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

rentrant, mouillé comme un rat de rivière, j'aurais probablement tout juste la force de venir me coucher. Mais en attendant demain bon jour! Je te serre la main.

J'ai eu à me débattre ces jours-ci contre une exécution impossible, que j'ai heureusement évitée en supprimant toute la première partie de Romeo et Juliette, qui t'eut fait saigner les oreilles. A cause de deux on trois instruments à vent (d'un cor surtout) nous serons peut-être obligés aujourd'hui de supprimer le Scherzo.

Adieu, on fait ce qu'on peut, on n'est pas parfait le temps est un grand maigre, et autres proverbes de circonstance.

H. BERLIOZ.

Mardi matin.

The chorus was indignant at having been left out and seem even to have rudely shown their displeasure on the evening of the concert itself by hissing him.

His letter of explanation is as follows:

*A Mr. l'éditeur du "Musical World."

Monsieur,

Un des membres du chœur de la New Philharmonic Society me demande des explications au sujet de la sup-

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to-morrow, how are you? I shake you by the hand. These last few days I have had to contend against an impossible execution, which luckily I have evaded by leaving out the whole of the first part of "Romeo and Juliet," which otherwise would have made your ears bleed. Owing to two or three wind instruments (a horn, especially) we shall now probably have to leave out the scherzo. Good-bye, one does what one can, nobody's perfect. Time is a big lean, beggarly rascal, and other suitable proverbs. H. Berlioz.

* [*Translation*]. To the editor of the "Musical World." Sir—One of the members of the chorus of the New Philharmonic Society asks me for an explanation concerning the suppression of the choruses in my symphony ("Romeo and Juliet") at the concert I conducted at Exeter Hall on the 13th instant. The reasons that obliged me to

pression des chœurs de ma symphonie ("Roméo et Juliette") au concert que j'ai dirigé a Exeter Hall le 13 de ce mois.

Les raisons qui m'ont obligé de faire cette suppression étaient évidentes et impérieuses.

Le petit chœur du Prologue, pour quatorze voix seulement, avait été étudié *en langue Francaise*, Mr. et Mme. Gassier étant a mon grand étonnement engagés pour les solos de cette partie de ma symphonie qu'il leur était impossible de chanter en anglais. Or, au dernier moment Mr. Gassier, dont la voix est celle d'un Baryton, a déclaré qu'il ne pouvait chanter un rôle de Ténor, et que Mme. Gassier (soprano aigre) ne pouvait chanter un rôle de Contralto; ce qui, pour moi, était évident.

Il fallait donc commencer de nouvelles études avec texte anglais, et ces chœurs extrêmement difficiles, dont

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make the suppression were obvious and irresistible. The small chorus of the prologue, for fourteen voices only, had been learnt in French, Mr and Mme. Gassier having been, to my great surprise, engaged for the solos of that part of my symphony, which they were unable to sing in English. At the last moment, Mr. Gassier, whose voice is that of a baritone, said that he could not sing a tenor's part and that Mme. Gassier (high soprano) could not sing the part of a contralto, which to me was obvious. So that it would have been necessary to start afresh, learning the English text, and those extremely difficult choruses, the words of which have to be very distinctly pronounced, which, moreover, are unaccompanied, could not possibly have been sufficiently learnt in so short a time. With regard to the Capulet's song, over which Messrs. the male choristers had taken great pains, it was well mastered. But when I heard that it was now customary to give public choral performances *without the choristers having a single rehearsal with orchestra*, I got extremely nervous. The more so because a few of these gentlemen, who did attend the last rehearsal, having twice missed their cue after the re-entry of the orchestra, it was evident that those who were going to sing at the concert without having heard the orchestra at all (the larger number) would miss their cue with absolute certainty. Could I expose them to so vexatious an accident? Could I expose the Philharmonic Society to so serious a disaster? and could I expose myself to seeing one of the principal pieces of my work mixed up in such a perilous enterprise? I leave the reply to artists and to any person with some little knowledge of musical matters. For my part, I do not think such experiments should be made in public. I have the honour to be, Sir, Your obedient servant, Hector Berlioz.

les paroles doivent être bien prononcées, et sans accompagnement, ne pouvaient être suffisamment appris en si peu de temps.

Quant au chant des Capulets, pour lequel Messrs. les choristes hommes s'étaient donné beaucoup de peine, il était bien su. Mais en apprenant qu'on avait maintenant l'habitude de faire exécuter les chœurs devant le public sans *que les choristes eussent une seule fois* répété avec l'orchestre, j'ai éprouvé une vive inquiétude. D'autant plus qu'un petit nombre de ces messieurs étant venus à la dernière répétition et ayant deux fois de suite manqué leur entrée après la réplique de l'orchestre, il était évident que ceux qui devaient chanter au concert, sans avoir jamais entendu l'orchestre (c'est à dire le grand nombre) manqueraient leur entrée à coup sûr. Pouvais-je les exposer à un aussi fâcheux accident? Pouvais-je exposer la Société Philharmonique à un désastre de cette gravité? Et pouvais-je m'exposer moi-même à voir un des morceaux principaux de mon ouvrage compromis dans une tentative pareille?

Je laisse aux artistes et à toute personne qui a quelque connaissance des choses musicales le soin de répondre.

Quant à moi je ne crois pas qu'on doive faire en public de pareilles expériences.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Monsieur,

Votre dévoué serviteur,

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

LONDRES,

26 Juin, 1855.

Soon afterwards Berlioz set sail. His visit had for various reasons not been specially successful. He had taken little, if any more hold on the general London public than Wagner, and that notwithstanding his repeated appearances since 1848. But what a difference between his reception by the critics and that awarded to Wagner. When the latter's music was in question it was a case of "music cannot exist without melody, nor melody without

rhythm," but when the "Musical World" has to speak of "Romeo and Juliet" we read: "The long and strangely melodious *adagio*, representing the first interview in the garden between the pair of 'star-crossed' lovers—*strangely* melodious, because while the melody is lovely, 'streaming' and incessant, there is no absolute melodic rhythm, an anomaly for which it is not easy to account. . . ." But the explanation is not very difficult. Berlioz liked England and showed it, he loved Shakespeare and Byron, and set music to their poetry. Berlioz had not written books in advertisement of his theories and himself. He had not attacked cherished composers, far otherwise. He had not studiously held aloof from the critics, on the contrary, he had courted and conciliated them. In fine, with all the peculiarities of an irritable, extraordinary and self-conscious mind, Berlioz was polished, courteous and fascinating. Wagner was somewhat pedantic, harsh and uncouth.

A few months after his departure Berlioz contemplated a return.

*Mon cher Davison,

Puisque tu ne reviens pas à Paris, subis ma lettre. Voudrais-tu avoir la bonté de voir Mr. Ullah et de lui demander comment il entend que nous nous arrangions Beale et moi avec lui, pour les répétitions et l'éxécution de deux concerts à St. Martin's Hall, en employant cent de ses choristes, vers le commencement de Mars. Beale

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* [*Translation*]. My dear Davison –Since you are not coming back to Paris endure my letter. Would you mind kindly seeing Mr. Hullah and asking him how he would like Beale and me to arrange with him about the rehearsals and performances of two concerts at St. Martin's Hall, with a hundred of his choristers, towards the beginning of March? Beale is touring in the country and not thinking of these matters. So I have got to obtain particulars as soon as possible. Are Mr. Hullah s choristers to be paid? and, if so, how much for each rehearsal? If they have to be paid, I should prefer having a small number of the good Covent Garden ones and their conductor, Smithson, who is *the best chorus instructor* I ever met. Perhaps it would be possible to make some sort of combination of these two vocal bodies; using the little chorus from Covent Garden for

court les provinces et ne songe pas à cela. Il faut donc que je me renseigne le plus tôt que possible.

Les choristes de Mr. Ullah seront ils payés? et combien par répétition? S'il faut les payer j'aime mieux prendre les bons de Covent Garden, en petit nombre, et leur chef Smithson qui est *le premier instructeur de chœurs* que j'aie jamais vu. Peut-être pourrait-on combiner l'une et l'autre masse vocale; prendre le petit chœur de Covent Garden pour l'Enfance du Christ qui n'exige pas de masses puissantes, et lui adjoindre une petite armée d'Ullah pour le Te Deum, à un second concert.

En ce cas il faudrait, après être bien convenu de tout avec Mr. Ullah, lui envoyer les parties de chants du Te Deum sans retard, pour que ses élèves eussent le temps de bien les apprendre.

Quant à l'orchestre de 68 ou 70 musiciens qu'il me faudra, il sera facile de le réunir huit jours avant mon arivée à Londres, et, avec deux répétitions, ces messieurs iront comme des lions; car je compte éviter les chiens et les chats.

Crois-tu que Henri Smart veuille se charger de la partie d'orgue dans le Te Deum?

Adieu, je suis un peu éreinté des batailles de l'Exposition, dans quelques jours je serai prêt à recommencer.

Ton dévoué,

H. Berlioz.

Mille amitiés indiscrètes.

19, Rue Boursault,

30 Nov., 1855.

"L'Enfance du Christ" which does not require powerful masses, and reinforcing it with a little army of Hullah's for the Te Deum at a second concert. In that event, as soon as everything has been quite settled with Mr. Hullah, the choral parts of the Te Deum ought to be sent to him that his pupils may have time to learn them properly. As to the orchestra of sixty-eight or seventy musicians which I shall want it will be easy enough to get them together a week before my arrival in London and after a couple of rehearsals those gentlemen will go like lions: for I mean to eschew dogs and cats Do you think Henry Smart would undertake the organ part in the Te Deum? Goodbye. I am rather knocked up with the battles of the Exhibition. In a few days I shall be ready to start again. Yours ever, H. Berlioz.

Wagner had been repulsed for a time, but the tide was creeping forward in other directions, in one direction notably.

If Wagner's programmes, compared with those of his predecessor, Costa, were conspicuously open to English music, yet not a note of Schumann was heard under his conductorship—natural enough to us, fifty years later, but strange, surely, to those who regarded the two as companions in arms.

A reaction now took place, the scenes were shifted, Sterndale Bennett was at last appointed conductor of the Philharmonic Society.

Searching English concert programmes for the name of Schumann is rather fruitless work, until the year 1848, when one chances on "Arabesque and Nocturne, R. Schumann," played by Mr. Lindsay Sloper at one of his soirées at Willis' rooms, on March 2. Later in the same month Mr. Ella introduced the pianoforte quartet in E flat at the Musical Union, where other chamber compositions were subsequently heard, but it is not apparently until April 4, 1853, that an orchestral composition of Schumann's was performed before an English audience. On that date, at the second concert of the Philharmonic Society, his Overture, Scherzo and Finale in E were played under Costa's bâton with but little success. In 1854 the same society introduced the Symphony in B flat. Nothing of Schumann's was given at the Philharmonic in 1855, Wagner's year. In January it was announced that Mme. Schumann would make her first appearance in England during the forthcoming season. She was to be the guest of her husband's old friend, Sterndale Bennett. But the state of her husband's health necessitated the postponement of this visit for another year. It was not until 1856, when Sterndale Bennett had become conductor of the Philharmonic, that Mme. Schumann made her first appearance, on April 14, playing the "Emperor" Concerto and Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," and making, according to the "Musical World," "a genuine and richly-earned success."

At the second concert she played again, Mendelssohn's

D minor concerto. At the New Philharmonic she played her husband's, in A minor, while at the Musical Union, at Sterndale Bennett's soirées (where she joined Bennett in the Andante and Variation in B flat and a selection from the twelve pieces, Opus 35, for two pianofortes), and at other concerts, not only in London (at one of which she played a Sarabande of Brahms), but in Manchester, she made known much of her husband's music. The last Philharmonic concert was given up to a performance of "Das Paradies und die Peri" at the "express desire of Her Majesty" who was present, Jenny Lind taking the principal part, while the composer's wife sat in the orchestra, and, we are told by the "Athenæum," "guided the conductor and gave the tempo to the solo singers."

When this work was first performed at New York just about eight years before, Macfarren wrote: "It is just what J—— described it—a very slow affair—a song for soprano in F sharp major and a chorus for ladies in G, being the only movements of the slightest interest. It created no effect." Its effect at the Philharmonic was small.

After the interest created in Schumann's music by his wife's first visit to England under peculiarly sad circumstances, a slackness followed. Schumann died in July, 1856; an event which might be expected to have given a fresh impetus to his music in England. But in 1857 his name does not figure conspicuously in any important London concert programme. A year or two afterwards Mme. Schumann's visits to London had become annual, and she was frequently heard at the Musical Union and presently at the Monday Popular Concerts. The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts were growing into importance and a taste for Schumann's music deepened and spread. Against the stream of musical progress or fashion thus exemplified, Davison set his face from the beginning. In Schumann he saw the representative of a movement which threatened to upset the old order of things, a musician before whom his heart's idol was required to make way, the composer, the spirit of whose music was akin, not to

Shelley's but rather to those of Keats and Coleridge combined.

In Schumann he saw the head of a pretentious regiment of German doctors and metaphysicians, affecting profundity, laying down the law æsthetic, sneering at England and English opinion, yet invading England and ousting English musicians. He perhaps saw the strength and feared the success of the new movement, saw one waxing to and another waning from high estate, and so, with Shelleyean disapproval of whatever the world approved, with that obstinacy which *will* be in opposition, with something of the knightly sentiment which chooses the losing side, or, shall we say, that sense of equilibrium which flings its possessor to the end of the rising balance, he again took up the cudgels for the sneered-at nation and the sneered-at composer.

In later years, borne back by the weight of a public opinion which was lighted if not guided by prominent lamps of the press, he still kept his face against the foe and to the very last refused to admit that Schumann was a great musician. He was an aspiring, noble-minded enthusiast and idealist, one for whom in his private character he had great sympathy and respect, a genial writer whose criticism he was fond of quoting, but he was an eagle without wings, one who, first from lack of a thorough musical education and then from organic disease was, as a musical composer, a noble failure.

To trace the earliest beginning of the orchestra which was to do so much to spread the knowledge of Schumann's music, we must go back to 1854. In that year a new-born brass band, under the leadership of a German ex-military bandmaster, was performing programmes made up of marches, overtures, pot-pourris and polkas. Its performances were neither brilliant nor careful. In the autumn of 1854 at the military fête got up at the Crystal Palace in aid of the Patriotic Fund, the local band came out with anything but flying colours. Not only was it held vastly inferior to the celebrated "Guides" which were paying England a visit at this time, but was found to compare unfavourably with the English regi-

MICHAEL COSTA

mental bands playing on the same occasion. Says the "Musical World" critic: "Its wholly brass composition imparts a wearisome monotony of quality which the presence of flutes, oboes and clarionets would certainly mitigate. But this is by no means the total of its evils. Its style is pompous, vulgar and exaggerated, and, above all, it is wholly guiltless of any approach to a *piano*." But as the then proprietors of the "Musical World," Messrs. Boosey, were not on cordial terms with the conductor of the band, "Musical World" criticism of his work must be taken with a grain of salt. At this time Mr. Manns occupied the post of sub-conductor, in which he had been placed in the previous May.

On one occasion half the programme of one of these Crystal Palace band concerts remained unperformed.

In January, 1855, a suggestion was made in the "Daily News" that Jullien should be engaged for a few months to make music inside the Crystal Palace while the brass band played in the grounds. The suggestion was not taken up, but the idea of it may have led to the institution during the summer months of concerts of operatic music by the Royal Italian Opera orchestra and company under the directorship of Mr. Costa. These were successful in drawing crowded audiences.

Meanwhile the brass band had been reinforced by strings. In January, 1856, a concert was given in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birth, Mr. Manns having become conductor. At later concerts the same year, Mendelssohn's "Italian" and Schumann's Fourth Symphony were given, the former in part, the latter in its entirety. This early part of 1856 may be regarded as the first season of the afterwards so well known Crystal Palace Saturday concerts. During the following spring and summer Costa was conducting the operatic concerts. The winter concerts were now under the conductorship of Mr. Manns. They were not yet firmly established, however, seeing that at one of them in the autumn of 1856, two movements of a symphony by Haydn announced in the programme were omitted in

order that the acoustic properties of the room might be tested by a recitation of the "Prisoner of Chillon."

The Crystal Palace Company's secretary, Mr., afterwards Sir, George Grove, took a keen interest in the musical department, and to his enthusiasm and fostering care, not only the Crystal Palace concerts but the Crystal Palace itself, depending as it did on its music, largely owed whatever measure of prosperity it obtained.

From Sydenham to Sydney may seem a far cry, a somewhat abrupt swerve and digression. It is made at this point not merely as a reminder that the world of British music was wide, even fifty years ago, or for the sake of a glimpse at the shifts to which a British musician, of sorts, might be put in his search for a livelihood, but for other reasons.

Davison made friends with most sorts and conditions of men. If a character seemed to offer some quaintness or originality, he soon detected, appreciated and cultivated it. "I can stand Davison," observed some man of position, "but not his followers"—this in reference to some "familiar" of the time being—probably Clement White. "Clem" had left England to seek better luck at the Antipodes. From him, early in 1854, Davison received a letter, extracts from which are here made to illustrate the oddities of one of Davison's early intimates, as well as to give body and shape to a figure more than once noticed in these pages, and to let a fresh ray fall on the names of several of Davison's entourage.

FROM SYDNEY,

January 7, 1854.

The ship weighed and we slept in the Downs that night, in the morning we were off for Spithead, when we lay beside the remains of the great Iron Duke, my bed was buggy boards with boots for a pillow and rats to keep the black watch, the storm raged all the way and the waves wore phosphoric shirt fronts, the ship was badly freighted with six hundred tons of iron rails, the people said they were sick and the Doctor heeded them not

—but merely replied "So am I." Lloyd's boat came alongside and the first Mate reported us *all well.* We arrived at Plymouth after a pickling week. I went ashore and bought a bed, etc., at good prices for the sellers.

On Tuesday the 8th, we entered the Bay of Biscay. I opened the parcel and found in your letter comfort and encouragement. Heaven bless your manly heart! I then opened ——'s and read the following words: "Your best friends had prognosticated for you *delirium tremens and suicide* and your indifferent acquaintances *the workhouse or parish allowance.*" Oh, at such a time—and in such a place—to reach me with his old and humiliating words! I crumpled up without reading another word his Bayswater belch and threw it into the Bay, where it might roll, splutter, phiz and be damned. What! carry it as a blighting companion into the Pacific? You were good enough to say in your letter "you are no fool." Good!—but what would I be were I to carry this sweet companion with me? Answer that yourself;—Lord—Oh Lord! to think that this man has stood by me in worst extremes and yet lack common sense—common humanity, at such a trying moment—Providence guide and instruct us.

SEPT. 13: We passed the Island of Madeira, it is a noble mount and from its salubrity ought to be the first step towards heaven.

SEPT. 25: Entered the Tropics! the sun is down upon us, the sea is calm and voiceless—nothing stirring save one lonely dull sea bird that seems to have neither home nor country, it has followed us for days and nights without a companion—Ave Maria! where does the creature rest? In the name of all that's drear where is its kindred—or where does the poor thing find a home? Heaven help the desolate.

OCT. 2: This day is Sunday. 'Tis just five o'clock (morn), thick grey fleecy clouds are rolling broadly backwards, their tropical finery gradually becoming lighter and making way for varied coloured *supers* in the background—and *they* in *their turn* now stand aside for the entrance of a Great Actor—the Sun is Up! He has

rushed like a fierce fireman without his helmet. He is scorching, blistering, broiling, browning and burning up everything, the live stock is dying—and the parching passengers are crawling, the diet is vile and the water loathsome, the fiery day has wore on and the bath splitter (?) is nearing the Ocean, clothed in golden clouds of divinest hue like the opening scene of another world. Wonderful latitudes! that give the weary rest and the *hope* of a better time to come . . . .

OCT. 22: We are six hundred miles abreast of the "Cape of Storms" after a ferocious night the sea is terrible and large in strength, and the magnificent Albatross with seventeen feet of outstretched wings is now soaring and floating over huge piling mountains of provoked and angry foaming waters, alternately skimming, dipping and wheeling down into dark, deep green valleys of a vast ocean country. They have just at this moment caught the glorious bird, it stands erect ready to fight anything and has already sent the captain's Newfoundland dog along the deck howling with pain by a thrust of its mighty beak. The gale still continues and the sea is sweeping everything before it—it would seem as if a million of miners were throwing up the neglected work of a thousand years standing, it is really frightful and impossible to describe—oh, poor ship! how you labour! and if you were to be rent in pieces—oh what a scene that would be in this cold and pitiless desert. Every stitch of canvas is in, and the storm is still slashing away, the wind shrieks through the cordage like a pack of tinkers hammering on cracked dulcimers, and the Molly hawk is biding his time, the last dead horse has been thrown overboard, hunger, horror and consternation prevails: Yet in the midst of this matchless grave I looked back only on October 6, the day we left the Sun on the other side of the hedge. To make a long story short, we arrived in Hobson's Bay on December 3, down by the "Yarra Yarra." Lavenue is there—here he could do nothing, he is with Ellice at the Cremorne gardens. I did not go ashore, the expense was too great and the flies too strong, we threw out anchor here on Monday

morning at half past six, Dec. 19, and after wandering about I found a bed at a public house, where the landlord fleeced me and the mosquito stung me, at length the change threw me on a sick bed, I was then removed to a dark back room where the black fly attacked me, closing up my eyes and swelling my lips, at last the ship got room at Walker's Wharf and I was allowed to take away my things, which had been well rifled. On my way home with the man and cart, we were struck by a *southerly buster* followed by a *hot wind*, he threw himself down to avoid its blighting influence and I held hard by a gate, after some time he got up and began to drink, I entreated him to proceed, he told me to go to hell and lead the horse myself, I seized the reins and did so through the city without shame or confusion, this one job cost me £2. In three weeks my money was out, *entertainments* were *out of the question*, four persons have just now tried them but couldn't manage to get *ten* persons into the room (an unsightly one) so I pawned my opera glass and watch for support, I left mine host of the "Public"—(a felon) and am now living at Wooloomooloo in a quiet cottage. Stone masons have 35/- per day while gentlemen and artists are really starving, 'tis shocking to witness, my pictures will keep me above water for some time, the Penningtons have been kind—but warmhearted souls! *they are poor*, he has got me one pupil, a fine young man, I have given him three lessons.

* * * * * * * * *

How is Father and Mother? God bless them that their days may be long in the land, and how is darling Arabella and little Wilhelmina, how is John Simon and poor dear rough Mac! and how is my Jackum and his *true* little wife, how is my Bill and old leather-away Billet—and *his* gentle wife, how is old belch horse and my own child Lil, with her dear eyes, how is Mary McCulloch and her jolly old Mac, how is the kind good boy Hastings and all his band, how is my dear *Charley!* and unaccountable Ned? how is the boy Wylde, and tear-

away Smart, how is the graceful Bennett with his Geneviève, how is Oxenford and his German, how is Billy Dorrell and the kind Mudie? I leave a space for you to insert the names I may have forgotten—thus:

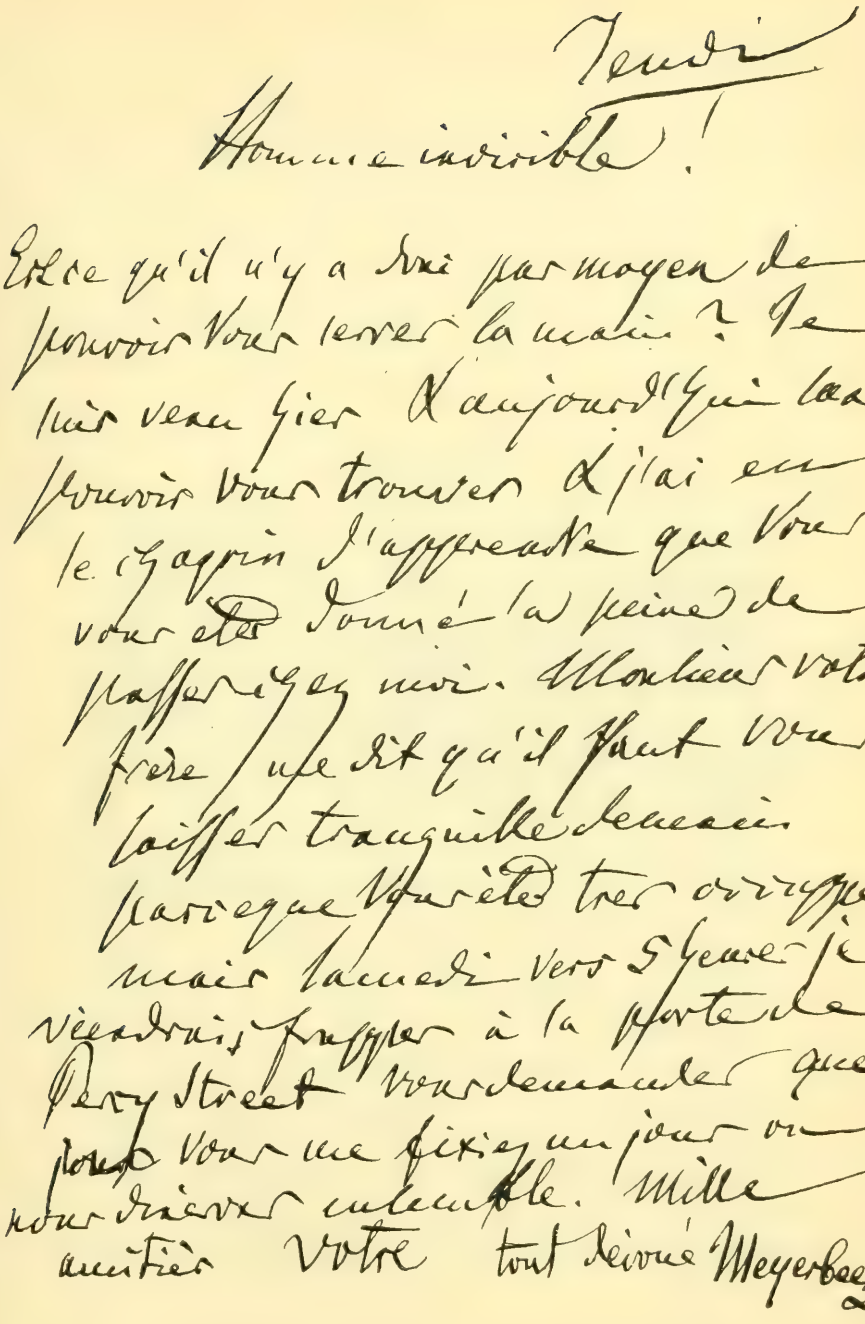
* * * * * * * * *

Remember me to Jarret, and the glorious Jullien.

"Darling Arabella" is Miss Goddard, "little Wilhelmina" Fräulein Clauss, "dear rough Mac" is doubtless G. A. M. "My dear Charley" is as probably Charlie Kenney and "unaccountable Ned" Edward Loder. Nearly every name he mentions of the old entourage, he couples with a short happy adjective or qualifying phrase. "Old leather-away Billet" for the patient and indomitable, pianoforte recital, player of varied and thorough programmes, "unaccountable Ned" for the man who was before long to sink into insanity, "tear-away Smart," "the graceful Bennett with his Geneviève"! "the glorious Jullien"!

1854-1859.

JULLIEN AND "LE SYSTÈME CLASSIQUE."



MEYERBEER. FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO J. W. D.

(Written in the earlier fifties.)

For Translation see next page.

To face page 192.

THURSDAY.

Invisible one!

Is there no possibility of getting hold of you? I tried to find you yesterday and again to-day and was sorry to hear that you had taken the trouble to go to my house. Your brother tells me you mustn't be disturbed to-morrow because you will be so busy, but Saturday at about five I would come to Percy Street to get you to fix a day to dine together.

Yours sincerely,

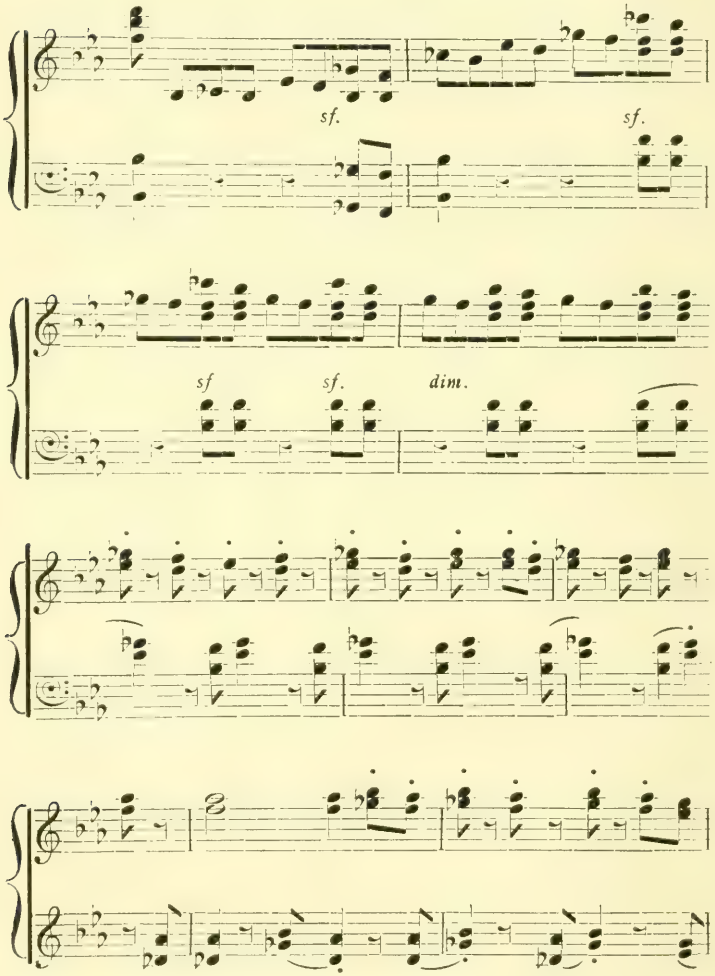
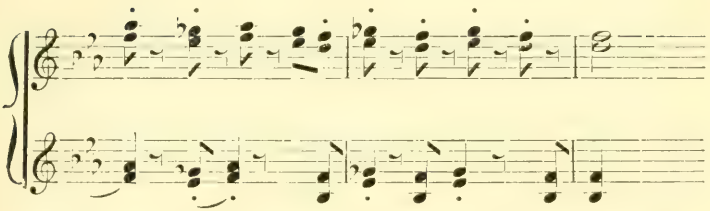
MEYERBEER.

CHAPTER XV.

Jullien and the Abbaye d'Aywiers—His appreciation of Beethoven—His appreciation of Nature's music—He invites Davison to the Abbaye—Thomas Bowlby—Working with Jullien—Presses the invitation—Jullien's Promenade Concerts and Festivals of Classical Music at Covent Garden—His open air concerts in the summer at the Surrey Zoological Gardens—More Covent Garden Promenade Concerts—Sometimes the scene of disturbances—Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North—Burning of Covent Garden—Jullien beating the Continent—His letters descriptive of music, from Paris to Berlin.

IN 1854 Jullien had returned from America and in the latter summer we find him at the Abbaye d'Aywiers. This was the retreat to which from time to time he retired from the whirl of his ordinary avocations to seek repose, indulge in reveries, and speculatingly study the relations between music and the sounds of nature. Here he sought the tones of trees and the key in which was tuned the voice of elemental nature. We have seen that the compiler of national, political, topical dance music had a mind whose ambition embraced higher things—a Covent Garden Grand Opera in 1852, a symphony entitled the "Last Judgment," in a more fabulous epoch, some eight years earlier. But better than these efforts at perhaps showy self-expression, he could sensitively, sympathetically recognise the finer touches in the works of the great composers. For instance, he was directing a rehearsal of Beethoven's fifth concerto when on arriving at a certain passage in the first movement he wanted the orchestra to play more *piano*, and, with characteristic ges-

ture and look, whispered: "Hush, hush, gentlemen . . . . these are the angels coming down—"

It was at the fifth bar of this passage:

And he could appreciate also the music of nature, show-loving and yet nature-loving character! Here is a letter of invitation he addressed to his friendly critic in the August of 1854.

ABBAYE D'AYWIERS.

7 Août, 1854.

*Mon cher ami,

Avant de quitter Londres je suis allé plusieurs fois frapper à la porte (Ottomane) de Percy Street sans jamais avoir la chance de voir le grand turc de la critique musicale, j'aurais bien désiré cependant causer un instant seul avec lui et lui demander une prise annuelle, mais je n'ai pu résister au désir de revoir l'abbaye d'Aywiers avec ces

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* [*Translation*]. Abbaye d'Aywiers. August 7, 1854. My dear Friend—Before leaving London I paid several visits to the (sublime) portal of Percy Street, unsuccessful withal, in seeing the Grand Turk of musical criticism. I should much have liked a moment's quiet chat with him and my annual pinch of snuff. However, I could no longer resist my desire to revisit the Abbaye d'Aywiers, with its verdant woods, its pure air, its icy springs, and so I decided to set out without further delay intending, though, to return to London very soon. Now I have changed my mind. Here I am transported as if by magic from the burning soil of America to the most beautiful solitudes of Brabant, from which I am in no hurry to budge. What a change, my dear friend; instead of the turmoil of my late existence, the country's delightful stillness; instead of rushing about for twenty thousand miles and giving three hundred concerts, long rest in the one valley with the music of the surrounding hills, the birds' melodies, the whirring trills of insects, accompanied by the murmur of waters, the tremolo of fluttering leaves and the harmony of

bois verdoyants, son air pur et ses sources glacées, je me suis donc décidé à partir de suite, comptant toute-fois revenir à Londres bien tôt, mais aujourd'hui j'ai changé d'avis, je me trouve transporté comme par enchantement du sol brûlant de l'Amérique dans les plus belles solitudes du Braban; je n'en sortirai pas à la hâte, quel changement mon cher ami, au lieu du fracas de ma vie passée, le silence délicieux de la campagne, au lieu de parcourir vingt mille milles et donner en même temps trois cents concerts; rester toujours dans la même vallée, n'entendre que la musique des montagnes, le chant mélodieux des oiseaux, les trilles rapides des insectes accompagnés par le murmure des eaux, le tremolo des feuilles tremblantes et l'harmonie de la nature avec ses consonances, ses dissonances, ses prolongations, ses anticipations, ses altérations, ses diminuendos à perte d'oreille et ses crescendos terribles, enfin l'harmonie éternelle que Dieu fit quand il créa le monde; tout cela me retient ici sans que je puisse prendre sur moi le pouvoir de m'en éloigner, un homme comme toi, dans le tourbillon du monde rira peut-être de ma *pastoralle*, mais songe, mon cher ami, que depuis l'âge de cinq ans, comme le juif-errant j'entends toujours une voix qui me crie: marche, marche . . . . et j'ai toujours marché . . . . marché jusqu'à Aywiers où j'ai enfin trouvé une pierre pour reposer ma tête.

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nature—her consonances, dissonances, prolongations, anticipations, changes, diminuendos, further than the ear can reach, and awful crescendos, in fact that eternal harmony which God created at the creation of the world. This is the spell that binds me here powerless to break it. A man, caught as you are, in the whirl of the world, may laugh at my pastoral ditty, but dear friend, when you think that, since I was five years old, I have been like the Wandering Jew, impelled by a voice unceasingly crying: onwards, onwards . . . . and onwards have I pushed . . . . onwards till here at Aywiers I have at length found a stone on which to rest my head. So do come here and see me, and don't be astonished at my inability to tear myself from a happiness so long desired. Come and share it with me; come and share my contemplations and meditations. If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, remember Mahomet can come to the mountain. But I must conclude. Once more I say: come here and see your devoted friend, Jullien.

Viens donc me voir ici et ne t'étonne pas que je ne puisse pas m'arracher à un bonheur si longtemps désiré, viens le partager, viens contempler et méditer avec moi, si la montagne ne veut pas venir à Mahomet, souviens toi que Mahomet peut venir à la montagne; mais il faut finir, je te redis encore, viens voir ton ami dévoué.

JULLIEN.

With Jullien at this time was another friend of Davison, one he had probably gained by his connection with the "Times." Thomas Bowlby was the Berlin correspondent of the "Times" in 1848. A few years later embarrassments arising from unfortunate railway speculations caused him to leave England, and he joined Jullien's American Company as a kind of secretary. But he was of a nature that could not long brook the idea of evading responsibilities, while something peculiarly attractive and winning in his character made his old friends anxious to help him. Delane and his friends of the "Times" generally held out their hands, and Bowlby, with the assistance of a wife whom he was never tired of crediting with her patience and devotion, resolved on an effort to retrieve his position. He received strong encouragement from Delane and Mowbray Morris, and, when Jullien's American tour had come to an end with a "concert monstre" at New York, the report of which in the "Musical World" was from Bowlby's pen, he returned to Europe and took up his quarters at the "Abbaye d'Aywiers."

Jullien's invitation to Davison in August was repeated by Bowlby in September.

"As Jullien sees me writing to England he wishes me to enclose a note for you and beg you will turn your steps hither as soon as the festivals will permit . . . . the Château is in the midst of eighteen acres of garden with fresh streams, charming baths, nice bosquets, and all as far removed from the world as though it were in Arcady instead of being three miles from Waterloo."

And again a week or two later:

"Jullien . . . . reminds you of your promise . . . . The living here's uncommon pleasant. I'm sure you'll find the air agree."—SHELLEY.

"The number of your room is 22 and a dozen of the best champagne that Mme. Veuve Cliquot ever permitted to issue from her cellars has been reserved for your particular drinking.

"Melons, peaches, grapes and pears abound in the garden, which is surrounded by battlefields—Ligny, Quatre Bras, Planchenois, Waterloo, where you can suck melancholy as a weasel sucks eggs.

"If you knew how peculiarly suitable both place and climate are to one knocked up by a London season, if you could realise the pleasure that your arrival would cause to Jullien and myself, and if you also knew that hence to Paris is but ten hours, you would come to Antwerp and through Ravensbourne on Thursday, and on Friday I would meet you with the carriage at Brussels.

"I therefore adjure you by Shelley, by Mendelssohn and by Sofie come forthwith and delay not."

Later in the year Bowlby was in Paris writing letters political to the "Times" and musical to the "Musical World." He was a keen politician and possessed with the idea of fighting Russia to the bitter end. His letters to the "Times" were signed Anglo-Parisian, those to the "Musical World" were from "our own correspondent," and for several months gave an account of Parisian things dramatic and lyrical. Therein were described the production of Berlioz' trilogy, "L'Enfance du Christ," in December, 1854, the career of this and that "star" through the winter, the opening of the Paris Exhibition in May and the production of Verdi's "Vêpres Siciliennes" in June. Meanwhile he had been to Holland on Jullien's behalf to try and engage Jenny Lind, but his mission was a failure.

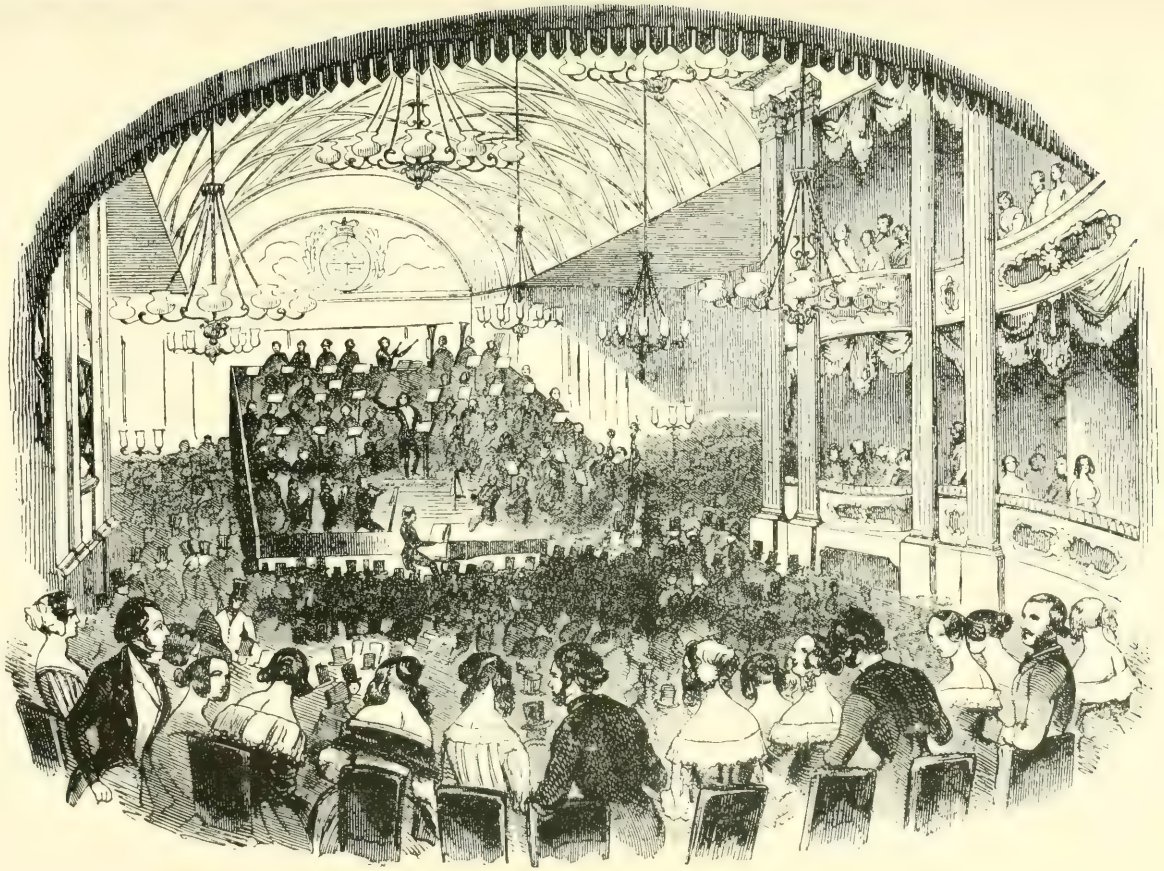
Jullien's promenade concerts at the beginning of 1855, held at Covent Garden, included Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Mozart "festivals," the first half of the evening's entertainment consisting exclusively of works by the composer under celebration. Glancing through the programmes of this series of concerts odd pieces and mixtures may be picked out. Liszt's "patineurs," by Mme. Pleyel, with Jullien's "Pantomime Quadrille," in one of whose figures, entitled Tippetiwitchet, it was the duty of the orchestra to sneeze, snore, gape and laugh *ad libitum*. A Mozart sonata for piano and violin, by Mme. Pleyel and Ernst, in the same programme with the "Grand Allied Armies Quadrille"; a Rossini oratorio selection with "Adelaida" on Mr. Koenig's cornet. But, to quote the "Musical World" on the "Beethoven Festival." "The selection comprised the symphony in C minor, the fifth; the overture to 'Leonora' —the grandest of the 'Fidelio' set; the pianoforte concerto in C minor; the violin concerto—the only one Beethoven wrote; and the contralto song, 'In questa tomba.' Here was a regular Philharmonic Concert, with a difference: the visitor paid one shilling or half-a-crown, as it suited his pocket, in place of half-a-guinea or a guinea," —and the same paper, on the Mendelssohn Festival (at which were performed the "Italian" symphony, the pianoforte concerto in G minor, by Mme. Pleyel; the "Heimkehr" overture, the violin concerto, by Ernst; and "The First Violet" sung by Miss Dolby)—"Many who come to scoff, remain to—hear! Good music is in the ascendant, thanks to M. Jullien, who, by his infusion of the grave with the light in his programme, has transformed a listless and ignorant crowd into an attentive and appreciating audience."

At the Mozart Festival, the programme of which included two symphonies (the E flat and the "Jupiter"), the "Zauberflöte" overture, the pianoforte and violin sonata in E flat and the contralto song, "L'Addio," "the attraction of Mozart's music would seem to have been even greater than that of Beethoven or Mendelssohn, since in the course of five performances there were three encores."

Later in the year we find Jullien with a military band giving concerts to enormous assemblages in the Surrey Zoological Gardens, a place that was, a little later, to bring the enterprising "chef" into misfortune. After this engagement, followed by one of his tours in the provinces, Jullien again retires to his Château and its grounds full of fruit and flowers, to rest. There, towards the end of September, Davison appears to have paid him one of his occasional visits, and then may have occurred the incident Davison related years afterwards, showing his host's real or affected interest in the deep, underlying tonic note of the key of the universe—Davison's accompanying Jullien for a walk through the grounds, Jullien's darting to the trunk of a tree, listening intently and then silently beckoning his guest to approach and bear witness to the note. At the same visit may critic and entrepreneur have discussed the latter's autumn and Christmas campaign, his Covent Garden promenade concerts—Jullien just seized perhaps with the idea of the Fall of Sebastopol as a quadrille. His season opened on November 5—a sinister omen, and was the last season of his prosperity.

Mme. Jullien, an Englishwoman, had, prior to her marriage, kept a flower store. To her may be ascribed those floral decorations of the promenade concerts which the Abbaye d'Aywiers may have supplied.

White prevailed, "the boxes, the walls, the refreshment and the reading-room being hung with white glazed calico, enriched at intervals with ornaments of green and gold. The floral display is excellent. On the stage around the orchestra, immense vases 'are' filled with flowers of every variety. Wreaths of flowers 'are' also suspended from the grand tier with striking effect. To increase the brilliancy of the light, twelve candelabras 'are' suspended round the great chandelier—like satellites round their bigger orb." The effect of the whole struck the "M. W." reporter as one of simplicity. Simple it very probably was in comparison with Gye's dark crimson, and Lumley's yellow satin with the "lustres,



JULLIEN'S CONCERT THE ORCHESTRA

From a print of the period

p. 200.

candelabras, painting and gilding" that put Carlyle in mind of a palace of Haroun Alraschid.

The Jullien concerts were not without their "Analyse Synoptique" or descriptive programme, perhaps from the pen of Bowlby, who had free scope for his fancy in, for instance, the "Fall of Sebastopol," which was the great feature in this season's Jullien concerts. The first figure of this extraordinary quadrille, commencing *pp* with drums and trumpets heard in the distance, represented the advance of the English, French and Turks. The second exemplified the bivouac of the French in the trenches, the ophicleide introducing "Partant pour la Syrie," severally varied by two flutes, a piccolo, a flageolet and four cornets. The third figure contained a Piedmontese "Monferina" interwoven with a march. No. 4 was a reconnaissance in the Valley of Baidar, with a movement of cavalry, followed by a "Dialogue of the Chiefs" (on two cornets)—the cavalry gradually disappearing in the distance. In the fifth and last figure, the Malakoff and Redan were stormed, and the music was intended to convey some idea of "the deafening noise of exploding mines, the roar of cannons, the whistling of the bullets, the hurtling of the shells, the rattling of the drums, the shrill sound of the trumpets, the ships blown into the air, the cries of the fugitives and the shouts of the victors." To relieve all this noise, an episode, in the shape of a recitative on the ophicleide, represented the dying of a Zouave, while the Russian retreat was described in a fugue with respect to which we read in the "Musical World," "the effect of the Principal Theme, given out by the brass instruments with 'augmentation,' as the Contrapuntists call it, after an elaborately worked pedal point of Theme and Episode near the end, is very powerful." A climax to the whole was "Partant pour la Syrie" and "God Save the Queen," "given out by the whole strength of the orchestra with immense pomp." Such a mad medley as this had its fit accompaniment sometimes when knots of young roughs would disturb the crowded promenade with organized riot. To quote police court evidence: "A number of

young men form themselves into a ring and, throwing halfpence, hats or handkerchiefs into the centre, afterwards close in upon any unlucky adventurer who may be imprudent enough to pick up the same. The consequence of these disreputable freaks, in so crowded an assemblage, is especially alarming to the ladies, who are crushed without mercy, and have their bonnets and dresses destroyed in the conflict; while the swell mob of the metropolis have good reason to rejoice in the opportunity thus afforded them by their 'fast' friends, of pursuing their avocation most successfully." These rows usually occurred on the opening night.

Then, on November 5, the "Musical World" informs us that "with such an immense attendance it was not to be wondered at that all did not go smoothly during the evening, and sundry 'rows' in fact disturbed the harmonious proceedings during the second part. Order, however, was soon restored, and the performance was brought to a close in tranquillity."

At this opening night the programme of the first and more orderly part of the concert included the overture to "Euryanthe," the funeral march from the "Eroïca" and the first movement from the "Scotch" symphony. The second part included the movement from a symphony by Bristow, and Jullien's "British Army Quadrilles," a still popular concoction of national tunes.

The "Fall of Sebastopol" was produced on the 16th; on the 28th, the quadrille, reinforced by Albert Smith's "Mont Blanc Polka" and Jullien's "Atlantic Gallop" divided the programme with a Mendelssohn festival of the overture "Ruy Blas," the pianoforte Rondo in E flat, the "Italian" symphony (the *andante con moto* encored) and the instrumental music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (the Wedding March encored).

Of these Mendelssohn nights or festivals there were two. Mozart had one on December 5, when the "Zauberflöte" overture, the E flat Concerto and two entire symphonies, the E flat and the "Jupiter," were given in the first part of the programme, of which the second included a selection from "Don Giovanni."

The Beethoven night on the 10th brought forth the C major pianoforte concerto, the scherzo from the seventh symphony and the first movement of the violin concerto.

On the 11th an overture, "Macbeth," by Loder, was given.

The season ended on the 15th with a miscellaneous concert for Jullien's benefit, and a bal masqué on the night of the 17th, lasting till nearly six o'clock in the morning of the 18th, Jullien retiring at 3.30 and leaving the stick in the hand of his principal cornet, Koenig.

For the next six weeks Jullien, the "Sebastopol Quadrille," his star singer, etc., were touring in the provinces of England, Scotland and Ireland, while his place at Covent Garden was taken by John Henry Anderson, a professor of natural magic, popularly known as the Wizard of the North. Professor Anderson produced a pantomime, one or two plays and one or two operas, but, near the end of his term of ten weeks, dissatisfied with the financial result, he resolved to make up in the last two days of his term for what he may previously have failed to gain, and so gave a long "carnival benefit" beginning on Monday, March 3, at one p.m., lasting twelve hours straight off till Tuesday at one a.m., to be resumed with its gas and heat and toil, at seven p.m. the same evening, as a bal masqué, ending at four or five, Wednesday morning, with the National Anthem, the unexpected descent of portions of burning roof and a dispersal of masquers and musicians as hurried as that in the last act of Mozart's "Don Juan." All having luckily escaped, the place was soon in a blaze, and daylight showed, instead of the Royal Italian Opera House, some blackened ruins. The operatic bal masqués organised by Jullien may have been characterised by a low-lived kind of jollity, but, if we may credit the descriptions called forth by the fire, the professor's ball must have been something unexampled, as a scene of vice. A lurid and unexpected illumination no doubt heightened the effect and threw the details into bold relief. Hence the virtue of the press, long drowsy,

woke up scandalised, and the Wizard was denounced in unmeasured terms, not only for pandering to the lowest form of pleasure, but for culpable negligence, if not, as was broadly hinted, incendiarism. An inquiry was held, but led to nothing, the Wizard was insured for £2,000, Mr. Gye (away in Paris at the time) for £8,000, but the damage was estimated at £300,000, and Jullien, much of whose musical property was stored in the theatre, was a heavy loser. The burning of Covent Garden looks like his first push down the dale from which there was to be no getting out.

From Bow Street and blackened ruins of Covent Garden we are transported to "most lovely April weather. The woods are putting on their vernal attire, the banks are covered with wild flowers, violets, daffodils, jonquils, primroses and a host of others whose names I know not. The cuckoo has been heard, the wild pigeons coo in the woods, and the first nightingale has already toned his tuneful pipe. How I wish you were here, or where I was last week, on the highest plateau of the Ardennes, right in the midst of the forest of S. Hubert. How we would 'fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world,' and discourse of Shakespeare, Mendelssohn and Shelley. But that which is deferred is not lost, and I expect you here in the autumn."

So, on April 10, writes Bowlby from Chaudfontaine where he has taken a house. In the same letter he refers to Jullien undaunted by his loss at Covent Garden, "I have been daily expecting to hear from Jullius Cæsar, who promised us a visit about this time en route for Germany, but I have not heard of his news. Where is he?" The doughty "Mons" was beating the covers of the continent from Paris to Berlin for musical game.

Near the time of the fire he was at Brighton after his provincial tour. He had now another tour in contemplation (Liverpool, Birmingham, etc.) Four days after Bowlby had written from Chaudfontaine asking, "Where is he," the "Mons" was giving Davison news from Paris:

*Je t'ai bien promis de ne pas t'écrire, c'est pour cela que je t'écris. Je suis déjà ici depuis huit jours, je comptais n'y rester que quatre, mais c'est impossible de sortir de ce gouffre d'art, de mouvement, de plaisir, de joie et de bruit, j'ai bien vu et bien entendu—mais je voudrais voir et entendre encore—d'abord Médée et la Ristori, puis Manon Lescaut et Cabel, puis Fanchonnette et Miolan-Carvalho; il y a des concerts partout et toujours, j'ai été à ceux du Conservatoire et à ceux de Vivier, pour le dernier j'ai payé vingt francs—par protection s'il vous plaît—c'était vraiment superbe, toute la société d'amateurs d'élite était là, la recette a dû être par ce que j'ai pu juger, de cinq à six mille francs. Vivier a joué parfaitement—mieux que jamais—et ses nouvelles compositions sont charmantes, surtout le duo pour tenor et cor chanté par Guémard de l'opéra. Bottesini a eu un véritable triomphe au concert du conservatoire de dimanche dernier, depuis Paganini il n'y a pas eu de pareil succès, les artistes de l'orchestre surtout étaient comme des fous, ils applaudissaient, criaient, vociféraient des bravos indéfiniment prolongés, cassaient leurs archets sur leurs instruments, frappaient des pieds, se tordaient, se mordaient, et surtout me rappelaient mes animaux tant regrettés du Zoologique, que je vais maintenant remplacer par des musiciens qui certes sont sous tous les rapports dignes de leur succéder—enfin disons vrai—jamais en Angleterre, ni en Amérique Bottesini n'avait eu un pareil succès.

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* [*Translation*]. I promised I would not write to you, that is why I am writing. I have already been here eight days, though I meant to stay only four. But it's impossible to get out of this whirlpool of art, animation, pleasure, joy and noise. I have seen and heard lots of things—but I want to see and hear more—first "Medea" and Ristori, then "Manon Lescaut" and Cabel, then "Fanchonnette" and Miolan-Carvalho. Concerts are going on everywhere and all the time. I attended those at the Conservatoire, and Vivier's. For the latter I paid twenty francs and by favour if you please. It was really superb, all the amateurs of the élite were there. The receipts must have amounted as far as I can reckon, to five or six thousand francs. Vivier's playing was perfection—better than ever—and his latest compositions are charming,

J'ai été désappointé dans l'orchestre du Conservatoire, car je croyais les trouver sous tous les rapports au dessous de ceux de Londres, y compris la philharmonique l'opéra et même le mien, mais j'ai entendu tout de suite que sous le rapport des violons, ils sont bien supérieurs aux miens et à ceux de Londres en général. J'ai voulu en engager quelques uns, ils ont tous décliné, ayant de meilleures places à Paris et me disant tous: Paris et du pain sec. C'est un peu sec en effet, mais c'est ainsi—pourtant j'ai fait quelqu'autres engagements, par exemple des Basses à cordes et à vent—Saxe—quelques violons moins bons que ceux du Conservatoire quant à ce moment, mais qui pourraient être formés à l'orchestre bientôt, étant de première force. Je cherche encore des violons, ils sont vraiment bons ici, même ceux de l'opéra et de l'opéra comique.

J'ai entendu les nouveaux concerts Musard—fils—la salle est bien plus petite que celle du Casino de Londres. C'est pour cela que j'ai refusé d'y aller pendant l'exposition de l'industrie. J'ai été aussi à un bal donné dans la même salle. C'était bien pauvre.

J'espère partir le plus tôt pour Aywiers où Mme. Jullien m'attend, et filer en Allemagne tout de suite pour engager les artistes que je n'ai pu trouver à Londres ou à Paris. J'ai vu ici Ferdinand Hiller, il sera à Cologne dans quelques jours et m'a promis de m'aider autant qu'il pourrait à trouver ce que je cherche, mais je crains que

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especially a duet for tenor and horn sung by Guémard from the opera. Bottesini, at the Conservatoire Concert last Sunday had a regular triumph. There has been no success equal to it since Paganini The orchestra players especially were like madmen, applauding, cheering, shouting bravos without end, banging their bows on their fiddles, stamping their feet, writhing, gnashing their teeth, in fact reminding me of those dearly regretted Zoological animals of mine which I am going to replace by musicians who, assuredly, will be, in every respect, worthy to succeed them. In fact, and in very truth, never in England or America did Bottesini have such a success. The Conservatoire orchestra disappointed me. For I expected to find them inferior all round, to the London orchestras, the Philharmonic, the Opera, and even my own, included But I perceived at once that as regards violinists. they are far above mine and above those of London generally. I wanted

j'aurai de la peine, et que mon projet d'orchestre modèle ne sera pas si aisé à réaliser que je croyais d'abord.

J'ai parlé de toi avec Vivier—tout le monde ici parle du "Musical World" et de Davison, on dit comme on disait de Napoléon I., ce n'est pas un homme, c'est un système, on te regarde comme le système classique, je ne t'ai pas défendu.

A few days afterwards he is in Germany and is confronted in all directions by Wagner in tide-flow.

BERLIN, *29 Avril, 1856.*

*Depuis mon départ de Paris j'ai—musicalement parlant—descendu une échelle chromatique des plus extraordinaires, après avoir été charmé dans la capitale de

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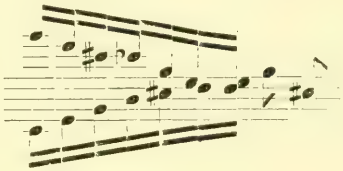
to engage some of them, but they all declined, as they had better positions in Paris, and they all said: "Paris and a crust of dry bread." It *is* rather dry, but so it is. However, I managed to bring off a few engagements here, string basses, for instance, and wind basses—saxophones—some violinists, also, not quite so good, as yet, as those of the Conservatoire, but likely to prove good orchestral material, being first-rate players. I am still on the look out for violinists. They are really capital here, even those of the Opera and the Opera Comique. I have heard the new Musard concerts—Musard, the son the concert-room is much smaller than the London Casino. That was my reason for refusing to go there during the Industrial Exhibition. I went to a ball, also, that was given in the same room. It was very poor. I am hoping to make an early start for Aywiers, where Mme. Jullien expects me, and then to cut off to Germany at once, to engage the artists I couldn't find in London or Paris. I saw Ferdinand Hiller here; he is going to Cologne in a few days and he promises to help me to find what I am seeking, but I am afraid I shall have some trouble and that my projected model orchestra will be nothing like so easy to realize as I at first hoped. Vivier and I talked about you—everybody here talks about the "Musical World" and about Davison and they say, as people used to say about Napoleon the First: "He is not a man, he is a system." They look upon you as the classical system. I didn't contradict them.

* [*Translation*]. Berlin. April 29, 1856. Since leaving Paris, I have—in a musical sense—descended a most extraordinary chromatic scale. After being delighted in the capital of France by the

France par l'exécution des ouvrages allemands des maîtres les plus savants, je passe par la Belgique où j'entends quelque chose de beaucoup moins bien, j'arrive à Cologne où il y a encore diminuendo considérable, enfin de ville en ville à mesure que je m'approche du Nord j'entends de la musique de plus en plus mauvaise, de sorte que j'ai peur d'aller plus loin dans la crainte de trouver un passage impraticable dans le genre de celui tenté par Franklin, passage que j'ai presque retrouvé hier dans la musique de Vagner

quelque chose dans ce genre par une clarinette trop haute et un hautbois trop bas, la clarinette joue bien mais faux, le hautbois joue mal, mais plus faux encore; les cuivres sont terribles, mais après tout, comme tout le monde est content, et que le théâtre fait fortune avec Tannhäuser, je crois que j'étais aussi content que les

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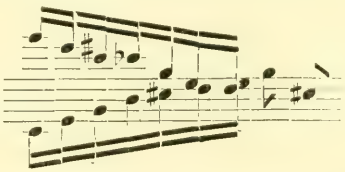
performance of German works by the finest masters, I traverse Belgium and hear what is much less good, I arrive at Cologne where there is a further and considerable descent. In fact, city by city, as I travel north I hear worse and worse music, so that I am afraid to proceed any further lest I should come to some impracticable passage like that attempted by Franklin, and I almost reached such a passage yesterday in Wagner's music, something like this

by a clarinet too sharp and an oboe too flat, the clarionet well played, but out of tune, the oboe ill played and more out of tune. The brass is fearful, but, after all, since everybody is satisfied, and

10 Juin [1863].

Mon cher Fortin paresseux!
pour te punir de ta paresse
de ton manque de parole, de
ton manque d'amitié, de
ton manque de tout ... je
t'adresse encore un visiteur
Mr Pfeiffer qui est fort désireux
de faire ta connaissance ...
accueille-le bien. Nous montons
les Troyens pour le mois de
novembre. adieu je te serre la
main. à toi H Berlioz

BERLIOZ. FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO J. W. D.
(Written from Paris, to introduce the bearer, M. Pfeiffer.)

For Translation see next page.

To face page 208.

My dear confounded lazybones!

To punish you for your laziness, your want of faith, your want of friendship, your want of everything . . . . I am sending you another pianist, Mr. Pfeiffer, who is particularly desirous of making your acquaintance . . . . give him a good reception. We are getting up "Les Troyens" for November. Good-bye.

Yours ever,

H. BERLIOZ.

autres . . . . à propos de le Tannhäuser, il me poursuit de ville en ville, et partout j'ai la plus grande difficulté à obtenir des billets en payant quelque fois double prix, de sorte que je te dirai ce que je t'ai dit en 1842 de Meyerbeer, en 1850 de Verdi—*tu mangeras du Vagner.* C'est fort absurde, mais c'est ainsi, et ce sera ainsi, tant que le public et les quatres cinquièmes de la presse ne sauront pas la musique.

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the theatre is coining money out of "Tannhäuser," I suppose I am as satisfied as everybody else . . . . "Tannhäuser" pursues me from city to city, and yet I have the greatest difficulty in getting seats even by paying sometimes as much as double the advertised price, so that I can tell you now what I told you in 1842 about Meyerbeer, and in 1850 about Verdi—you will have to feed on Wagner. It's most absurd, but so it is, and so it will be so long as the public and four-fifths of the critics, as well, remain ignorant of music.

CHAPTER XVI.

Verdi and Meyerbeer dominating opera in London in the earlier fifties—"Rigoletto" produced in 1853—Giulia Grisi's farewell in 1854—Her return to the Royal Italian Opera in 1855—Production in that year of "Il Trovatore" and "L'Etoile du Nord"—Production of "La Traviata" in 1856—Marietta Piccolomini—Johanna Wagner—Opera at Her Majesty's, at the Lyceum, at Drury Lane and at Sadler's Wells—Balfe—Jullien in the provinces—And again at the Surrey Zoological Gardens—Formation of a company—Jullien engaged as musical conductor—Musical festivals in 1856 and 1857—Collapse of the Royal Surrey Gardens Company—Other gardens—Smoky Percy Street—Letter from Thackeray—Marschner—Meyerbeer.

WITH the new movement looming in the distance, with a touch or two of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser," followed by the first of something very different, the music of Schumann, the fifties saw the rapid rise of another two-winged movement, that of Verdi and Meyerbeer; the one a vigorous reflux from the apparently ebbing tide of Italian opera, the other a mingled stream of old and new waters—Verdi and Meyerbeer, bugbears of the "Musical Examiner," now looked at askance by the "Musical World," in a measure converted only in the case of the German composer.

Since the days of the "Musical Examiner," sympathetically interested in Schumann, railing at "Les Huguenots" and "La Juive" and also at "Young Verdi," brass blarer, choral unison bawler and general voice destroyer, much water had passed under the bridge. Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini had sunk into the background, no school of English opera had come to the fore. Art's Evil One had taken a new shape and the old objects of

attack were to be regarded as something like allies in resistance to a greater power. Britain no longer minded the Picts and Scots, for the Saxons (even from Dresden and Leipzig) were beginning to make themselves felt.

From this time the tone of the "Musical World" towards Verdi and Meyerbeer, especially the latter, was modified, if it did not become absolutely enthusiastic.

Meyerbeer's operas, thanks in a measure to Jenny Lind, the Alice of "Roberto," to Viardot, the Fides of "Le Prophète," and to Mario and Grisi, the Raoul and Valentine of "Les Huguenots," now held the stage. At the Royal Italian Opera which, from 1853, had the field to itself, "Rigoletto" was produced on May 10 of that year —Bosio, Mario and Ronconi taking the principal parts. The "Musical World's" verdict was as follows: "There is little offensive music in 'Rigoletto'; the ears are seldomer stunned than in most of the composer's other works and there is, we fancy, less pretence in the writing. Nevertheless Verdi's sins are apparent in every scene. Poverty of ideas, an eternal effort at originality—never accomplished, strange and odd phrases, lack of colouring and a perpetual swagger in the dramatic effects, are unmistakably true Verdi . . . . Yet there are airs—melodies if you will—in 'Rigoletto,' which are sure to find favour with the barrel organs."

The following year Grisi made her farewell, amid scenes of extraordinary excitement and enthusiasm. She had now been twenty years on the London stage, and, in parts she had made her own—Norma and Lucrezia Borgia—she appeared for the last time—so it was announced. Nothing and nobody else at the opera was noticed. Having bidden farewell to England, she accompanied Mario to America, and this looked like a further fall for the Bellini-Donizetti opera, but the great prima donna's disappearance lasted only till the following season Her attraction to the focus of her long triumphs was too great, and, on May 24, 1855, to the disappointment of the lovers of consistency she reappeared in Donizetti's "Favorita." This season both Verdi and Meyerbeer brought over a new work and London was

listening at almost one and the same time to Wagner's "Lohengrin," Berlioz' "Romeo and Juliet," Verdi's "Il Trovatore" and Meyerbeer's "L'étoile du Nord," and harbouring their respective composers.

"L'étoile du Nord" was originally the "Feldlager in Silesia," which Jenny Lind was to have introduced in 1847, and was one of the works promised in Lumley's prospectus, together with Mendelssohn's "Tempest."

1856 saw a further Verdian advance in the production of "La Traviata," the tide culminating in 1857 in Verdi festivals at Exeter Hall under Alfred Mellon, and at the Surrey Gardens under Jullien. Thus did the public help itself to what tickled its taste, careless of keeping alive the fire of a national art which the bellows of music critics could not blow into a flame.

In 1856, London Italian opera again had its two big rival establishments. The destruction of Covent Garden was regarded by Lumley as the destruction of the Royal Italian opera and he launched once more into operatic speculation. He got hold of two new and very different "stars," and Her Majesty's Theatre after a closure of four years was re-opened. "La Traviata" and one of the "stars," Mdlle. Piccolomini, were brought forward at the same time, the young lady being introduced as the grand-niece of a Pope of Rome, and as having created a furore in Italy. In London her success was immense. If neither greatly gifted vocally, nor remarkably trained, she was declared to be, anyhow, a little genius, with "le diable dans le corps."

A Piccolomini waltz was published with an authentic portrait of the lady. Its composer was Albert Wagner—not to be confounded with the elder brother of the composer of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," and father of Mr. Lumley's other "star" of 1856. This was the long awaited Mdlle. Johanna Wagner, who came to London with a letter of introduction to Davison from Liszt. Her success, if less widely popular than that of Mdlle. Piccolomini, was nevertheless of a sensational kind. She was cast for "Lucrezia Borgia," "Tancredi" and "I Montecchi ed i Capuletti," making her appearance and chief

success as Romeo in the last-named opera. Berlioz, in London at this time, shared the general curiosity and was excited into writing in English:

Mon Cher Devison,

Can you have too places for us in your Box for the Wagner's Début?

If I have not an answer to-morrow, I will understand an impossibility.

Thousand friendships,

Your,
H. BERLIOZ.

Gye meanwhile having made arrangements with the principals of his company, had found a harbour of refuge at the Lyceum, where he was helped through the season by Mario and Grisi, Bosio, Ronconi and Michael Costa. London this year was rich in opera. Opera in Italian was housed not only at Her Majesty's and at the Lyceum, but, a new venture, at the Surrey, with cheap prices.

Drury Lane had for some years been the home of a variety entertainment, occasionally including grand opera. In 1855 Mr. E. T. Smith, the then lessee, had stolen a march on Mr. Gye, and brought out without the composer's leave, a version of "L'étoile du Nord." In 1856, operas of Verdi and Donizetti were given in English, in company with the non-lyrical drama, that, for instance, in which the Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, made their appearance.

At Sadler's Wells, Mr. Howard Glover, the celebrated actress' son, a composer, teacher and critic of music, made a venture in mixed entertainment, with the help of Sims Reeves, who played Fra Diavolo and sang the "Bay of Biscay." Balfe was the *chef d'orchestre*. He had been away from England since the closing of Her Majesty's Theatre in 1852, touring on the continent with varying success—first in St. Petersburg, then in Vienna, then, during 1854 in Italy, where the "Bohemian Girl" was given. Towards the end of 1854 he was in Trieste bringing out a new opera called "Pittore e Duca." From time

to time, as he wandered in foreign parts, he would write to his friend Davison, keeping him posted up in his (Balfe's) doings, and so, in November, 1854, came a letter to Davison recounting the fortunes that had befallen him and his "Pittore e Duca." An edition of Balfe's letter appeared in the "Musical World," and is interesting compared with Balfe's original.

May, 1856, finds Jullien at Manchester with a band of Zouaves. He writes:

15 Mai, 1856.

*Mon cher Davison,

Le succès des Zouaves n'est plus douteux, c'est la meilleure chose que j'aie apportée du continent jusqu'à ce jour—comme succès s'entend.

Nous avons eu la pluie depuis le premier jour et hier les parapluies couvraient douze mille personnes qui ont écouté dans l'eau jusqu'à la cheville ma bande modèle. Ce sera réellement un orchestre militaire modèle—tu pourras juger toi-même quand tu l'entendras. Saxe m'a beaucoup aidé dans cette affaire, ainsi que Courtois et quelques artistes des Guides—voici la composition: 1 picolo en Fa aigu, 1 en Re-B, dit en Mi B, 1 flute tierce, deux grandes flutes, 1 petite clarinette en Fa aigu, 2 en Mi B soprano, 8 en Si B, 1 alto en Fa, 1 basse, 2 Saxophones en Si B, deux en Mi B, ténors, 1 en Si B Basse, 2 Bassons, 1 contra fagotto, 2 hautbois, voilà pour le bois et les anches.

* [*Translation*]. May 15, 1856. My Dear Davison—The success of the Zouaves is no longer doubtful, it's the best thing I have yet brought from the Continent, in the way of successes. We have had nothing but rain, and yesterday, umbrellas covered twelve thousand people who listened to my model band, ankle deep in water. It will really be a model military orchestra, you can judge for yourself when you hear it. Saxe helped me a great deal in this business, as did also Courtois and some of the Guides' artists—and the band is thus made up: one piccolo in F sharp, one in D flat, E flat, so-called, one tierce flute, two big flutes, one small clarinet in F sharp, two in E flat soprano, eight in B flat, one alto in F, one bass, two saxophones in B flat, two in E flat, tenors, one in B flat, bass, two bassoons, one contra fagotto, two oboes; so much for the wood and the reeds. One high saxhorn, B flat, one

1 saxhorn aigu Si B, un soprano Mi B, deux Si B altos —2 Mi B Bariton, 2 Si B Basso, 2 Mi B contra-Basso, 2 ophicleide (Hughs et Colosanti), 1 timballier, 1 tambour, 1 triangle et cymballes et un G. C. Cela avec quelques contre basses *extras* forme un ensemble de cinquante qui peut jouer comme cent, et aussi piano qu'un piano comme nous l'avons fait dans les symphonies de Beethoven et Mendelssohn.

Je t'envoie ces détails pour que si (par chance) tu voudrais faire un article même dans le "Musical World," tu sois au courant de tout, car en arrivant à Londres nous jouerons devant la reine et les autorités militaires pour tenter une réforme dans les bandes anglaises comme elle a été trouvée nécessaire sur tout le continent.

Ton ami semper,

JULLIEN.

BRISTOL, *le 23 Mai, 1856.*

*Mon cher ami,

Je ne t'ai pas écrit quand je n'étais pas content, aujourd'hui je suis heureux—je t'écris.

The *Model Band*, un orchestre militaire modèle répond parfaitement à l'attente du public, je dirai même à la

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soprano E flat, two B flat altos, two E flat baritones, two B flat bass, two E flat double bass, two ophicleides (Hughes and Colosanti), one kettledrum, one drum, one triangle and cymbals and one big drum. Those with some *extra* double basses make a total of fifty who can be as effective as a hundred, and as piano *as* a piano, as we showed in the symphonies of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. I send you these details in order that if, perchance you should wish to write an article even in the "Musical World," you may be *au courant* with all, for when we come to London, we are to play before the Queen and the military authorities, with a view to attempting a reform of the English bands, similar to that which has been found necessary in all parts of the Continent. Ever your friend, Jullien.

* [*Translation*]. Bristol, May 23, 1856. My dear Friend—I did not write to you so long as I was not pleased, now that I *am* pleased —I write to you. The Model Band, a model military orchestra completely fulfils the public expectation, I may even say my own. It is as near perfection as can be expected from a collection of artists drawn from Germany, France, Italy, Belgium and England. The bands of the Paris, and, more especially, the Brussels "Guides" are

mienne. Sa position maintenant est aussi près de la perfection qu'on peut l'attendre d'un choix d'artistes fait en Allemagne, en France, en Italie, en Belgique et en Angleterre—les musiques des guides de Paris et surtout de Bruxelles ont un grand mérite sans doute comme ensemble —force—accord—puissance de jouer piano, etc. etc., mais je crois que j'ai obtenu tout cela dans quinze jours, tandis que ces musiques n'auront jamais un Koenig, un Arban, un Duhenne, Leloup, Wuille, Rechert, Hughes, Simar Lavigne, Demange—Basse ou plutôt contre-basse de Saxe *prodigieux!* et enfin Colasanti, etc. etc. Je crois vraiment que tu seras content, je puis peut-être ajouter un peu surpris, car cela a été fait bien vite.

Hier à Exeter nous avons eu près de dix mille personnes, on disait: toute la ville et toute la noblesse des environs est ici—c'était vraiment beau—le succès a été prodigieux.

As-tu remarqué que le "Times" est le seul journal en Europe, qui n'a pas encore dit un mot sur mes pauvres Zouaves?

Tout à toi pour la vie et à la mort

JULLIEN.

Jullien had had to do with the Surrey Zoological Gardens early in the course of his English career. In 1855—earlier in which year a suggestion had been thrown out that Jullien should organise indoor concerts at the Crystal Palace—a scheme was hatched for the transform-

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no doubt great as regards unity—strength—cohesion—ability to play *piano*, etc., but I think I have obtained all that in a fortnight; on the other hand, those bands will never have such players as Koenig, Arban, Duhenne, Leloup, Wuille, Reichert, Hughes, Simar, Lavigne, Demange—a bass, or rather, double bass saxophone player of prodigious talent! and finally, Colasanti, etc. I really think you will be pleased, I will even venture to say, rather surprised, considering the short time we have had. Yesterday, at Exeter, we had close on ten thousand people—it was said that the whole city was present and all the neighbouring nobility—it was really splendid—the success was prodigious. Have you noticed that the "Times" is the only European paper that has not yet said a word about my poor Zouaves? Thine for life and until death, Jullien.

ation of the Zoological Gardens into a sort of Crystal Palace with a gigantic music hall.

A company was formed, and, Jullien investing a considerable sum, he was engaged as musical conductor for a period of five years. The music hall: length, 170; width, 60; height, 72 feet; and capable of holding ten thousand people, was finished in the spring of 1856. The inauguration took place on Tuesday, the 15th of July, when Jullien with an orchestra and choir numbering one thousand, among them singers picked from the choirs of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bradford and Leeds, with Clara Novello, and with Sims Reeves, gave the "Messiah." It was the first time apparently that Jullien had conducted oratorio in England, and he was received with acclamations. The concert was followed by fireworks in the gardens, and these by fireworks of a more impressive character accompanied by waterworks, for scarcely had the last rocket ascended when a thunderstorm, which had for some time been muttering, and lightning burst over the gardens, the rain driving the crowd to the shelter of the "Palace" where they amused themselves by improvising a concert of their own.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday the musical festival went on, almost all of the best music performed by the best artists. Jullien had certainly made an effort to reach a much higher standard of excellence than before. Within these few days were performed the "Messiah" and "Elijah," Mozart's "Jupiter" and Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphonies, and the overtures to "Egmont," "Leonora," "Oberon," "Le Jeune Henri" and "Fra Diavolo"; while amongst the singers and instrumentalists were Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Madame Rudersdorff and Madame Gassier, Arabella Goddard, Sims Reeves, Sivori and Bottesini. Among the conductors was the once highly promising author of the "Night Dancers," Edward Loder—now almost at the end of his career. On the last day of the opening week, a concert of miscellaneous music was given. The programme included two entire symphonies, Mozart's E flat and Beethoven's C minor, two of Weber's overtures; the Ruler of the Spirits and the

Jubilee and the same composer's Concertstück played by Miss Arabella Goddard (also Jullien's own Marche Symphonique entitled La Paix). Among the singers were Clara Novello and Alboni; among the instrumentalists Piatti and Bottesini. It will thus be seen that if miscellaneous and very long, the concert was of excellent materials.

The price of admission every day during the inaugural week was half-a-crown. On the second week this was reduced to one shilling at which it remained.

The season came to a termination on the 30th of September with a "monster concert" in three parts. The first included a selection from Mendelssohn's "Elijah" for selecting from and therefore mutilating which, Jullien got rapped over the knuckles by the "Times" critic. The second part, of a miscellaneous character, gave the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, the "genial old ballad" —"John Anderson my Joe," a violoncello fantasia of Servais played by Master De Munck, and the allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, while in the third, and still more "miscellaneous" part, was the overture to "Oberon," followed by divers pieces, ballads, polkas and cornet solos, the whole ending in fireworks.

With regard to the pecuniary affairs of the Royal Surrey Gardens Company, the "Times" said: "A paragraph in the first half-yearly report, to the effect that, after defraying all expenses, a surplus remains on hand, sufficient to pay a dividend upon the paid up capital of five per cent. for the half year, ending January 1, 1857, affords satisfactory proof that they are in tolerably good order," but as a matter of fact, the company was actually in sight of bankruptcy. The second season commenced in May, 1857, inaugurated with "a grand performance of 'Elijah'—the principals, chorus and band numbering close on a thousand persons. The weather, which threatened a storm in the afternoon was all that could be desired in the evening; and long before the doors were opened, an enormous crowd besieged the gates. The arrangements for admitting the public were most defective, and the managers do not seem to have profited by

the experience they gained on the occasion of the Guard's Dinner, and at the Alboni nights last season. No barriers were erected, and each individual was required to pass through a "turnstile," and through a fight to reach it. After much crushing and confusion the crowd overpowered the police, and upwards of five hundred persons obtained admission to the gardens without payment.

"Long before the hour for which the performance was announced the great hall was filled to overflowing, every nook and corner which could afford even standing room being occupied. It was music, and music alone that had attracted this enormous assemblage. Mendelssohn's oratorio of 'Elijah' was the sole inducement, the ordinary amusements being suppressed for the evening; there were no fireworks, and no circus, the gardens were not illuminated, and there were no adventitious temptations of any sort or description. M. Jullien might well be proud of his audience, the experiences of the past season had taught them how worthily he interpreted the works of the greatest masters, and from that of many years they knew that he never made a pledge which he did not fulfil. Although so late as Friday night he gave a concert at Rotterdam, yet punctual to a moment he appeared at the head of an orchestra, vocal and instrumental, a thousand strong, supported by principal singers of the highest rank. He had an enormous reception. He was welcomed as an old friend and a public benefactor, the first who brought good music within the means of the masses, and the only one who had such faith in the cause as to give, not only an efficient, but a first-rate performance of 'Elijah' for one shilling." So wrote the "Musical World."

Presently a grand musical congress was announced to begin on the 12th of June and last for ten days—thus beginning three days before and ending three days after the Handel Festival essay at the Crystal Palace.

The programme which included the "Creation," the "Seasons," "Elijah," Rossini and Verdi festivals, and Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Mozart nights, the whole to conclude with the "Messiah," was in great part carried out.

It may well be that the Handel Festival essay at the Crystal Palace took the wind out of Jullien's sails, and hastened the collapse of the Royal Surrey Gardens, which became publicly known in August, with a discreditable tale of mismanagement, of a lease with not twelve years to run being bought for fourteen thousand pounds, of a dividend being declared when collapse was in sight. Jullien was not a director and he cannot, therefore, be held responsible in these matters. For him the concern appears to have meant prodigious musical efforts, and the loss of over three thousand pounds, another of fortune's knock-down blows following quickly on that of the Covent Garden loss.

Jullien went on conducting the concerts till the season closed in the first week of September, and very shortly afterwards he was in his "Belgian Retreat" where—the old and universal story—amidst pure air and water, fresh fruit, green trees and quiet, the poor Mons, refreshed and recovered somewhat from his worries, plucked up courage again, made fresh plans, and broached them in a letter of almost forced facetiousness wherein he invites Davison to join him and that bird, of which the sitter-up-late-o'nights was so fit a companion.

AYWIERS.

le 15 Septembre, 1857.

*Je suis arrivé ici il y a quatre jours, si fatigué, si malade et si ennuyé, qu'il m'a été impossible de prendre ma plume même pour composer, mais aujourd'hui il me semble que le poids qui était sur ma poitrine est plus léger, et la première personne à qui je veux parler, c'est toi.

* [*Translation*]. Aywiers, September 15, 1857. I got here four days ago, so tired, so ill and so worried, that I could not take a pen up even to compose, but to-day the weight on my chest seems lighter, and you are the first person I want to speak to. I am at last beginning to hope that *hope* is once more going to dawn in my soul, and that I shall cease asking myself: what's the good of music? what's the good of creation? what's the good of life? Meanwhile time here flows very quietly. The country is very beautiful;

Enfin je commence à *espérer* qu'un jour l'espérance renaîtra dans mon âme, et que je ne me ferai plus ces questions : à quoi bon la musique ? à quoi bon le monde ? à quoi bon la vie ?

Cependant le temps s'écoule bien doucement ici, la campagne est bien belle, les fruits sont délicieux, l'eau fraîche, l'air pur, la maison est dans un état admirable, et je ne puis passer devant ta chambre sans me dire : " Si Davison était ici, je pourrai peut-être sourire une fois encore."

Viens donc, c'est la dernière chose que tu m'as promise le jour que je t'ai vu chez toi. Viens tout de suite ! et tu verras . . . .

Hier la chouette a poussé des cris terribles à minuit, elle a épouvanté tous les oiseaux qui dormaient dans le bois, elle semblait dire : " Davison, Davison, je veux mon Davison, personne ici ne fait attention à moi, il n'y a que lui qui m'a rendu hommage, il sait que je suis la reine des nuits, et que je reigne à Aywiers depuis le crépuscule du soir jusqu'à l'aurore matinale, Davison seul peut m'apprécier, parceque c'est un animal de la même espèce," et elle a frappé l'air de ses ailes et crié trois fois

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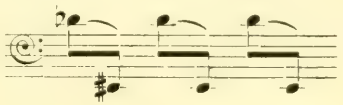
the fruit is delicious, the water fresh, the air pure; the house is in first-rate condition, and I never pass the door of your room without thinking: If Davison were here, perhaps I could smile again. Then come, it's the last thing you promised me the day I saw you at your house. Come at once, and you will see . . . . Last night at twelve an owl uttered the most terrible screams, so that all the birds who slept in the wood were appalled. It seemed to say: " Davison, Davison, give me Davison. Nobody here notices me. He alone has paid me court. He knows that I am the Queen of night, and that I reign at Aywiers from the evening gloaming until sunrise. Davison alone appreciates me, for he is a bird of the same feather," thrice she smote the air with her wings, thrice did she scream

avec un accent appellatif qui voulait évidemment dire, Davison, Davison, Davison!

Viens donc dans tous les cas, ta santé l'exige—ne risque pas de passer deux ans sans venir sur le continent. Que deviendraient le saumon et l'Anglais s'ils ne remontaient pas un ruisseau d'eau fraîche tous les ans—sois donc Anglais et viens te rafraîchir aux fontaines d'Aywiers. Malgré que je ne suis plus riche, il y a encore quelque chose à manger et à *boire!* Ce dernier mot est pour toi —en passant.

Adieu—je te serre la main,

JULLIEN.

P.S. Amène ton frère sans faute, entends-tu?

Earlier in the same year, Bowlby, also in Belgium had written: "Far removed from politics, operas, coteries and what not, etc., I feel ten years younger since I breathed this air, beheld this scenery, and caught trout, three of which I have but just eaten. Why art thou not here? Why wilt thou not come some day and lie with me, 'Under an oak whose antique root peeps out, beside the brook that brawls along the wood.'

"I know every bit of the forest now—the place where Orlando met the liar—where Touchstone chaffed Jacques —where Amiens sang 'Under the Greenwood Tree'— where the greasy citizens swept by their wounded brother stag; and I'll never rest till I have thee here, so come peaceably and soon!"

And, a few spring weeks later, after matters of business

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with an appellative accent which meant unmistakably, Davison, Davison, Davison! Come, anyhow; your health demands it—do not rashly let two years pass without visiting the continent. What would the salmon and the Englishman do if they did not remount a stream of fresh water every year. Then be an Englishman, come and refresh yourself at the springs of Aywiers. Although I am no longer a rich man, there is still something to eat here and to *drink!* That last word is meant for you, by the way. Adieu—I greet thee, Jullien.

P.S. Bring your brother with you, without fail, do you understand?

of Jullien . . . . "I go now to lie me down and bask me in the sun, for the morning is heavenly and all is May around me. Would that I could transport thee for an hour out of smoky Percy Street."

And a few days afterwards, in the middle of May: "How on earth do you manage to get through all your work; two operas, Crystal Palace, park music, two philharmonics, musical union and private concerts are too much for any man. I wish I had the French papers again, I would do something each week for the 'Musical World.'"

In "smoky Percy Street," Bloomsbury, Davison was living his busy Bohemian life, with its round of operas, concerts and oratorios to be attended and then written about, a round which does not seem to have become, even after so many years a treadmill task to him. He loved the country, but the life of a great city with its constant excitement, its artist figures old and new, with its nocturnal Falstaffian or Warringtonian haunts and its Bohemian friends' faces, all these had not lost their power to fascinate. And so between the dingy columns of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, the Lyceum and Exeter Hall and the big squares, with occasional musical trips to the Crystal Palace and regular visits to the paternal home at Brompton, the "Times" critic spent his days, like a thorough denizen of Prague, in study smoke and playhouse glare followed by confabulations with Oxenford, Shirley Brooks and the like, though earlier friends retained the old hold, until the time for Percy Street repose and almost cock crow. Davison, through the literary set, to which he belonged, saw not a little of Thackeray, who, name-inventor unsurpassed save by Shakespeare, yet owed to Davison that of one of his characters, the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe. A letter from Thackeray belongs to 1856.

36, Onslow Square,
Brompton,
6th August, 1856.

Dear Davison,

I shall gladly propose or second you at the G. and have often thought that you ought to belong to our In-

stitution. I don't know what or who caused your former misadventure; but was blackballed at a club myself the other day, and heard the news very philosophically knowing that literary men must make enemies as they make friends, unknown to themselves. If I were you instead of having me and Dickens for your sponsors, I would have one of us and one non-literary member of the committee. Don't you know Arabin and Charles Taylor for instance? You wouldn't be helped in election, rather the reverse, by having our two names as your backers. This, however, is only my private opinion. I'll propose, second, vote for you in committee, or do anything you like to show that I'm,

Yours very truly,

W. M. THACKERAY.

In 1857 the author of "Der Vampyr" was in London and thus wrote to Jullien's "système classique."

*Hochverehrter Herr!

Obwohl ich, trotz aller Bemühung, nicht so glücklich war, die Ehre Ihrer persönlichen Bekanntschaft während meines kurzen Hierseins erlangen zu können, hoffe ich dennoch vielleicht in nächster Season diese Ehre zu erlangen. Schriftlich aber kann und darf ich mich der Pflicht nicht entziehen, Ihnen, verehrter Herr, im Namen der *echten, wahren Kunst der Musik* den Dank darzubringen für den ritterlichen Kampf, den Sie *für* sie *gegen* den sich immer gefährlicher verbreitenden *Unsinn* impotenter Charlatans mit so ehrenwerther Energie und Ausdauer kämpfen. Vielleicht hätte die wahre, echte

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* [*Translation*]. Dear Sir.—Although, in spite of all my endeavours, I was not so fortunate as to make your personal acquaintance, during my short stay here, I hope to have that honour next season. But in writing, at least, I neither can nor will shirk the duty of thanking you, in the name of the genuine, true Art of Music, for the gallant fight you are waging on her behalf, with such praiseworthy energy and perseverance, against the ever more dangerously spreading folly of impotent charlatanry. Perhaps, true genuine criticism ought to have sooner taken the field, which it neglected to

MEYERBEER

Kritik eher dagegen zu Feld ziehen sollen, was vielleicht nur in dem guten Glauben an das gute natürliche Urtheil des grossen Publikums unterlassen worden ist. Aber das war ein Irrthum, der sich jetzt schon in fast gefährlicher Art geltend und den Kampf schwieriger macht. Darf ich mich nun selbst als einen aufrichtigen Anhänger Gluck's, Mozart's und Beethoven's betrachten, deren Kunstansichten und Richtungen ich, wenn auch nur in schwachen Versuchen in eignen Werken auszusprechen gestrebt habe, so werden Sie es natürlich finden, dass ich Ihnen im Namen solcher Tendenzen, im Namen wahrer deutscher Kunst aufrichtigen Dank sage, und *dieser* Alles zu gute schreibe, was Sie in so freundlicher Weise über mich selbst gedacht und geschrieben haben.

Genehmigen Sie die Versicherung meiner grössten Hochachtung und Verehrung, womit ich verharre, hochgeehrter Herr,

Ihr ergebenster,

DR. HEINRICH MARSCHNER.

LONDON, *den 20 Juli, 1857.*

While, belonging to about the same period, a letter from Meyerbeer may be quoted.

LONDRES, *29 Julliet, 1859.*

*Mon cher Monsieur Davison,

Je ne puis pas quitter Londres sans vous avoir vu et

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do through faith in the good natural judgment of the public at large. That was a mistake which already makes itself felt in an almost dangerous way, and makes the fight harder. If I may reckon myself a sincere disciple of Gluck, Mozart and Beethoven, however weak the attempt of my own work to express their art views and tendencies, you will find it only natural that, in the name of such tendencies, in the name of real German Art, I sincerely thank you, and credit them with everything you have thought and written in such a friendly way about myself. Receive etc., Dr. Heinrich Marschner.

* [*Translation*]. London, July 29, 1859. My dear Mr. Davison— I cannot leave London without seeing you and personally express-

vous avoir exprimé de vive voix ma profonde reconnaissance de votre admirable article sur Dinorah, et en même temps toute mon admiration pour l'étonnante spontanéité de votre perception, qui fait qu'après une seule audition d'un opéra aussi compliqué, vous pénétrez avec un coup d'œil d'aigle jusque dans la moëlle des os de la partition, qu'aucun détail, qu'aucune intention du compositeur vous échappe, et que vous les faites comprendre à vos lecteurs avec une si parfaite lucidité de style et de langage. C'est une *seconde création* qu'une telle critique, et je suis fier et heureux d'avoir obtenu les suffrages d'un homme aussi éminent que vous.

Mais vous doubleriez encore ma reconnaissance, si vous vouliez avoir la bonté d'agréer le petit souvenir ci-joint et de me conserver votre amitié qui m'est si cher, et de me rappeller au souvenir de la charmante Madame Godart-Davison.

Votre tout dévoué de cœur,

MEYERBEER.

P.S. Je frapperai demain à midi à votre porte. Veuillez dire au gardien de votre sanctuaire qu'il me laisse monter.

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ing my deep gratitude for your admirable article on "Dinorah," and at the same time my admiration at the astonishing spontaneity of your perception, enabling you, after one single hearing of such a complicated opera, to penetrate with eagle glance into the very marrow of the score, so that no detail escapes you, nor any part whatever of the composer's meaning, but is interpreted to your readers with an absolute lucidity of style and language. Such criticism constitutes a *second creation*, and I am proud and happy to have obtained the approbation of a man so eminent as yourself. But you would double my obligation to you if you would kindly accept the accompanying little souvenir, continue your valued friendship for me, and remember me to the charming Madame Goddard-Davison. Yours most sincerely, Meyerbeer.

P.S. At twelve, noon, to-morrow, I will knock at your door. Please instruct the janitor of your sanctuary to permit my entrance.

CHAPTER XVII.

Death of Davison's Father and Mother—Jullien's condolence—Marriage of Davison—Handel Commemoration Festival of 1859—The Bach Society and Sterndale Bennett—Chamber Music—The Musical Union in 1859—Davison and John Ella—St. James' Hall—Its "Popular" or "Cattle Show" Concerts—Their transformation into the Monday Popular Concerts.

JAMES DAVISON, the father, had been ailing for some years. Early in 1858 his illness took a critical turn. He suffered much, would not be tended by anyone but his wife, and died in the spring, and Mrs. Davison, nearing her eightieth year, exhausted with the constant nursing, did not regain strength. Her hope to get well enough to undertake a journey to her favourite Brighton was not to be fulfilled, and a few weeks after her husband's death she quietly passed away too, leaving the recollection of a tall, slim old lady with large blue eyes. So much for the once actress, singer and dancer, the noted Maria Duncan.

In the trouble caused by these events following the one so rapidly after the other, Davison met with much kindly sympathy from his chiefs of the "Times," as well as from men like Bowlby, Jullien, Grüneisen, Macfarren, Simon; wrote the last, on hearing of James Davison's death:

"It must comfort you all to think how fond you have been of the poor old gentleman, and how good to him, and how happy you have made him." No mere compliment of stereotyped condolence but the expression of a candid friend's opinion, and interesting to read, with other scraps of evidence at various periods,

pointing the same way, and throwing a favourable light on the Sudbury letters of 1834 and 1835. Jullien on the day he heard the news of Mrs. Davison's death, was just leaving London. His letter is characteristic; through the very floweriness of its expression breathes sincerity, for it is plainly artless.

*J'ai appris ton malheur le jour même de mon départ.

Je n'ai pas eu le courage d'essayer de te voir. Je respecte trop la douleur pour t'importuner.

Naguère, quand une fatalité pareille vint me frapper, je ne permis à personne d'essuyer mes larmes, pas même à ceux qui m'étaient chers.

Ne suppose donc pas que c'est une lettre de condoléance que je t'écris, tu connais trop bien mes idées, je dirai même mes *certitudes* sur la mort—qui est la vie réelle.

Ainsi, sois calme, résigné, et soumis à la volonté suprême.

Tu as fait des miracles en révélant Mendelssohn au monde, en ressuscitant Händel, et en canonisant Beethoven. Continue dans cette voie lumineuse et tous ceux que tu as éclairés *comme moi* feront le tour du monde pour faire triompher tes idées dans tous les pays civilisés et reviendront ensuite pour marcher avec toi aux sons d'une musique céleste jusqu'au Royaume de l'immortalité où tu seras uni pour toujours à ceux qui te furent chers et que je pleure avec toi . . . .

Pardonne les soupirs d'un pauvre solitaire.

JULLIEN.

ABBAYE D'AYWIERS,
le 14 Juin, 1858.

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* [*Translation*]. Abbaye d'Aywiers. June 14, 1858. I heard of your trouble the very day I left. I had not the courage to go and see you. I have too much respect for grief to disturb you. Once, when a like calamity struck me, I would not let any one dry my tears, not even those who were dear to me. So, do not think I am writing you a letter of condolence, you are too well aware of my ideas, nay my *convictions* about death—which is the real life.

An allusion in the same letter shows that Jullien shared the expectation entertained for some time by Davison's friends that he was very near entering the estate of matrimony, which was the case, the event being thus celebrated in "Punch" by Davison's staunch friend, Shirley Brooks.

AD ARABELLAM.

A fact, long known to him, kind *Punch* may be
Allowed to gratulate his *rara avis* on :
Joy to the lady of the keys! From G,
The music of her life's transposed to D,
And Arabella Goddard's Mrs. Davison.

Another allusion suggests that Jullien was thinking of his tour round the world. Those nearing the end of life think of long journeys.

In 1859 the Handel Commemoration Festival was held at the Crystal Palace, where an essay, on scarcely less large a scale, had been made with success two years before. No Handel Festival, properly speaking, had been held since 1784, that, so-called, fifty years later at Westminster Abbey, having been a festival where Handel's music merely had principal place. But to the Westminster Abbey festival of 1834 was due the birth of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and to the Sacred Harmonic Society is due the foundation of that which since 1859 has periodically celebrated the glories of Handel.

An orchestra of four hundred and sixty-two, a chorus of two thousand seven hundred, with Clara Novello, Charlotte Dolby, Sims Reeves, Weiss and Belletti, and

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Therefore be calm, resigned and submissive to the supreme will. You have done wonders by showing the world Mendelssohn, by reviving Handel, by canonising Beethoven. Continue your radiant path and all those whom you have enlightened, *like myself*, will traverse the earth in order to spread the triumph of your ideas throughout civilized nations, and then will return and accompany you, to the sound of a heavenly music, to the deathless kingdom where you will be reunited for ever to those who were dear to you and for whom I weep with you. . . . Forgive the sighs of a poor solitary. Jullien.

with Costa in command—these were the musical force that gave sound in the colossal central transept of the Crystal Palace to those pyramids of music, the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt." The listening multitude was in proportion, their numbers at the rehearsal and three performances averaging something like twenty thousand. In one respect the pyramidal parallel does not hold. There were but three prices for tickets for each performance, five shillings, half-a-guinea and one guinea. In 1857 a suggestion had been thrown out that the festival should wind up by a cheap day, the "Musical World" opining that half-a-crown and shilling admissions would draw an audience of one hundred thousand.

With these celebrations of Handel went, concurrently, in a smaller, quieter, shadier way, celebrations of Bach. To Sterndale Bennett, principally, was due this "renascence." He was an eager Bachite; his offspring, the Bach Society, had, in its fifth year, in 1854, given under Bennett's direction, an essay performance of the "Passion" music (on the gospel of St. Matthew) the first performance of that work in England. The essay does not seem to have been very successful. In 1858 the society gave a second performance. Repeated rehearsals and hard work under Bennett in the four years' interval told their tale and Bach's music was given with due result.

The same year saw the beginning of the Monday Popular Concerts.

The progress of the Wagnerian drama and also that of so-called classical music have thus far been traced. While, on the one hand, Wagner's doctrines and his music have been advancing in spite of all obstacles; on the other hand, music apparently built on an utterly different plan has been finding a larger and larger audience amongst the general public. The two movements were not really antagonistic. They belonged healthily to the same life, the one was a force making for outer space, the other an attraction towards the centre. So goes our world.

Up to 1845 a large mixed class in London had been

depending for its music sustenance on Exeter Hall oratorios, Italian opera and occasional concerts consisting mainly of operatic music, vocal and instrumental, interspersed with folk-songs and oratorio airs. With the constantly increasing population this class of audience developed new needs and humours, towards the middle of the century began to look for something else. Its music hunger strengthened by the labours of the teachers of "music to the million," like Mr. Hullah and others, wanted a satisfaction which was not to be supplied by the Philharmonic Society with its high prices of admission to its little rooms, still less by the smaller and more exclusive Musical Union. Then came Jullien "like a male ostrich," meeting his mixed audiences with mixed music, supplying the want, stimulating and refining it. The New Philharmonic Society, the Crystal Palace concerts followed, with other societies and institutions of shorter life, all aiming at giving the best music to the general public. But one special and important field of art still remained almost untouched. "Chamber music has not yet found its Jullien or Hullah," said the "Times" of April 2, 1856, apropos of the Musical Union. To offer to the multitude not only the best music but that particular best music which has been made expressly for the few, was a further and bolder experiment, which, early in 1859, was successfully made.

The Monday Popular Concerts have sometimes been regarded as merely an imitation on a large scale of the concerts of the Musical Union. This they were not. Mr. Ella's concerts, a development of his private matinées, were addressed to the select few, not only by their price, but by their very constitution. The Monday Populars were thrown open to the many, being offered at a scale starting from the very popular price of one shilling, and, of course, without any formalities, and this alone placed the two institutions far apart. Doubtless chamber music is for the chamber and is best enjoyed at home. Doubtless it was pleasanter to form part of the small and select audience that gathered round the players at the Musical Union, than to be crushed in hot St. James's Hall

to hear a string quartet diluted by space into thinness. But amongst the large London public hungry for good music but few are the homes of the quartet, still fewer those where the recondite beauties of difficult music may be literally "brought home" by Joachims and Piattis. Here was the *raison d'être* of the new institution, the education it offered in a most important branch of the art.

For some years prior to the inception of the Monday Popular Concerts Davison had been on ill terms with Mr. Ella. "On retourne toujours à ses premiers amours" may be varied "On retourne quelquefois à ses premières antipathies." The Musical Union had for years been pursuing a course entitling it to respect. If it limited its sphere of action in a social sense, it was broad, to a fault, in matters musical. The director's taste was liberal. He had admiration for Schumann as for Mendelssohn, was willing to produce new music, even of the "bravura" class, was ready to listen to Wagner's theories. With that he was somewhat keenly sensible of his own importance and little inclined to patiently listen to criticism of himself, his works, his artists, his audience, his patrons and the Musical Union in general. Rather was he inclined to resent it and to undertake the task of criticism himself in the "Record." This paper combined an analytical programme with a musical magazine. The idea of preparing the minds of the audience by sending them, a day or two before the concert, remarks on the pieces to be performed, together with illustrative quotations from the music, was an excellent one. The rest of the "Record" consisted of more or less personal chit-chat, and, in fine, was a medium for self-advertisement and contention with the newspaper critics. With the anonymity of English newspaper criticism, Mr. Ella, having travelled on the Continent, disagreed. He began to express his dislike to it in 1853, and presently followed it up by publishing in the "Record" what he believed to be the names of the anonymous critics. This, Davison and others regarded as impertinent. Mr. Ella saw nothing to fear in the New Movement, and from an early period in the career of the Musical Union, allowed

CHARLES HALLÉ

it to be represented in his programmes. Then came Wagner in 1855, whom Ella had met in Germany nine years before, and to whom he was amicably disposed, to the extent of impugning the attitude of the London critics towards him. Probably another cause of disagreement lay in Ella's disinclination to engage an artist whom Davison strongly recommended. In 1857 the following reference to the Musical Union was copied from the "Athenæum" into the "Musical World":

THE MUSICAL UNION.

(From the "Athenæum.")

The Musical Union has been successful this year; and we are glad to record this, especially because Mr. Ella has ventured a little way in the introduction of novelties, which we hold as an essential to the continued health and life of the art. But this venturesomeness has led to consequences of a less pleasant quality, which it is not possible to pass over. We hoped that we had taken leave of Mr. Ella as a writer of paragraphs and panegyrics, but he seems resolute to provoke attention to himself by the indelicacy of self-praise, and the indecorum of dragging the private concerns of other persons into his journal. Such ill manners, persisted in, subject him who practises them to the charge of making a trade in, and a profit out of, ill manners. Something newer might have been provided for the glorification of the Musical Union and the diversion of its subscribers than the revelations after the manner of Barnum—the autobiographical confessions—the imputations and the comparisons—which have figured in the late numbers of the "Record."

And thus the "Times," after a criticism of Mr. Ella's analyses, "Really Mr. Ella would act more wisely in leaving the critics something to do, or dispensing with their attendance at the Musical Union. As he enlarges upon and extols the contents of his programmes and the

merits of his performers in advance, the duties of reporters become a sinecure, unless, indeed, they may happen to differ from him, in which case they are 'shown up' in the next 'Record' or, with less cruelty, denied admittance at the doors (after receiving the usual programme of invitation), as was the fate of the unhappy representative of one of our morning contemporaries on the present occasion." In the following season, 1858, setting forth its critical plans, and indicating the general objects of its critical notices, the "Times" broke with Mr. Ella. It would criticise "chamber concerts marked with a definite purpose, and, by a strict adherence to what is healthy and pure, tending to elevate the public taste and promote the true ends of art, such as the 'classical' entertainments of Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Charles Hallé and Miss Arabella Goddard, which have set a praiseworthy example and effected so much intrinsic good. Among these latter the concerts of the Musical Union might claim an honourable place, if the over-anxious director would but allow reporters to perform their functions, instead of anticipating them by reviews from his own pen, and waive his repudiation of 'anonymous' critics which, considering that criticism has always been 'anonymous' in this country, is equivalent to dispensing with them altogether." Thenceforward no notice of the Musical Union was taken in the "Times" and within a year, on St. Valentine's Day, 1859, the director of the Monday Popular Concerts gave his first classical concert at St. James's Hall. The new concert hall thus named had been opened about a year and had not yet proved a success. The New Philharmonic Society had tried it, and a few charity and benefit concerts had been given in it. For lack of tenants, one of the proprietors, Mr. Tom Chappell, joined Jules Benedict in giving a brief series of miscellaneous concerts. These were the first "Popular Concerts."

They consisted chiefly of ballad singing, diversified with Swedish part-singing, concertina playing, etc., with as little classical instrumental music as there was to be had at Mr. John Boosey's ballad concerts of a later

day—say the "Harmonious Blacksmith" as a pianoforte solo, small island amidst a considerable sea of songs and fantasias. At first these concerts, owing to the season of their incidence, were known as the Cattle Show Concerts. A second series inaugurated the new year, 1859. The "Times," on January 25, held forth "these entertainments are going on much in the same way. They continue to attract paying audiences whenever a singer like Mr. Sims Reeves or an instrumental performer like Miss Arabella Goddard is announced; but they have no more to do with art than had the London Wednesday concerts of questionable memory. Whether it arises from a rooted conviction that good music must of necessity be a bore to the 'masses,' or from absolute indifference to every question in which art may be concerned, we do not pretend to guess, but whatever the reason, it is certain that the programmes have hitherto been for the most part of little worth." "Then," to quote the Monday Popular Concert Programme's story of ten hundred concerts "came the word in season which changed the direction of the enterprise." One of Davison's beliefs being that the general public could be trusted to respect and led to appreciate the best that art could offer, he suggested to the director of the Cattle Show Concerts that classical chamber music should be their staple. Perhaps Mr. Arthur Chappell was at the first moment rather surprised at the suggestion, but when it was pressed on him and the plan was unfolded, recollections of Jullien may have had something to do with his willingness to be persuaded to make the experiment. The first concert under the new order consisted entirely of Mendelssohn's works. The second was devoted entirely to Mozart, the third to Weber and Haydn, the fourth to Beethoven.

Davison was engaged to annotate the programme, which, however different in form and tone, was very probably suggested by the "analyse synoptique" of the Musical Union. In a season or two the programme had grown to analytical exposition with the aid of music type, and little discourses, interesting in proportion as the writer liked his subject. The value of these little

sketches lay in their indicating to the general hearer that music had structure, that its composition was based on certain laws, that, in fact, it had a certain form. Davison's idea was that the Monday Popular Concerts should constitute a National Gallery of chamber music—a place exclusively devoted to the sufficiently numerous productions of a rich and high domain of art.

1860—1870.

L'ART ET LA FAMILLE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1860 retrospect—Note from Berlioz introducing Theodore Ritter—Macfarren, Sterndale Bennett, Loder—Jullien in prison yet not acknowledging defeat—His release—His fresh plans in a long letter—His death in a mad house—Jetty Treffz—Letters from Bowlby in the Levant and on his way to China—His tragic death—Letter from Ernst.

BY 1860 the landscape of our journey has so changed that we feel, as it were, in a new country. Davison's long bachelorhood has come to an end. An old generation has passed away; a new one is appearing. As in the home so in the wider world. Spohr, regarded by some as the last of the great classical composers, has been dead a year. The music of Schumann is slowly but surely working its way to the front. Wagner, in the prime of his activity and productivity, is keeping up a ferment in the musical world of Germany, though in England his music is virtually under a fourteen years' spell of silence not to break till the production at Drury Lane in 1870 of the "Flying Dutchman." In France, the electric light of Berlioz is before long to sink into a long shade, while Gounod's sentimental ray attains the world-wide brilliancy of its apogee in the one large work with which his name is likely to go down to posterity. A letter from Berlioz appears to belong to this period.

20 Avril.

*Mon cher Davison,

Sois bon enfant et cordial pour mon jeune ami Théodore Ritter; je n'ai pas besoin de te dire que c'est un pianiste compositeur grand musicien; au reste il ne te faudra pas grand temps pour reconnaitre les sérieuses qualités de son talent.

Adieu, je suis malade, inquiet, triste, découragé, mais toujours ton dévoué et affectionné.

H. BERLIOZ.

Of Davison's old acquaintances, the English composers and representatives of "native talent," the author of "Charles the Second" and "May Day" is more and more carefully cultivating a distinctively English style in his "Christmas" and his "Robin Hood," and is, in fact, busy in his art, while the author of the "Naiads" is perhaps justifying Charley Kenney's epigram:

> There was a composer called Bennett.
> Whose career—it won't take long to pen it.
> In his youth, like a lark,
> Up to Mendelssohn's mark,
> He rose, since when, silent is Bennett.

The author of the "Night Dancers," Edward James Loder, has sunk into the lowest poverty.

The operatic boards of London are being held principally by Verdi and Meyerbeer, whose works have not

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* [*Translation*]. April 20. My dear Davison—Be a good sort and kind to my young friend, Theodore Ritter; I need not tell you that he is a fine musician, pianist, composer; it won't take you long to recognize the sterling qualities of his talent. Good bye, I am ill, troubled, disconsolate, discouraged, but ever your devoted and affectionate, H. Berlioz.

GOUNOD.

yet lost the freshness of novelty. In the earlier sixties we find Adelina Patti making her début simultaneously with what is really the last farewell of Giulia Grisi, who, however, has already a worthy successor in Teresa Tietjens.

Turning to the concert room, we find the Monday Popular Concerts, the musical institution in which from henceforward Davison takes perhaps most interest, fairly started. The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts are firmly established. The earliest of Davison's letters from Mr. George Grove, Secretary of the Crystal Palace Company, is dated June, 1855, and refers to some scheme of Jullien's, perhaps for giving concerts at the Palace. But towards 1860, Mr. Grove becomes and remains for the next ten years Davison's most constant correspondent.

1860 brought Jullien to the end of his disasters. We left him in June, 1858, at the Abbaye d'Aywiers. Later in the same year he is back in England, hard at work in the provinces, and towards Christmas he is in London giving entertainments in his old style, but at a smaller theatre, the Lyceum. He had his universal musical tour in contemplation, and his concerts in England in 1858 and the early part of 1859 were concerts of farewell prior to the perhaps several years' absence during which he was to musically embrace the whole world.

The early summer of 1859, however, found him not at his sylvan retreat in Belgium, gathering strength for his new undertaking, for the sylvan retreat had passed out of his possession. Instead of being there he was in the Paris prison of Clichy, his unsatisfied creditors having got him arrested at a moment when he was about to pass through the French Bankruptcy Court. This was early in May. His arrest had been effected on the ground of his being a naturalised English subject, but his plea of French nationality being successful, he was, towards the end of July, released. Game to the last, he was able, on February 8, 1860, to write to Davison:

*Mon cher ami,

Il y a longtemps que j'aurais dû t'informer de ce que je vais faire, mais comme je l'ai appris moi même par le "Musical World," j'ai pensé qu'il était inutile de t'apprendre ce que tu savais avant moi. Le "Musical World" est toujours bon Prophète et ce qu'il a annoncé se réalise aujourd'hui.

Mr. Dejean, un ancien ami, m'a engagé pour organiser à Paris une Grande Société chorale dans le genre de celles d'Angleterre, d'Allemagne et d'Amérique. Mr. Dejean est un homme qui n'a jamais rien entrepris sans réussir, il est riche à plusieurs millions de francs et est très bien vu du gouvernement et de l'Europe. J'ai donc l'espoir de réussir avec lui. Dans ce cas ma position deviendra meilleure que jamais et mon projet de tournée universelle se réalisera, car j'ai de très bonnes offres de Vienne, de St. Pétersburg et de New York. Ainsi ma santé se rétablit par dégrés et l'espérance revit dans mon âme. C'est pourquoi je viens te demander de m'aider de tes bons conseils comme tu l'as fait par le passé et que je regrette bien de n'avoir pas assez suivis, mais cette fois l'expérience que j'ai achetée si cher, me servira à

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* [*Translation*]. My dear Friend—I ought long since to have informed you of my plans, but having myself been informed of them by the "Musical World," I thought it useless to tell you what you knew before I did. The "Musical World" is always a true prophet, and what it predicted is now going to happen. Mr. Dejean, on old friend of mine, has engaged me to organize a great choral society in the style of those in England, Germany and America. Mr. Dejean is a man who has never undertaken anything without succeeding, he is worth several million francs, and he is favourably regarded by the government and by Europe. So I hope to share his success. In which case my position will be better than ever it was, and my project of a universal tour will be realized, for I have very good offers from Vienna, St. Petersburg and New York. With that, my health is improving, and hope is reviving in my soul. And that is why I now appeal for your good advice as you have given it me in the past, advice I am sorry I did not follow more constantly, but this time, the experience I have bought so dearly will not be lost, and I can assure you that if only I can get on my horse

quelque chose, et je puis te répondre que si je remonte sur mon cheval, je n'en tomberai plus.

Je ne suis pas demandeur, cependant je viens te demander deux choses : 1° de prier ton excellent frère de vouloir bien m'aider en me procurant les partiss d'orchestre de l'Allelujah du "Messie," et du final du premier acte de la Création, "The Heavens are Telling," aussi les orchestres et le piano de plusieurs de mes compositions qui ont été *incendiées* à Covent Garden, volées au Surrey ou saisies et vendues pour du vieux papier par mes aimables créanciers, ce qui m'a laissé comme un ouvrier sans outils, abandonné et sans espérance ! !

Ton frère qui a été déjà si bon en venant à mon aide dans un moment où il m'a sauvé, pourrait me *refaire* en m'aidant à retrouver mon répertoire, par exemple en tâchant d'acheter à ceux qui ont le Surrey maintenant, mes œuvres à grand orchestre reliées, qui contenaient presque tout mon Journal et qui ont été saisies par les créanciers du Surrey. Ceci pourrait m'être d'un secours immense car il y a là plus de cent des morceaux des plus populaires de mon répertoire, et je soupçonne que les . . . . (quand ils ont vendu mon établissement) ont fondu les planches de mes compositions pour orchestre, toutes les précautions pour me ruiner étaient bien prises . . . .

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again, I shall fall off no more. I am not a cadger, yet I want to ask you two things; first, to beg your worthy brother to be kind enough to help me by getting me the orchestral parts of the "Allelujah" from the "Messiah," and of the finale of the first act of the "Creation," "The Heavens are Telling," also the orchestral and pianoforte parts of several of my compositions, burnt at Covent Garden, stolen at the Surrey Gardens, or seized and sold as old paper by my amiable creditors (leaving me like a workman without tools, forsaken and hopeless!) Your brother who has already been so good, helping me at a time when that help was my rescue, might make a new man of me by helping me to recover my repertory, for instance, by trying to buy from those who have got the Surrey Gardens, my bound works for full orchestra, which contained nearly the whole of my journal and which were seized by the creditors of the Surrey. That might be an immense help to me, for there were more than a hundred of the most popular pieces in my repertory, and I suspect that the ——— (when they sold my house) melted the plates of my orchestral compositions,

hélas! ils avaient réussi, mais il paraît que la providence en avait décidé autrement et toutes les persécutions ne finiront, je crois, que par me fortifier et m'agrandir. Surtout si des amis si fidèles que toi veulent encore m'aider et si Dieu le permet!

Enfin je payerai ton frère pour toutes ses dépenses le premier jour que je recevrai de l'argent, et en même temps je m'engage à traiter avec lui dans des termes avantageux pour toutes mes nouvelles compositions que je crois surpasseront en popularité mes premières productions.

La seconde chose que je te demande c'est de vouloir bien prier Jarrett de m'aider pour engager quelques artistes de mon orchestre à venir jouer dans le Festival que je donne le 11 Mars prochain. Je ne pourrai leur payer que leurs frais de voyage et d'hôtel, car je suis trop pauvre pour le moment, mais je crois qu'ils y gagneraient et qu'ils feraient une bonne action, car je les ai toujours payés ou fait payer le plus que j'ai pu, et je crois aussi en plusieurs cas, avoir fait tout ce qui dépendait de moi pour aider leurs efforts et souvent les aider moi-même. J'espère donc que ceux qui seront libres et qui pourront m'aider comprendront cela, et je te demande franche-

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everything was carefully planned for my undoing—alas! they would have succeeded, had not Providence apparently decreed otherwise, so that all the persecutions I have endured will only end, I believe, in strengthening and setting me up. Above all, provided that faithful friends like you will still help me and that God be willing! Finally I will reimburse your brother all his outlay with the very first money I get, and I will undertake to give him the publication on advantageous terms of all my new compositions, which will, I think, surpass in popularity my first productions. The second thing I want to ask you is to beg Jarrett to help me to engage some of my orchestra players to come and perform at the festival I am giving on the 11th of next March. I shall be able to pay them only their travelling and hotel expenses, for I am too poor at present, but I think they would gain by it, and that they would be doing a good deed, for I have always paid or caused them to be paid, the highest terms I could, and I think also, that in several instances, I did all I could to second their efforts, nay, often helped them myself. So I hope that those who are disengaged, and who can help me will remember that,

ment d'user ton influence autant que cela ne pourrait en rien compromettre ta position. Par exemple Madame Pleyel m'a offert de venir jouer au festival pour rien, pas même ses frais, et je ne pourrai jamais oublier sa générosité. Car tout le monde ici m'a dit qu'elle ferait une recette énorme, mais je lui ai répondu que je profiterais de ses excellentes dispositions à mon égard dans une autre circonstance, le programme de mon Festival étant déja publié, et le cirque de l'impératrice étant trop grand pour que le piano soit effectif.

Il me semble que Reeves pourrait se faire du bien en m'en faisant beaucoup, s'il venait ici chanter l'air sublime d'Elie et celui du Messie, car personne à Paris ne peut chanter cette musique comme lui . . . . Je saisis ce moment pour m'excuser près de toi pour jouer des morceaux séparés de ces grands ouvrages, au lieu de les faire entendre en entier, mais après mure réflection, et après avoir consulté les personnes compétentes, nous avons bien vu qu'il était impossible de faire autrement. Car ni le public, ni les artistes, ni les chœurs, ni l'orchestre, ne sont préparés pour les grandes exécutions de ces chefs d'œuvres complets, et nous avons pensé, qu'en préparant la voie par les exécutions des choses les plus à effet, et en popu-

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and I frankly appeal to you to use your influence as much as you can do it without prejudice to yourself. For instance, Madame Pleyel has offered to come and play at the festival for nothing not even her expenses, and I can never forget her generosity. For everyone here says she would be a tremendous draw. But I replied that I would take advantage of her kind intentions on some other occasion, as the programme of my festival was, already published, and the Cirque de l'Impératrice was too big for a piano to have its proper effect. It seems to me that Reeves might do himself some, by doing me very much, good. if he came here and sang the sublime air from "Elijah," and the one from the 'Messiah," for nobody in Paris can sing that kind of music like him. . . . Here I hasten to apologise to you for performing separate pieces from those great works instead of having them in their entirety. but after mature reflection and after consulting authorities in the matter, it seemed clearly impossible to do otherwise. For neither the public, nor the artists, nor the choruses. nor the orchestra are prepared for the grand performances of those masterpieces in their entirety, and it seemed to us that, by

larisant, par degrès, les plus beaux morceaux, on pourrait arriver avant un an à jouer quelques grands ouvrages complets. Je sais bien que tu me gronderas, mais il m'était impossible de faire autrement, et j'ai cru bien faire.

Nous avons obtenu de l'autorité la protection nécessaire pour agir, et Dejean croit que l'Empreur viendra au premier Festival dimanche 11 Mars. Si nous avons cette chance nous sommes sauvés.

Adieu, je sens que je suis beaucoup trop long, car je connais la valeur de ton temps, cependant j'aurais besoin de t'écrire un volume entier.

J'espère que tes chagrins sont finis, et je prie souvent pour ton bonheur; chose qui n'existe pas sur la terre et à laquelle l'univers entier aspire, ce qui prouve qu'un jour elle se réalisera, espérons. . . . .

Mille remercimens pour les journaux que tu me fais parvenir, c'est pour moi un grand plaisir, et cela nous rappelle continuellement ta présence.

Madame Jullien et Kate se joignent à moi pour te présenter les amitiés les plus empressées et je suis pour toujours ton ami devoué

JULLIEN.

Such is his letter, several orthographic errors corrected and a system of punctuation supplied.

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paving the way by performances of the most effective things, and by gradually popularising the most beautiful, it might be possible within a year's time to perform some of the great works in their entirety. I know you will chide me but it was impossible for me to do otherwise and I thought I was doing for the best. We have obtained from the government the necessary authority to proceed, and Dejean thinks that the Emperor will come to the first festival, Sunday, March 11. If we have that luck we are saved. Good-bye, I feel I am much too lengthy, for I know the value of your time, but I should like to write a whole volume. I hope your troubles are at an end, and I often pray for your happiness; a thing which does not exist on earth and for which the whole universe yearns, thus proving that it will come some day, let us hope. . . . Many thanks for the newspapers you have had sent me, they are a great solace and remind me of you constantly. Mme. Jullien and Kate join me in kindest regards, and I remain ever your devoted Jullien.

The following month he went to a mad-house, where he died a few days after his admission. A subscription for Jullien's assistance, which had been initiated by Bowlby and Davison and headed by Gye and the Chappells, was now diverted to the assistance of the widow and family, and, widely supported in London musical circles, produced between five and six hundred pounds.

Jullien had been open-handed in the days of his prosperity, and in those of his misfortunes he was not forgotten by some of the artists who had worked with him. Mme. Pleyel, as we have seen by his letter, offered to come to his assistance with something of the "caractère chevalresque" with which she has been credited by one who knew her well. Another, the singer Jetty Treffz, showed not a little kindness and generosity to Jullien's widow. It was with tears that Jetty Treffz heard a performance in Vienna of Mendelssohn's A minor symphony, recalling to her, as it did, its once so frequent conductor, the late unhappy Jullien.

The same year of 1860 saw the tragic end of Bowlby, so frequently associated with Jullien since 1853. In 1858, while occupied in connection with railway works in Turkey, he wrote long and interesting letters to his friend "Jem Davison." He was in a picturesque and romantic region. On July of 1858, he writes from Therapia:

My dear Jem,

After a demi-baking across the plains of Westphalia and a semi-stewing in the Adriatic, after fighting with beasts at Ephesus and mosquitoes (the biggest extant) at Smyrna, behold me quietly settled down in this charming retreat on the banks of the Bosphorus. From my bedroom window I could, if so minded, take a header into fifty feet of blue water, and every afternoon a charming breeze from the Euxine refreshes the atmosphere. Here I can lie under a tree in the garden and read with inward satisfaction of the misfortunes of my friends, who are broiling in a London atmosphere—or I can tranquilly peruse the particularities of the "célèbre Davison" on

the generalities of the célèbre Fétis. The wood of Belgrade affords a shady retreat, and we can ride along its sandy roads and fancy ourselves in a Kentish coppice. Eber is here and all the swells, ambassadorial and consular. I would you were among us, for then I could find a companion after midnight, at which hour everyone *se couche*.

In October he writes from

RAILWAY WORKS,
SMYRNA.
October 23, 1858.

My dear Jem,

Thy letter came safe to hand as I lay for the night in a stable in Bulgaria. I have now come down here for a few days to do the honours to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who makes a détour here on his return from Constantinople, that he may personally inspect the railway—a pet child of his.

Now my dear Jem and second brother, I want you to do me a favour and my wife unites in the request. Be godfather to my boy born some three weeks ago. I have asked Vilmet to be the other, and have no doubt he will consent. When the boy is old enough to understand I will teach him that his godfather was to his father even as a brother. That he helped to cheer and support him against an evil fortune which had well nigh proved overwhelming—that he was no summer friend, but one tried in the fire; that he was one of the truest, staunchest, noblest fellows it ever was his father's lot to know. I don't think, my dear Jem, that it is possible to strengthen the friendship existing between us. But consent to what I ask and you will add another link to the chain which will, I trust, for ever bind us together.

[Bowlby was enjoying an adventurous life. He continues:]

JOACHIM.

I spent the first three weeks of this month in Bulgaria and the Dobruscha, whither I went to inspect the railway works from the Danube to the Black Sea and to get certain particulars for use here. During all that time I never slept in a bed, but passed my nights sometimes in stables, sometimes in a tent, and at others under a haystack. From Varna I started on horseback. My luggage in the saddle bags consisted of a tooth-brush, soap and baccy. My pipe was thrust under the flannel jacket which served me for coat, and a trusty revolver was strapped round my waist. My companion was a fine English lad of twenty, brother of Barkley, the engineer, and we had an Armenian servant warranted to run on the smallest alarm of danger. We started in glorious spirits, and

> "As with dews and sunrise fed.
> Came the laughing morning wind."

as we rode out of Varna. Before us were the vine-clad hills which half encircle the town and whence the Russians besieged it in '28. On our left lay the lake of Devno and the heights of Alaydin, where our troops were embarked before starting for the Crimea. To our right was the Black Sea and behind us the triple range of the Balkans. Our road after leaving Varna lay for six hours through the great forests which encircle the town and which are now thronged with more outlaws than ever robbed under Robin Hood in Sherwood. They carry off the native travellers and hold them for ransom. At this moment four of the principal merchants in Varna are in their hands. Englishmen show fight, so they generally shoot them from behind and rob them afterwards (to be continued).

Write to me at once, dear Jem, godpaternally and

Ever believe me your affectionate

T. W. B.

The following year initiating a new generation of Davisons, Bowlby was able to return the "godpaternal"

compliment. Jullien's failure about this time must have been a cause of loss to Bowlby, to whom he appears to have owed money for former services. But, by his earnest and sustained efforts, by his spirit and energy, without which the help of his wife and friends would have been futile, Bowlby seems now to have regained financial freedom. Early in 1860, he has left Turkey and is once more in official connection with the "Times," for which, as special correspondent at the seat of war, he starts for China. During a period of five or six years, Bowlby had run the gauntlet through not a few accidents. Just before returning from America, in 1854, his railway carriage was thrown off the line and overturned, Bowlby, luckier than some of the passengers, escaping with not very serious injury. This was the occasion when, on being extricated from the wreckage, and hobbling to the spot where the carriage left the rails, he found these very much worn and in a dangerous state, and "on mentioning this to the conductor and complaining of the wounds inflicted on me, he coolly replied: 'Wall, I guess you are pretty lucky for we had just such another accident here last year and we killed two.'" In Turkey, a few years afterwards, riding out with Eber, he received a dangerous kick from Eber's horse which nearly cost him a leg. And now the "Malabar," the ship in which he sails for China, is wrecked at Point de Galle. Again he is very near fatal disaster, and again he escapes.

"I cannot let the mail go out without a line to you, dear Jem, to tell you of my safety. A more marvellous escape than we have had cannot be imagined, but I have written so fully on the subject to the paper that I spare you further details here—I have lost everything."

This was written on May 28, 1860. He proceeded to China, and there, towards the end of August and after the capture of Tientsin, he was one of a party that fell into the hands of the Chinese and endured barbarous ill-treatment, under which, on September 22, Bowlby died.

Thus the threads of life were already beginning to be

gathered up. Ernst, whose health was failing, was, in 1862, almost out of professional life. That year a benefit was got up for him, on June 23, at the ninety-ninth Monday Popular Concert. Several of the artists recalled old Ernstian times: Charles Hallé, Molique, Piatti, Mme. Sainton-Dolby in particular. There were also Joachim, Laub and Davidoff. The programme had some curious features: besides a string quartet of Ernst's composition and his "Elégie" in C minor and three of the "Pensées Fugitives," a new song by Mr. Chorley was included, together with Davison's setting of "Swifter Far than Summer's Flight," sung by Mme. Sainton-Dolby.

Davison and Ernst, ancient friends though they were, had not had much correspondence, since of late years Ernst had ceased to perform in England. It was not, with Davison, a case of "out of sight, out of mind," but of "out of sight, stowed away deep in a mental recess," for his time was fully occupied by his various work and the relaxation it occasionally necessitated.

The concert was a great success and Ernst writing shortly afterwards to a common friend says:

*"Dites je vous prie à Davison que ses paroles *amies* dans le 'Times' ont été les premières qui m'ont appris le succès du concert. Un de mes amis, Mr. Lehmann, a eu la bonne pensée de me les envoyer le jour de leur publication. Dites lui que mon cœur a battu de joie et d'orgueil à la conviction de n'avoir pas été oublié par un aussi incomparable ami et un aussi distingué artiste et critique. Je l'embrasse de tout mon cœur, quoique chagriné jusqu'aux larmes de son silence de cinq annees."

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* [*Translation*]. Please tell Davison that his friendly words in the "Times" were my first news of the success of the concert. One of my friends, Mr. Lehmann had the happy thought of sending them to me the day of their publication. Tell him that my heart throbbed with joy and pride at feeling that I had not been forgotten by so incomparable a friend, and so distinguished an artist and critic. I heartily greet him, bitterly grieved though I be at his five years' silence.

CHAPTER XIX.

Anonymous accusation against the "Times" music critic—Alleged corruption by bribery at Leeds—Explained at the time to Mowbray Morris by Sims Reeves—The critic's wife—Another aspect of Diderot's "L'Art et la Famille"—A third case, illustrating the same question—In several letters covering a period of over twenty years—The early sixties and the "Musical World"—John Oxenford and "Pantagrueliana"—Fitted rather for the "Musical World's" free list—Change of that paper's proprietors in 1862—Charlie Kenney and his "Nonsense Rhymes"—French Flowers again—Owain Ap' Mutton—Muttoniana.

OF a different kind from the letters considered in the last chapter was a communication addressed "to the managing proprietor of the 'Times'" in the spring of 1861, on the occasion of some concerts given at Leeds.

Sir,

Being a Professor of Music and a public man, I think it highly important that the strictest impartiality should be shown towards musical artists by the critics who write for a paper of such great importance as the "Times," and that the gentleman wielding such immense power should be like Cæsar's wife "above suspicion."

As you are perhaps not aware that many criticisms in the "Times" have been looked upon by the musical profession with great disfavour, and have been considered to be unfair and unjust, I think it my duty to call your attention to a paragraph cut out of a local paper pub-

lished last Saturday, which may throw some light on *the reason why* some artists have the most fulsome notices accorded to them whilst others have been damned with faint praise.

The Robbery of £35 by an Hotel Waiter.

At the Leeds Town Hall, on Saturday, William Burrows, aged twenty-two, an under-waiter at the White Horse Hotel, was charged with stealing £35 from the coat pocket of Daniel Taylor, the "boots," on March 27. From what appeared in last week's "Intelligencer," it will be remembered that the stolen money included a £20 Bank of England note, and that the prisoner gave such note, on the night of the robbery, to Mr. Clay, of the Midland Hotel, in payment of four bottles of sherry wine. We understand that this note was subsequently paid to a waiter from the Scarbro' Hotel, in part change for a £50 note sent by Mrs. Sims Reeves, who, along with her husband, the celebrated tenor, was at that time staying there, and that it was then remitted by Mr. Sims Reeves to Mr. Davidson, the musical critic of the "Times," and the husband of Miss Goddard, by whom it was paid into the Westminster Branch Bank of England, and thence into the general bank, where it was stopped. The prisoner was remanded till to-day (Saturday), it being necessary that Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves and Mr. Davidson should appear to give evidence to trace the note.

The £20 note sent by Mr. Sims Reeves to Mr. Davidson looks like a sop thrown to a hungry dog to stop his barking and may account for the extravagant praises bestowed upon Mr. Sims Reeves's singing when he has been confessedly out of voice and greatly out of tune. Perhaps the absurd encomiums in the "Times" bestowed upon Herr Formes's singing on the two occasions he has sung before the public since his return to England, may be attributable to a like cause. Whilst almost every other musical critic denounced his singing as positively disgraceful and unworthy the position he previously held as a first-class artist, the critic of the "Times" bestowed

unqualified praise. Miss Arabella Goddard's pianoforte performances are on all occasions praised to the skies, whilst many other equally talented artists are scarcely noticed. Numerous other instances might be quoted. Unfortunately I have not so many £20 notes to give away as Mr. Sims Reeves and therefore I do not receive a similar amount of adulation.

I think it a duty to the profession, the public and the "Times" to call your attention to a subject open to so much suspicion, and am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ANTI-BRIBERY.

P.S. I would send my name and address did I not think I should receive unjust criticism in return by your musical editor.

This effusion was forwarded by Mowbray Morris with the following note:

My dear Davison,

I should not have troubled you with the enclosed letter but for the paragraph which it contains; cut apparently from the Leeds "Intelligencer."

You cannot allow the plain insinuation against your character to go unnoticed.

Very truly yours,

MOWBRAY MORRIS.

A few days afterwards, an explanation having been given, Mowbray Morris writes:

Dear Davison,

I return you Mr. Sims Reeves's letter, which explains quite satisfactorily the affair of the £20 note.

Your position is certainly a very trying one, and it is

always with great reluctance that I do anything to add to your difficulties.

Don't you think it would be well for you to allow Mrs. Davison to arrange these money matters for herself?

Very truly yours,

MOWBRAY MORRIS.

The present writer has not discovered Sims Reeves's letter nor any further newspaper or other reference to the matter. Sims Reeves's recollection, thirty-three years later, of the £20 was that it was for professional services rendered by Arabella Goddard in connection with one of his concert tours. What made the position of the "Times" critic still more "a very trying one" as years went on, was the fact that, while he was so scrupulous in what he said about his wife's performances as to, not unnaturally, dissatisfy her friends, on the other hand, owing partly perhaps to eulogistic notices he had given her prior to their marriage, he got the discredit of puffing her in the "Times" at the expense of other pianists. If one of the latter failed to get favourably noticed in the "Times," the "Times" editor might receive a complaint.

In reference to one such, somewhere about 1860, the draft of a letter addressed by Davison to his editor remains, and runs as follows:

Mr. ———, whom I have not the honour of knowing, has an undoubted right to differ from my opinion of Herr ———'s talent—but he has none whatever to insinuate that unworthy motives instigated its expression in the columns of the "Times." This he does, however, in the paragraph alluding to my wife, which reference to a file of the paper will show to be utterly unfounded. Instead of lauding her performances "à l'outrance," as Mr. ——— asserts, I have for more than a year past, on almost every occasion when writing about a concert in which she has taken part, carefully avoided any expression of opinion, confining myself to remarks on the pieces she may have played and on the reception they met with from the audi-

ence. The only New Philharmonic this season, of which I did not send you an account, was the third, when she performed with great success a concerto by Mozart, and the only concert of the old Philharmonic Society, which I had purposed leaving unnoticed, was the fifth—because I understood she was likely to be engaged for that occasion. Her own soirées and matinées last year (in the spring) were all passed over without even a word to record their having taken place. The last concert given under her name, of which I prepared a report, was January 10, 1859, and as that report was not inserted, it will hardly be preferred against me.

Under these circumstances, the sweeping charge of Mr. ——— is nothing less than a gratuitous affront, with which it is not possible I can quietly put up; and as the fact of your forwarding his letter to me is a proof that it must have exercised some influence upon you, I consider my reputation for integrity at stake. You will, therefore, I feel convinced, understand that in requesting you to leave Mr. ——— letter in my keeping, in order that I may immediately place it in the hands of my solicitors, I am only acting in self-defence. It is of the utmost consequence to me that I should possess the *unreserved* confidence of those who have honoured me by placing me in the position I hold, and which now nearly fifteen years I have held with a perfectly clear conscience.

I do not even know Herr ——— and therefore can possibly have no prejudice against him, any more than against Mr. H——— and other great foreign players whom I have been in the habit of eulogising for years. But if Mr. ——— expects that, because my wife is a pianist, I must of necessity praise every pianist who comes before the public, he expects what he will never find in the "Times" while its musical criticism is entrusted to

Your obedient and faithful servant,

J. W. DAVISON.

J. T. DELANE, ESQ.

At intervals during the remainder of his career the same story would be raked up and form the principal

SIMS REEVES.

ingredient in newspaper attacks by those whom the "Times" critic had failed to please.

Some years later, however, it would seem that a performance of Mme. Goddard's had received more than passing mention in an article which, before appearing in the "Times," was compressed in a way that drew from the critic the following:

I wish you would accord me the favour that I asked you twice, about four or five years since, but which you, in the kindest manner, refused to grant—that is to absolve me from ever referring to any public performance of Mrs. Davison. I always endeavour to avoid speaking of concerts at which she appears—but there are certain occasions, such as the Crystal Palace concert on Saturday, which I cannot overlook without failing in my duty to you, and if, unfortunately, she happens to be in the programme, I cannot treat her performance as if it was beneath notice, more especially such a performance as she gave of Beethoven's Concerto in G. As the article appears to-day no other conclusion can be come to by the reader.

If, however, you would now grant my earnest request, I need not again be placed with regard to her in a position so humiliating to both of us. I have never made the "Times" subservient to any private interests of mine, and Mrs. Davison would be the very last to wish such a thing. If her name were never mentioned, I should not hear one single word of reproach from her, but it is hard when others receive fair recognition that she, who really deserves more than most artists in her line, should be denied it, and that by the one who ought to take the deepest interest in her career. The concerts at which she is accustomed to play are mostly those of which a series is given in the course of the season—such as the Philharmonic, New Philharmonic, Musical Society, Monday Popular Concerts, Crystal Palace, etc., and nothing would be easier than for me to select the concerts for notice at which she does *not* play, except on such occasions as may happen to be unavoidable.

Grant me this favour, my dear sir, and you will make both Mrs. Davison and myself your debtors.

Your faithful servant,

J. W. DAVISON.

P.S. That you may see I am not alone in my opinion of the performance of Saturday, I enclose the article which appeared in the "Daily News," by a critic not given to overpraise—Mr. Henry Lincoln, Mr. Hogarth's successor.

Davison was sorely sensitive to the opinions of critics less shackled than himself. These generally gave him no cause for dissatisfaction. Certain writers, even, who were not professionally music critics, but who, in other directions, held a journalistic position of influence (Shirley Brooks in "Punch," for instance) went out of their way to say a gallant word for Mme. Arabella Goddard. But sometimes it was otherwise, and "dear Mr. ———," wrote Davison, to an amiable and innocent musical writer, whom he had credited with the authorship of a certain criticism:

"Will you kindly let me know what would be your terms to give Mrs. Davison instruction as to how Schubert's Fantasie-Sonate in G should be played? I see you admit that the 'execution' is good, but of course a mere mechanist ('merus mechanicus') would be only too glad to know how to add to her mechanism something of the *souffle* of poetical inspiration. Will you, like a good soul, inform Mrs. D. of the true 'reading' (a capital word) and make her happy, as well as

Yours faithfully,

HER HUSBAND.

"P.S. I am really distressed that, at her age, and with such long experience, she has not yet found out how to 'read' in the proper sense a single work of the great masters. Do give us your invaluable counsel, because, perhaps then, when she has reached the age of eighty, she may be able to 'read' a phrase in such a manner as to please you. She would then be able also to die peace-

fully and with no great weight upon her conscience. If Tausig weren't dead, and if Rubinstein and Bülow were not such formidable key-splitters, and if Abbé Liszt hadn't composed 'Elizabeth,' I would write to one of *them*. Wagner, we know, looks upon the piano as 'hammermusik' (a compliment to his friend, Liszt), but under the circumstances I entreat you, of your artistic nobility, to say—'how much a lesson?'"

These matters give us another aspect of that large question of "L'Art et la Famille," wittily alluded to by Berlioz in his letter of 1854. Yet another aspect is opened to us by a case which may be here introduced, a case which began in about the year of Berlioz's letter, and, recurring at intervals over a period of several years, did not finally close till towards the end of Davison's career as critic of the "Times." With that of his own wife, and that of the artist about whom arose the discussion with Berlioz, this third case forms an illustrative group of some interest as bearing on the general question. This third case illustrates the pressure brought to bear on the critic's sentimental or philanthropic side. The artist in question was a foreigner, who, not long after her arrival in England, became a widow, with a young family to support. She was neither extraordinarily gifted by nature nor a perfect mistress of the vocal or histrionic art, nor again was she one of those remarkable women, who, without those advantages, yet succeed in exciting public interest. But she was a clever and educated musician, whose talent was conspicuous enough to court notice, while her shortcomings as a singer and actress, invited criticism. On the tone towards her of the public press, the success of her efforts would therefore depend in a peculiar measure. This artist's communications with a view to enlisting the sympathy of her critic began some little time before she was left a widow.

"You are well aware," she writes in a long letter, "how very happy your critic upon my singing in —— made me, and by it you can measure how painful your reproach

was again to me after ——. It wounds me personally, because I know fully well to appreciate you as a critic, and it grieves me in regard with my position towards the public because your power goes further than you are yourself perhaps aware. Do not forget, I pray you, how far your paper goes, and how much, especially the provincial towns, are wholly influenced by your opinion, and that I am relying greatly upon *those towns* for the winter. Pray, if you *can*, be therefore lenient, and as you are kind enough to compliment me publicly, with the flattering titles of 'accomplished singer' and 'finished musician'—put not my redeeming qualities, but my faults 'under a bushel,' till, thanks to your advice, I have succeeded in curing them."

The whole letter shows an eagerness to get on, a readiness to ask for help, and a facility of tongue and pen, which, used as they were, for getting behind the impersonality of a paper, at the personality of its critic, may have done anything but effect their purpose, and this the lady may have felt.

Later, and in circumstances of great need, she writes:

"I believe stupid, ill-advising, would-be friends injured me with you at the beginning, and I have never been able since to make you truly my friend and this has often deeply grieved and vexed me, but now other much weightier reasons make me wish for your kindness and support, and a really deadly fear seizes upon me lest you should in the next coming days, when you will often have occasion to speak of me, say anything to injure me. I cannot as an *artist* appeal to you, but I beg of your kind heart to assist me in my deep affliction in the heavy responsibility that is cast upon me. The children have no one but me on earth, and my success is their bread."

A week afterwards:

"To say that I thank you from my inmost soul for your kind and generous words—seems saying nothing."

and again:

"Yesterday on my arrival at —— the first word I was greeted with was: 'What a success you had at the —— yesterday; we read the "Times" just now.' That is your power, and thus with a most noble, kind and generous heart, you use it in behalf of one who can find no words to thank you, but who, in her inmost heart feels what you do for her."

Twelve months later, over some fresh criticism which the artist regarded as encouraging, she writes:

"If ever in this life in *any circumstances* it will be permitted to me to be of *any service whatever* to you, will you generously come to me as to your most devoted friend, with the firm belief, that you are conferring a favour upon me, if you permit me to call myself and act as your friend. Will you, my dear Mr. Davidson, chronicle this request as coming from my inmost heart?"

The style of address and the mis-spelling of his name, show how little artist and critic were personally acquainted; and they were never on terms of private, personal friendship, such as existed between Davison and so many of the artists upon whose performances he reported. This artist's name was never conspicuous in the "Times" reports and reviews. Had she not been an "accomplished singer and finished musician" Davison might not have very largely sacrificed "l'Art" to "La Famille." But shades of difference are keenly felt by the artist subject of newspaper criticism, and a little word goes a long way before and behind the scenes, as may be judged from another letter:

Dear Mr. Davison,

If your opinion permits you to do so, will you kindly, when you write your résumé of our last season, give me more than a few passing words. On what *you* say, my re-engagement will probably depend."

and in another:

The festivals are *all important* to me because they pay well and because they give position. One word to —— and to Mr. —— from you, gives me what I want and *provides for my children for more than a year.* At the —— Society the same, and at the concerts where I have not yet sung once . . . . I am not really engaged by Mr. ——. He announced my name, because I thought it might do me good, and have a *promise* to sing if *possible;* that means, if *you* were to say to Mr. —— "Why don't you let —— sing?" I would get an engagement.

More than ten years after the latest of these letters, it came into their writer's power to prove the reality of the feeling which had so far only found expression in rather high-flown language. The artist seized her opportunity and laboured with zeal to serve one in whose welfare Davison was interested. A few more years passed, and the artist, now settled abroad, in the comfort of an assured position, sends one of her pupils with a letter of introduction to the critic, at a time when, in failing health towards the end of his career, he is passing through the annoyance of the most eager newspaper attacks of which he has yet been the object. It is so long since any communication that a superfluous "d" slips back again:

My dear, good Mr. Davidson,

Pray be prepared to love my darling pupil ——. You will find her *all* I say; a most conscientious and highly-gifted artist; a perfect little lady, a kind, modest, unassuming, unaffected, warm-hearted, high-minded girl.

If you have time, write me a line to tell me what you honestly think of her, directing to my country seat —— will you? I wish I could make *you* welcome there!

Yours most sincerely,

——— ———

However, to return to the early sixties. The "Musical World" was still the property of Messrs. Boosey, the music publishers. In 1860, Oxenford had become one of their leader-writers, and a curious series of articles having reference usually to matters dramatic must have puzzled the ordinary readers of the hebdomadal paper of music and musicians. The topical doings and talk of Panurge, Pantagruel, Epistemon and others were discussed in a kind of stiffly solemn farce. Scraps of verse, often lengthy, by Greek and Latin authors, not always the most familiar, seasoned the confabulations. Sometimes a bit of classical poetry would appear, daintily dressed in English. Jean Paul Richter would be quoted, or perhaps some one of the less-known English poets of the seventeenth century. The whole would be pervaded by a sort of fine, dry, pedantic quaintness. These articles did not meet with success among the readers of the "Musical World" who seem at length to have murmured, and Mr. John Boosey had presently to make representations on the subject to his editor. "But," replied Davison, or words to the same effect, "these admirable articles of Oxenford's appeal to our intellectual readers." "But," rejoined Mr. Boosey, "Our intellectual readers are all on the free list."

And so, after 1860, only two more Pantagruelian articles appeared, one in 1864, another in 1865. By that time Davison was freer than ever as editor of the "Musical World," and begged Oxenford for them. The "Musical World," at the end of 1862, after some nine years' ownership by Messrs. Boosey, had passed into the hands of Mr. W. D. Davison. There resulted, apparently, a large accession of contributors. Among them was Charles Lamb Kenney, who re-appeared as "Dilettante

Curtain Lifter," writer of scores of epigrams, couched in the form of Edward Lear's "Nonsense Rhymes." One on Sterndale Bennett has been quoted. Here is one he wrote on his friend the editor:

There was an old critic called Davison,
Whose eye every queer-written stave was on,
But, as I've heard tell,
He wrote songs that don't sell,
Which accounts for the ire of old Davison.

Institutions of various kinds, persons of various professions were made the butt of the epigrammatist, whose sallies were much appreciated by Davison. Here is one on Manager Lumley:

There was an old fellow called Lumley,
Who was treated by Fate somewhat rumly,
For now he would be
At the top of the tree,
And now he'd be up one, old Lumley.

Mr. French Flowers came out again, literally with renewed vigour, and gave vent to his latest hobby in a fytte or fyttes entitled the "Song of Chalk." Mr. Flowers seemed to have given up counterpoint for singing pupils, and the fruit of his experience in this province was a system of gymnastical vocalisation, calculated to prevent or arrest the progress of colds, coughs and lung troubles in general. The "Song of Chalk" set forth his idea, which was that certain vocal exercises, by promoting respiratory action, enabled the lungs to throw off the chalky deposits of disease. Shirley Brooks became at this time an honorary subscriber and contributor under the name of Zamiels Owl, and, being the subject of several of Charlie Kenney's epigrams, had a try himself, as follows:

There was an old "Musical World,"
Which once spicy insolence hurled;
Now, with editor lazy
Contributors crazy,
It's read with our upper lip curled.

Dr. GEORGE FRENCH FLOWERS.

Among less familiar names than those of Kenney, Brooks and French Flowers, were Dishley Peters, who was beginning to write characteristic letters from the Service Tree and Sable, Tadcaster, Tidbury How, author of footnotes to Shortman Duff's "Essay on the Pastoral Padel," Chidley Pidding, Thomas Noon Gadd, Sidey Ham and others.

"To-day," writes Dishley Peters through the "Musical World" to Zamiels Owl, in his postscript to a letter, dated Tadcaster, August 4, 1863. "To-day is Shelley's birthday (Percy Bysshe, I mean), and I am going to Great Marlow. Shall you be there, to beat about the bush, with your pleasant but pointless irony, your ill puns, iller quips and halting attempts at outrhyming D. C. the Rhymer? 'Tu Whit tu Whoo' I apprehend not. It is, nevertheless, the natal day of the poet Bysshe." Of Dishley Peters, the epigrammatist wrote:

> There was a queer scribe, Dishley Peters,
> Who's learned in musical metres,
> But in prose or in sonnet,
> A B's in the bonnet
> (B sharp mind) of this Dishley Peters.

Rippington Pipe was for a time the principal leader-writer, and occasional communications from Petipace of Winchelsea, bore on them the stamp of authority, but little by little the chief position in the "Musical World" was assumed by another personage. At first his name appears as that of a simple correspondent, a casual contributor who, in August, 1863, addresses Shirley Brooks as follows:

To Shirley Brooks, Esq.

Sir,

By no means. They who are so thick-skinned as still to credit the story of the Phœnix may say something for animal burning. In the time of Claudius, Vespasian and Severus, we find no less than three legions dispersed through the province of Britain; but the Dalmatian

Norsemen were in the garrison of Brancaster. Nevertheless, that the Druids and ruling priests used to burn and bury, is expressed by Pomponius. In their day were found (see Lamothe de Vayer) an ape of agate, a grasshopper and an elephant of amber, a crystal ball, three glasses, two spoons and six nuns in porphyry. The science of harmony was then unknown, music (as an art) unpractised.

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

OWAIN AP' MUTTON.

Presently, he assumes the editorship of a special column, contributions to which are politely requested "in the shape of questions and answers, old scraps of musical history, buried anecdotes, contrapuntal Elenches and opinions, whether paradoxical or platitudinarian." To use other words, it may be said that odd scraps of knowledge, curiosties of literature, sweepings from its out-of-the-way corners, dry tit-bits, formed the column, edited by Owain Ap' Mutton. Presently it increased and in time became several columns, editorial reflections taking a larger share of the space. For two or three years, from 1863 to 1866, Ap' Mutton's state was oracular, and withal mythic, for, like King Arthur, or the Wandering Jew, his origin was shrouded in the misty glamour of legend, and his relations to time and space were indefinite. Yet he was distinctly subject to some of the conditions of mortality, and when away on a long journey, such as to witness, from aboard his own smack, a sea fight between Danes and Germans, or to confer with and advise Napoleon or the Pope, the editorship of his column would devolve upon Drs. Chidley Pidding, Queer, Shoe or Septimus Wind. And this might happen again if Ap' Mutton were incapacitated by a numbness of the splenic artery or a severe pepsy. Failing the other doctors, A. S. Silent might officiate, and might sometimes, in periods of slackness, fall asleep, the only indication of life in the column then being Silent's snoring, or the

changing of his side. Some things, however, would fetch Ap' Mutton, or a message from him from far away, as, for instance, did a letter in "Punch" which, reflecting not quite respectfully on Mendelssohn, Ap' Mutton's equanimity was disturbed, and he wrote to Dishley Peters, from the Moon, High Peak, rather excitedly. It may have been that his divers sub-editors wanted unity of purpose or lacked tact, or were deficient in authority. Slight storms would agitate the column, and indeed the whole paper, whose editor did not seem to mind setting people by the ears and warming water all round in a serio-comic way. Some people would write serious letters whose editorial framing at Muttonian hands would surprise, mystify or make indignant their writers.

Such a case apparently is presented by the letter of Mr. Thomas Duck relating to the Costa Bennett feud, a letter perhaps raked up from years before at the bottom of a cigar box.

To G. F. ANDERSON, ESQ.

Sir,

Costa v. Bennett v. Costa.

Is not this a piteous case?

I am, sir,
Yours obediently,

DRAPERS ALLEY. THOMAS DUCK
August 27. (Teacher of Music).

P.S.—Is there no way of arranging this piteous case?
T. D.

(This is a piteous case, A. S. S.)

Or they would find under the heading "To Correspondents" replies at cross purposes:

"Musical World," June 30, 1866.

Mr. Shirley Brooks: *Ministrant* is a bacchic.

Mr. Horace Mayhew: *Audire* is an antibacchic

Mr. Harmony Silver: *Charitas* is an amphimacer.

Mr. Henry Farnie: *Florentes* is a molossus. There are no molossuses in *Ulysses*. There are no tribrachs, but dactyls, trochees, iambics and spondees many. Very few pyrrhics.

Mr. John Ulla, M.E. *Avoirdupois* is a choriambus.

Dr. Moon: There is no such thing as a foot of one syllable. Every foot must have at least two syllables, just as every man and every woman must have at least two feet—therefore, at least four syllables. Q.N.E.D. Ulla, is both a pyrrhic and an empyrrhiric. Tolderollol would be a choriambus.

A correspondent might not know what to make of such an answer as "No, or rather yes," followed by something not to the point.

The enquiries of a correspondent, "Hic Haec," generally met with the reply, "Hoc."

Another type of correspondents were those who would profit by Ap' Mutton's column to air their grievances under pseudonyms from which they might have to emerge when the quips and cranks of Muttonians had stirred the pother up to a proper point. Thus a discussion became acrimonious respecting the employment as soloists at the Crystal Palace concerts of German in preference to native members of the band. This discussion spread the column over sheets, and perhaps in that way exhausted it. Not long afterwards A. S. Silent fell asleep for some time, and presently Muttoniana, as the column in its development had got to be called, merged into something else, its originator having repaired to Heligoland or Mars or the moon, or somewhere whence, unless for a very rare, flying visit, he did not reappear as an active member or presiding myth or ultimate oracle in the "Musical World," until some twelve years had passed away.

Ap' Mutton, as perhaps all his sub-editors, and divers others who passed as Muttonians, belonged to a club called the I.O.U. Club, limited to non-liquidators. This fact may explain his readiness to receive preciputs. But probably those who admired him and sought his advice considered themselves, like the appreciators of Oxenford's Pantagruelian articles, "on the free list," and the consequent non-receipt of preciputs may have been discouraging to Ap' Mutton.

Some one said that the editor of the "Musical World" treated his readers as if they were a set of fools.

CHAPTER XX.

Letters from Berlioz in '63 and '64—Renewal of London musical journalistic warfare—The "Orchestra"—The "Musical Standard"—Music critics' benefit concerts—Their genesis—The "Orchestra" *versus* Desmond Ryan—Results and consequences of the lawsuit—Some difficulties and trials of newspaper critics—Death of Ryan—Clem White becomes a Charterhouse "brother"—Anecdote of Clem White and Dion Boucicault.

EARLY in February, 1863, Davison received a characteristic epistle from Berlioz, in a thin mourning border.

*Cher ami,

Je t'envoie par l'intermédiare de la maison Brandus ma petite partition de Béatrice. Je serais bien heureux qu'elle te fit plaisir. Je suis toujours plus ou moins malade ou tourmenté par diverses violences de ma pensée et de mon cœur. Qu'y faire? Rien, mais les témoignages d'affection de certains amis me sont bien nécessaires, et voilà pourquoi tu ferais une bonne action en

* [*Translation*]. 4 Rue de Calais, Paris, Feb. 5, 1863. My dear Friend—I am sending you through the Brandus firm my small score of "Beatrice." I should be glad if you liked it. I am, as usual, more or less ill or worried by various violences of thought and feeling. What then? Nothing, except that signs of affection from certain friends are very necessary to me, and that you would be doing a good action by writing to me. I dined the day before

m'écrivant. J'ai dîné avant hier chez les Patti où nous avons tout naturellement beaucoup parlé de toi. La charmante enfant a été plus gracieuse et plus espiègle que jamais. Elle s'est trouvée, dit-elle, paralysée par son entourage dans le Don Giovanni; en effet tout le monde dit que cette reprise du chef d'œuvre est honteuse. Celle de la Muette au contraire (où les rôles sont pitoyablement chantés) a obtenu un grand succès. Le Conservatoire m'a demandé pour le 8 Mars le duo des deux jeunes filles, final du 1r. acte de Béatrice. Je ne sais si ce public hargneux et plein de préventions se laissera prendre comme celui de Bade à la mélancholie de ce morceau. Quoi qu'il en soit je serai bien aise de faire entendre cela *aux artistes*. Je suis sur le point de prendre un parti pour ma partition des Troyens. Si d'ici à huit jours le Ministre ne se décide pas à la mettre en répétitions à l'opéra, je cède aux instances de Carvalho et nous tentons la fortune au th: Lyrique pour le mois de Décembre. Il y a trois ans qu'on me berne a l'opéra; et je veux entendre et voir cette grande machine musicale avant de mourir. Tu penses bien que ce ne sera pas avec les ressources actuelles de ce théâtre que nous viendrons à bout d'une telle entreprise; mais on va chercher à composer une vraie troupe

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yesterday at the Pattis where, naturally enough, we talked a great deal about you. The charming girl is more graceful and sprightly than ever. She says that, in "Don Giovanni," she was paralysed by her surroundings; indeed everybody says this production of the masterpiece is shameful. That of the "Muette," on the contrary (though the parts are wretchedly sung), has had great success. The Conservatoire wants, for the 8th of March, the duet of the two young girls, finale of the first act of "Beatrice." I don't know if that crabbed and prejudiced audience will, like the audience at Baden, be allured at all by the melancholy of the piece. Anyhow I should much like *artists* to hear it. I am on the point of coming to a resolution concerning my score of "Les Troyens." If within a week's time the Minister does not decide to begin rehearsals of it at the opera, I shall yield to Carvalho's persuasions, and try our luck at the Lyric for December. For three years they have been shilly-shallying with me at the opera; and I do want to hear and see that big musical concern before I die. We shan't, as I needn't tell you, be able to accomplish such an enterprise with the actual resources of that theatre; but endeavours will be made to get

lyrique grandiose; et Carvalho prétend qu'il y parviendra. Dimanche prochain je dirigerai un demi programme au concert de la Société Nationale des arts. J'ai répété pour la première fois hier et je crois que cela marchera. Au commencement d'avril j'irai à Weimar diriger les premières représentations de Beatrice que la Grande Duchesse a demandée pour le jour de sa fête. En Juin il faudra que j'aille à Strasbourg diriger l'Enfance du Christ au Festival du Bas Rhin. En Août je retourne à Bade remonter Béatrice.

Voilà toutes mes nouvelles.

Des évènements qui me préoccupent le plus je ne te dirai rien, il y aurait trop à dire. Je vis comme un homme qui doit mourir à toute heure, qui ne croit plus à rien et qui agit connue s'il croyait à tout.

Je ressemble à un vaisseau de guerre en feu dont l'équipage laisse le champ libre à l'incendie, attendant tranquillement l'explosion de la Sainte Barbe . . . . Oh! je voudrais te voir et causer à cœur ouvert avec toi; j'ai été bien longtemps à te connaître, et je te comprends maintenant. J'aime tant ton excellente nature d'artiste et d'homme! On m'a tant accusé d'être intolérant et passionné que je suis tout sympathie pour la passion et l'in-

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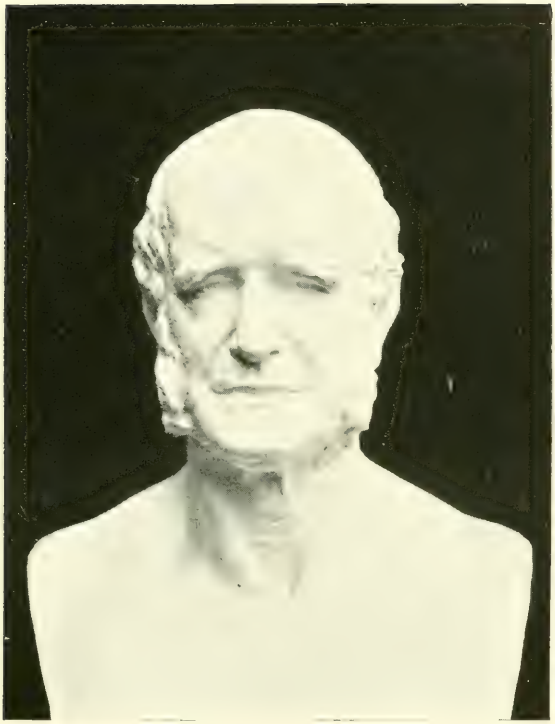
together a really grand lyrical company; and Carvalho declares he can do it. Sunday I am to conduct half the programme of a concert at the Société Nationale des Arts. The first rehearsal was yesterday and I think all will go well. At the beginning of April I am off to Weimar to conduct the first performances of "Beatrice" which the Grand Duchess has asked for, for her fête day. In June I am due at Strasburg to conduct "L'Enfance du Christ" at the Lower Rhenish Festival. In August I return to Baden to produce "Beatrice" again. There you have all my news. Of the events that pre-occupy me most I tell you nothing, there is too much to tell. I live like a man who may have to die at any moment, who no longer believes in anything, and who acts as if he believed in everything. I am like a warship on fire, whose crew lets things take their course, quietly waiting for the powder magazine to blow up. . . . Oh! I do wish I could see you and open my heart to you; I was a long time getting to know you, and I now understand you. I like the stuff you are made of, both as artist and man! I have been so often denounced as intolerant and passionate, that I am all sympathy for



JOHN ELLA

tolérance. Les êtres qui m'inspirent une antipathie insurmontable sont les raisonneurs froids qui n'ont ni cœur ni entrailles, et les fous qui n'en ont pas davantage mais qui manquent en outre de cerveau.

Je viens de recevoir de New York une lettre qui m'a vivement ému; c'est celle d'un jeune musicien américain qui me demande de lui écrire, parce qu'il a une carrière difficile et que le chagrin le tue. Il s'adresse mal pour trouver un consolateur; je vais pourtant lui répondre de mon mieux.

Cette lettre que je t'écris va peut être te trouver dans quelque ennui, dans quelque tristesse, car nous avons tous une large part dans ce fatal domaine. Si le malheur veut qu'il en soit ainsi, attends pour me répondre une *éclaircie;* le temps n'est pas toujours à l'orage.

Adieu, cher ami, pardonne moi mes divagations, et crois à la sincère et vive affection de ton dévoué

H. BERLIOZ.

4, RUE DE CALAIS,
PARIS.
Le 5 Février, 1863.

Later in the same year Davison seems to have gone to Paris and witnessed the production of "Les Troyens" alluding to which the author writes on October 29:

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passion and intolerance. The beings that inspire me with insurmountable antipathy are the cold reasoners, destitute of both heart and bowels, and the fools, who, similarly destitute are destitute. also, of brains. I have just received, from New York, a letter that touched me deeply; a young American musician asks me to write to him because his career is beset with difficulties and grief is killing him. He has scarcely applied in the right quarter for consolation; however, I am going to answer him as well as I can. The letter I am writing to you now may chance to find you in some worry, some distress or other for we all of us have a liberal allotment in the same fateful domain. Should ill luck have it so, don't reply to this until your *sky has cleared;* the barometer is not always low. Adieu, dear friend, forgive me these digressions, and believe me your sincerely affectionate, H. Berlioz.

*Viens, c'est pour Mercredi, 4 Nov. On m'a fait un succès terrible ce matin à la répétition. Tout va.

A toi,

H. BERLIOZ.

Thus would Berlioz be extremely depressed or extremely elated.

Some months later he had another cause for elation, in his escape from the thraldom of journalistic music criticism and, introducing some artist to the critic of the "Times," he celebrates his freedom:

†Cher ami,

Mr. Jacquart qui est engagé par Ella, me demande pour toi une lettre d'introduction. Il n'en a aucun besoin, puisque son talent est incontestable, pur, noble, et *musical*: tu seras le premier à le reconnaitre. Je lui donne cependant la lettre parceque c'est un prétexte pour t'envoyer mille amitiés, et parceque je suis bien sûr maintenant, ayant renoncé pour jamais à la critique, de ne plus donner à tes protegées d'éloges insuffisantes.

Comment vas-tu, pauvre esclave, comment traine-tu ton boulet, pauvre galérien? Quant à moi j'ai peine encore à croire à ma délivrance, et les premières représentations d'opéras Parisiens me font toujours peur . . . . par habi-

* [*Translation*]. Come, it's settled—Wednesday, November 4. At the rehearsal this morning the success was terrific. All's well. Thine, H. Berlioz.

† [*Translation*]. Paris, April 22, 1864. Dear Friend—Mr. Jacquart, who has been engaged by Ella, asks me for a letter of introduction to you. He needs none whatever, for his talent is unquestionable, pure, noble and *musical;* you will be the first to see it. Nevertheless I am giving him a letter because it's an excuse to send you a hearty greeting, and because there is no danger, now that I have given up criticism for ever, of my bestowing insufficient praise on your protegées. How are you, poor slave; poor galley-slave, how are you getting along with your cannon-ball? As for me, I can't yet quite realise that I am free, and the first performances of

tude. Aussi avec quel bonheur et quel acharnement je m'abstiens d'y assister! . . . .

Ne viendras tu pas passer quelque jours cet été à Paris? Nous ferions des courses à la campagne avec les moins bêtes de nos amis, et même sans amis. Mais tu n'auras pas le temps, pauvre misérable! car c'est surtout pour toi que "the Times" is money. Tiens, fais moi gagner un million, et si je ne t'en donne pas immédiatement les trois quarts et demi tiens moi pour un drôle.

Bon jour, je te serre la main.

H. BERLIOZ.

PARIS.

ce 22 Avril, 1864.

This letter is the latest of those that remain from Berlioz to Davison. During the last five years of the composer's life he did not visit London, and the critic was rarely, if ever, in Paris. Each was busy with his own affairs. The composer eating his own liver away in self-torment, Prometheus and the eagle in one; his ancient critical ally immersed in the petty politics of London music and musical journalism.

Davison in the sixties wrote for the "Times," "Saturday Review," "Pall Mall Gazette" and "Musical World," was probably in the prime of his power as a music critic, and was a conspicuous target for the missiles of those who bore him an old or a new grudge. With the principal of those with whom he had waged more or less comical warfare over the native talent question, with "Jenkins" he was good friends. The "Great Gun," the "Maëstro," the "Musical and Dramatic Review" had long gone the

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Parisian operas always give me a fright—by force of habit. With what joy, with what furious obstinacy do I abstain from attending them!—Can't you manage to spend a few days in Paris this summer? We'd make excursions into the country with the least stupid of our friends, or even without any friends at all. But, poor wretch, you won't have time! For you more than anyone the "Times" is money. Now look here, help me to gain a million, and if I don't immediately hand you over three and a half quarters of it, reckon me a rascal, etc., H. Berlioz.

way of all paper. But other old antagonists were antagonists still, and the "Musical World," that curious musical ship with its miscellaneous notions, had weathered a voyage of thirty years to find a new assailant in a journal launched by the music publishing firm of Cramer, Beale and Co.—the "Orchestra." Another paper, the "Musical Standard," had set sail about the same time. According to the "Musical Standard," the "Orchestra" was "a trade organ in the semblance of a newspaper," while according to another contemporary, the "Spectator," it was "an occasionally clever, and generally abusive musical paper." In 1865 and 1866 this "abusive" paper set itself to the task of exposing abuses. An undoubted abuse lurked in English music criticism. One or two critics had taken to giving annual benefit concerts—concerts, that is, for their own benefit, and at which they secured the gratuitous services of prominent artists. This was a repetition in an aggravated form of those "Musical World" concerts on which in 1846 and 1847 the "Athenæum" had very justly emptied the vials of its wrath. The growth of the principle in question may thus be traced from its origin, which lies in personal intercourse between professional critics and artists. First and most innocent starting point, the critic's private musical evening, when artists assemble and entertain themselves and their host's friends. Second, and still innocent, the critic's soirée or matinée musicale of the J. W. Davison "smoking" Bohemian kind in 1845, or of the Ella kind prior to 1845, but pointing to commercial developments. Third, the early Musical Union kind where the services of the artists were gratuitous and where the practice was scarcely defensible on the ground of advantages to be reaped indirectly by the artists. Fourth, and no longer defensible, the musical journal benefit concert imitated from Paris by the "Musical World" in 1846 and 1847. Here the commercial element enters illegitimately, the musical journal laying itself under an obligation to the artists which it cannot fairly discharge. Fifth, the benefit concert given by one who is music critic, *pur et simple*, that is having no fellow professional claim on the artist who

gives him his services. For the practice under heading Five, the "Orchestra" attacked Davison's old friend, Desmond Ryan, sub-editor of the "Musical World" and music critic of the "Morning Herald" and "Standard," but attacked him in a style suggesting personal animosity as well as Billingsgate. Not content with attacking the system it charged the concert-giver with deliberately levying blackmail, and when, after failure to obtain an apology, Ryan brought an action, the charge, though unsupported by any evidence, was not withdrawn. Consequently Ryan got a verdict and two hundred and fifty pounds damages.

This trial brought all sorts of latent and suppressed ill feelings to an eruption and Davison's name was dragged in at an early opportunity. Certain members of the musical and the musical-literary callings showed their sympathy with the "Orchestra" by writing letters to it, in which some of them enclosed subscriptions towards a fund of indemnification. Among the subscribers were Mr. Chorley and Mr. John Ella, who, in sending his five guineas took occasion to mention Davison's name. Thereupon a Dr. Breen (where medicine, law and divinity failed, music could supply supplementary doctors) wrote to Mr. Dishley Peters through the "Musical World" announcing his intention of subscribing half-a-crown to the same fund besides bequeathing five shillings to the nation in emulation of Mr. Ella who had announced a bequest of a thousand pounds. On this letter Mr. Dishley Peters commented in Muttonian style, recalling the fact that the Musical Union had grown out of concerts given by a music critic ("X. Y. Z." of the "Post") with artists whom he paid little or nothing, and venturing the presumption that, had Ryan succeeded in establishing his concerts he would in time have paid his artists as Mr. Ella now did those at the Musical Union. The "Athenæum" article of 1845 on the "Musical Ruin" was quoted. Davison was now fairly drawn into the broil. "Historicus" (referred to in the "Musical World" as "Dr. Giblett," meaning perhaps to indicate Dr. Gauntlett)—"Historicus" wrote long letters to the "Orchestra" rak-

ing up matter dating from the "Jenkins" articles of a quarter century ago, up to the most recklessly personal of D. C's. recent epigrams, stating some half-truths and helping generally to assail Davison as a puffer of artists in whom and institutions in which he was nearly interested, to the detriment of rival artists and institutions, while Mr. Ella, furthermore, drew attention to the fact that he had obliged Davison with five pounds in 1848. Mr. Duncan Davison lost no time in giving the date of the repayment of the five pounds, and in the general mêlée Mr. Chorley fell foul of Mr. Ella, and editors, critics, publishers, concert-givers, etc., traversed, foined and hurtled together, dealing sad strokes. The "Musical Standard," presumably impartial, produced an article on Ryan *v.* Wood, headed "Pot *versus* Kettle." Fully admitting the false position of a critic who accepted the gratuitous services of artists continually the subjects of his criticism, the writer of the article remarked that a music journal accepting from artists a subscription like the one now being made to indemnify the "Orchestra" was placing itself in a position very similar to that which it had assailed. The subscription having reached over one hundred pounds, the "Orchestra" wisely closed and returned it with thanks. The air was cleared. The "Orchestra" which, undoubtedly had, no matter how, done a bit of useful work, had the verdict of the press generally on its side. The critics' benefit concerts came to an end. The "Musical World" deleted a "notice to concert-givers," which had since the year 1861 somewhat disfigured its fair face, and which ran: "No Benefit Concert or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised can be reported in the 'Musical World.'"

Wrote the proprietor of the "Musical World" to Davison on one occasion:

I am going to write to Gye for some advertisements of Covent Garden. You promised to say a word to him about it when you met him. Is it not most unfair we should advertise his theatre in our notices and at a cost for nothing?

With all the powerful conflicting interests that beset him, those of music publishers, those of musical instrument makers, those of the operatic and other institutions, those that threaten like huge seas and those that appeal like a man overboard, the music critic who endeavours to steer his barque by the light of true art, has a task requiring no little grit.

Let us hope musical journals, and journals in general, no longer have one eye to public affairs and one eye to the shop, and that critics no longer accept favours of any kind from artists, hard and inconvenient as it may sometimes be when those artists are intimate personal friends.

Some two years after these events, Davison's old comrade, whilom fellow student at "Stinkomalee," then Sonnetteer to Harrison's Collection, "Moschian" writer of verses which Davison set to music in old romantic days, and, most of the time since, his constant collaborator in the "Musical World"—Desmond Ryan, gay and genial Irishman, who described the face of one as "four kicks in a mud wall," and the eyes of another as "like boiled gooseberries put in with dirty fingers," died.

Wrote Davison in his paper:

It is our painful duty to record the death of one of the oldest and most highly esteemed contributors to this journal. After a long and trying illness, Mr. Desmond Ryan died in the early morning of the 7th inst., at his residence, 21 Tavistock Road, Hyde Park Gardens. Mr. Ryan first wrote for the "Musical World" in 1844. In 1846 he became its sub-editor, and held that post until within a few months of his decease. Those who knew him best are of course best able to estimate his worth; and the writer of these lines has not merely to regret the loss of a zealous and invaluable co-labourer, but of a friend in the truest and dearest acceptation of the word.

J. W. D.

Ryan was succeeded at the "Musical World" by Joseph Bennett, then writing for the "Sunday Times,"

who, from 1867, remained one of Davison's closest friends and companions.

Of the older stratum, Clement White had come home from his world-wide wanderings, but his efforts to keep head above water by song-writing and other means must have been very unsuccessful. In his song-writing he sought assistance from Davison.

In April, 1866, he writes:

27 RATHBONE PLACE,
OXFORD STREET,
April 16, 1860.

My dear Sir,

If you were not chivalrous and had not pluck you could not have gone on with a dull man and his slow song—giving away a sovereign and a coat could be done by less men—but holding hard by unprofitable alterations requires a strong Christian humanity which, by the Holy Paul, you have manifested. I suppose you must thank your gentle mother and warm-hearted father for the *Nature Of the Thing!* which I believe in, etc.

An old friend of Clement White's was Dion Boucicault, through whose exertions he obtained admittance, towards the end of 1866, to the Charter House. There, as a "brother," "Clem" passed his last few years. Probably it was many years before, perhaps in the days of the "Musical Examiner," that Clement White, Dion Boucicault and Davison (since he relates the story) were crossing one of the bridges of London at night Then Clem, struck with the sight, drew Boucicault to the parapet, and pointing to the city's multitudinous lights reflected in the great river, exclaimed with solemn emphasis:

"Dion!—that's *London!*" to which Dion, rapidly wheeling him round in the other direction of the river and its lights, etc., replied, "Clem!—so's that!"

DION BOUCICAULT.

DESMOND RYAN.

With the still older friends, John Simon, Sterndale Bennett and Macfarren, the old intercourse, allowing for progress in different directions, continued.

Early in 1865 Sterndale Bennett visited Leipzig, stayed at the house of his old friend David, conducted his lately-produced symphony in G minor at the Gewandhaus, and heard a good deal of his music played at the Conservatory, to Bennett a "dream"-visit to "dear old Leipzig."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Edinburgh Chair of music vacant again, in 1865—Election of Mr., afterwards Sir Herbert, Oakeley—Progress of Wagner's music in the sixties—Dishley Peters anent "Tristan und Isolde"—Mr. Pierson and his "Hezekiah" at another Norwich Festival—Apparent attempt to bribe the "Times" critic—Death of Hector Berlioz—First performance of a Wagner opera in England—The course of opera in London, in Italian and in English, traced through the sixties to the production of "L'Ollandese Dannato" in 1870—Gye at Covent Garden—Mapleson at Her Majesty's—The stars—Patti, Lucca, Nilsson, Tietjens—The principal operas played and produced—Destruction of Her Majesty's theatre—Union of the rival establishments—Retirement and knighthood of Michael Costa—Death of Grisi—English opera—Balfe, Mellon, Wallace, Macfarren—"L'Ollandese Dannato" at Drury Lane in 1870 with Ilma di Murska and Santley—Arrival of Gounod.

LATE in 1865, history with that wave-like repetition of itself, brings us to another subject recalling a bygone Bennett. The Edinburgh Chair of Music was again vacant, Professor Donaldson, once Bennett's competitor, being dead. Again there was an eager canvassing by newspapers, Edinburgh and London.

The "Athenæum" was very eager, but the "Musical World" unlike itself in 1844, was severely reticent, being content to literally hold the balance between the contending parties, reprinting in parallel columns the articles of antagonistic newspapers—and this although one of the candidates was Macfarren. But Macfarren's chance does not seem to have been great, the likeliest candidate being Mr. John Hullah. The others included Drs. Gauntlett, once again to the fore, and Hy. Wylde. With faithful

repetition, history brought a fresh candidate into the field at the eleventh hour in the person of Mr. Herbert Oakeley, musical critic of the "Guardian." Like Mr. Pierson in 1844, Mr. Oakeley was a university man, was regarded as an amateur, had ecclesiastical sympathisers and was the representative of social station and general culture. Mr. Gladstone, rector of Edinburgh University, held the balance between Mr. Hullah and Mr. Oakeley and turned it in favour of the latter. During the heated and rather personal discussion that was carried on by certain newspapers, Mr. Oakeley was compared to Mr. Pierson, about whose career a question was asked. Before the end of the decade, that musician re-appeared in public.

Meanwhile in 1867 Davison received an invitation to be one of a musical jury at the Paris Universal Exhibition, which he declined.

Through the sixties may be traced the steady progress of Wagner, though not unattended with rebuffs and defeats. We left him, in the later day of Jullien who, hearing "Tannhäuser" wherever he went, wrote to Davison "Tu en mangeras." This was in 1856.

In 1860 Wagner tried fortune once more in Paris and in the following year achieved a disaster with "Tannhäuser." The year after that, "Lohengrin" succeeded in Vienna. In 1863 the trilogy was published at Leipzig. In that year London had got as far as the acquaintance, and thorough enjoyment, of Gounod's "Faust," but Dishley Peters had made the acquaintance of "Tristan und Isolde" and wrote thus to his friend, Henry Smart, one of the old native talent school of the early forties.

To Henry Smart, Esq.

Sir,

Having recently observed, in one of your songs (I forget the name of it), a certain passage (my memory has not retained the passage), tinted with a faint hue of Wagnerism, I make bold to ask you a question. I am perplexed with an opera called "Tristan und Isolde," words and music by Herr Richard Wagner. If Rossini had to turn

"Lohengrin" upside down, he must stand on his head before "Tristan." An early love, still unextinguished, for that curious old composition, "Morte Arthure," about the origin of which its latest editor, Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., seems (probably not having read the French books) to know as much as Sir Walter Scott and no more than Robert Southey, moved me to purchase Wagner's opera, while staying a day or two at Leipzig. The name of Tristan, or, as we have it, Tristram, and the name of Isolde, or, as we have it, Isonde, were enough to tempt me, without inquiring about the quality of the music. The "harper passing all others," the sportsman who "began good measures of blowing of blasts of venery and of chase, and of all manner of vermeins," the valiant Cornish knight when all Cornish knights were reputed cowards, was always a favourite hero of mine, as the beautiful daughter of King Anguish, the unfortunate wife of King Marke, the philtre-struck mistress of Sir Tristram—La beale Isonde, in short, was always a favourite heroine. I preferred them to Sir Lamorake and the king's wife of Orkney. I preferred them even to Sir Launcelot and Queen Guenever. The very idea of Tristram and Isonde being made the subject of an opera caused my mouth to water, if not to wine. But for the present I must desist. I am overpowered with my subject, to which, however, a week's repose may enable me to re-invite your attention.

Meanwhile, I am, Sir,

TADCASTER, Yours,

SERVICE TREE AND SABLE. DISHLEY PETERS.

17th December.

In 1865 "Tristan" was produced at Munich, and, three years later, "Die Meistersinger"; while, in 1869, "Rienzi" was given in Paris, and "Rheingold" was attempted at Munich.

In England scarcely any of Wagner's music had been heard since he left her shores in 1855. Perhaps the only

exceptions were a selection from "Tannhäuser" given at Arditi's Promenade Concerts in 1865, the overture to "Tannhäuser" and the prelude to "Lohengrin" at the Philharmonic in 1867 and 1869 respectively.

In this year, again, as one might fancy, a Wagner petrel foreboder of a return of the tide, Mr. Pierson's music sounded at Norwich, fragments of an oratorio, "Hezekiah" being produced there.

Thus Mr. Pierson came again on the scene.

It was on the eve of this Norwich Festival that one "Barclay," either a practical joker in easy circumstances, or a maniac mindful perhaps of the unfavourable judgment passed by the "Times" on "Jerusalem" in 1852, and entertaining perhaps the same opinion of Davison as did "Anti-Bribery" of Leeds, sent him a letter containing two ten pound bank-notes to influence his criticism on "Hezekiah." The notes were simply forwarded to Mr. Mowbray Morris.

Some time passing and Mr. Barclay being apparently difficult to find, the "Times" advertised in the following terms:

"Mr. Barclay, who gives no address, except London, and who has insulted our musical reporter at Norwich by writing him a letter enclosing £20 in notes in order to influence his criticism on some of the performances at the festival, is desired to call at our office for those notes, which will be delivered to him after he has described them and given their numbers and his address."

This was on September 2, 1869, at the end of the report of the festival. Two years passed without Mr. Barclay claiming his notes, which, considering the tone of the "Times's" report on the fragments of "Hezekiah," he had clearly a right to have back, and the money was therefore handed to Norwich charitable institutions.

In 1869 Berlioz died. Davison wrote "Another great musical thinker has passed away." He loved the man, he admired the genius, but the musician in Berlioz was another matter. When, some years later, a correspondent suggested a truly inept comparison between Berlioz and Chopin as exponents of a sort of pessimism in music,

Davison observed in a note: "By no means. The suggestion is a bad one. Compared with Berlioz, Chopin was a morbidly sentimental flea by the side of a furiously roaring lion—or a corner of a garden (where sensitive plants, convolvuluses and other timid flowers of weakly nerve, abound) to a vast, unshaven, impenetrable forest, infested with savage beasts, whose hunger and thirst must be incontinently appeased." The ride of Faust and Mephistopheles to the infernal regions in the last part of "La Damnation de Faust," Davison regarded as a striking example of Berlioz's power. Not as a natural musician, not as a great composer, not as one in the line of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, he regarded Berlioz, but as "another great musical thinker."

In the following year an opera of Wagner's was performed in England for the first time.

For the ten or twelve years up to 1869, Italian opera had gone on uninterruptedly, season after season, at Covent Garden, under the management of Mr. Gye, and, with only one year's interruption, that of 1861, had gone on either at Her Majesty's theatre or at Drury Lane, under a succession of managers. Lumley, after 1858, gave up, leaving the field to E. T. Smith who carried on the season of 1859 at Drury Lane, and that of 1860, at Her Majesty's. He was succeeded the following year by Mr. J. H. Mapleson, at the Lyceum. Mapleson returned to Her Majesty's in 1862 and remained there until that theatre in 1867 was burnt down, when he shifted to Drury Lane. His policy was marked by a spirit which roused emulation in Mr. Gye, over whom, however, he had an advantage in the services of an artist, who was something more than a mere "star." Teresa Tietjens enabled Mr. Mapleson to carry on the best traditions of the "grand" operatic school. Thus, in one year, 1866, he was able to present "Der Freischütz," "Fidelio" and "Iphigenia in Tauris." His "stars" were the weird and eccentric Ilma di Murska and Christine Nilsson a second "Swedish Nightingale," blonde and poetical. Mapleson's principal male singer was Mr. (now Sir Charles) Santley.

The stars at Covent Garden were Mlle. Pauline Lucca, whose most successful impersonation was that of Selika in "L'Africaine," and Mlle. Adelina Patti, whose southern brilliancy and youthful winsomeness had already carried all before them. Gye's principal male singers were Faure and the still charming Mario.

A perusal of contemporary operatic reports and playbills shows that Donizetti and Bellini, though retired from the front as compared with their position twenty years before, were not yet in the background. Rossini remains very much where he was. Mozart at least maintains his position, but the chief favourites are Verdi, Meyerbeer and Gounod.

Taking the period 1863 to 1868, inclusive, a period of keen rivalry between the two operatic establishments, it would appear, judging by the frequency of their performance, that, of the thirty-six operas produced under the management of Gye, the three most successful were "Faust," produced at both houses in 1863, "L'Africaine," produced at Covent Garden in 1865, the year after its composer's death, and "Don Giovanni." After these rank "Il Barbiere," "Les Huguenots," "Norma," "Sonnambula," "Favorita," "Ballo in Maschera" and "Fra Diavolo." At Mapleson's house "Faust," "Les Huguenots," "Lucia," "Trovatore," "Traviata," "Fidelio" and "Don Giovanni," appear to have been the most successful, after which come "Lucrezia," "Le Nozze," "Falstaff" (Nicolai), "Marta," "Der Freischütz," "Il Flauto Magico" and "Medea."

Naturally "stars" had much to do with this, Patti lending peculiar charm as Amina to Bellini's well-worn "Sonnambula," as Rosina to the "Barbiere," as Zerlina to "Don Giovanni," Lucca the same as Zerlina to Auber's still fresh and sparkling "Fra Diavolo" and as Selika in the grandiose "Africaine." "Fidelio" demanded, while "Lucrezia" and "Medea" absolutely needed, a Tietjens; "Faust" and "La Traviata" owed, the first much, the second more, to such an interpreter of Marguerite and Violetta as Christine Nilsson. Of novelties during this period, besides "Faust," Mapleson produced Gounod's

"Mirella" in 1864, Gye, "L'Africaine" in 1865. The already noted 1866 was still further notable in operatic annals for the brief and unhappy return to the scene of her former triumphs of the now quite faded Giulia Grisi. Two operas by Verdi were produced in 1867. "La Forza del Destino" at Her Majesty's and "Don Carlos" at Covent Garden, where also was produced Gounod's "Romeo et Juliette." Amongst other interesting operas given more than occasionally during this period were, at Covent Garden, "Masaniello" and "Guillaume Tell," and, at the other house, "Oberon."

In 1869 the re-union of the two establishments, mooted soon after the destruction of Her Majesty's theatre, became an accomplished fact, but the arrangements under the new scheme did not give satisfaction to Mr. Costa and he therefore ceased to be *chef d'orchestre* at Covent Garden.

Mr. Grüneisen, his old and faithful henchman, wrote a pamphlet setting forth the origin and progress of the disagreement. The simple fact seems to have been that Mr. Gye had got tired of his conductor's autocratic demeanour and wished to have a voice in the musical department of his establishment, while Costa holding himself responsible for the general efficiency of the musical execution, insisted on an *imperium in imperio*. Costa severely felt the separation from his old place, but was in some measure consoled before the year was out by being dubbed knight.

As the "Daily News" critic observed, "there must have been many obscure and patient years of indefatigable labour and devotion to his art; above all, there must have been rare force of character, rare consistency and integrity of conduct, and that undeviating and unfailing self-respect which is the secret of true dignity of labour and of life," etc

Another familiar and prominent figure who was missed from the operatic boards in 1869 was Mario. It was the year of his wife's death, on which Shirley Brooks wrote some simple and graceful lines which may here be quoted:

To her dearest friend
Madame Arabella Davison
from her very devoted
Adelina Patti.

London 24th July 1867.

GIULIA GRISI.

(From "Punch.")

Nay, no elegies nor dirges!
Let thy name recall the surges,
Waves of song, whose magic play
Swept our very souls away:
And the memories of the days
When to name thee was to praise;
Visions of a queenly grace,
Glowings of a radiant face,
Perfect brow—we deemed it proud
When it wore the thunder-cloud;
Yet a brow might softly rest
On a gladdened lover's breast.
Were thy song a Passion-gush,
Were it Hatred's torrent-rush,
Were it burst of quivering Woe,
Or a Sorrow soft and low,
Were it Mischief's harmless wiles,
Or wild Mirth and sparkling smiles,
Art's High Priestess! at her shrine
Ne'er was truer guard than thine.
Were it Love or were it Hate,
It was thine, and it was great.
Glorious Woman—like to thee
We have seen not, nor shall see.
Lost the Love, the Hate, the Mirth—

. . . . . .

Light upon thee lie the earth!

For two years the Royal Italian Opera was carried on at Covent Garden under the combined direction of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson. Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" was produced in 1869, and nothing particular in 1870. In 1869 reliance seems to have been placed mainly upon the northern and southern "stars." Mmes. Nilsson and Patti and some failure to satisfy the requirements of a "star" may have helped the formation of a rival enterprise, which, under the management of Wood, the defendant in the Ryan lawsuit, and of Davison's old chum Jarrett, brought out "L'Ollandese Dannato."

So much for Italian Opera, or opera in Italian. Under the shadow of this large institution, even for a time under its protection and encouragement, the modest

plant of English Opera, or opera in English, had been existing, if not flourishing. For a year or two, Italian Opera management had, in the London off-season made use of its premises for English operatic purposes. This was in 1860 and 1861, part of a period of ten years, during which, however, the cause is associated chiefly with the name of Miss Louisa Pyne.

In 1857, this lady, already a widely-known and popular singer, joined Mr. Harrison the well-known tenor, in establishing at its old house, the Lyceum, English opera; English opera meant chiefly operas Italian and French. Auber's "Crown Diamonds" and "Domino Noir" in which Miss Louisa Pyne pre-eminently shone, were the staple commodity, while Balfe regularly, and Wallace, Macfarren and others occasionally, contributed novelties. Such was the result of the agitation which had from time to time arisen in favour of the foundation of a national opera.

The modest plant was like one in a pot moved about, from the Lyceum, where Balfe's "Rose of Castille" came out in 1857, to Drury Lane, where the same composer's "Satanella" saw the light in 1858, thence to Covent Garden where in 1859, Alfred Mellon's "Victorine" was produced, and in 1860, Balfe's "Bianca" and Wallace's "Lurline." This year Mr. E. T. Smith, manager of the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre brought out an opera by Macfarren, "Robin Hood," Sims Reeves taking the principal part, and, in the following winter at Drury Lane, an opera by Wallace to a libretto by Mr. Chorley, the "Amber Witch," the principal singers being Miss Sherrington, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley, Mr. Charles Hallé conducting the band. The Pyne and Harrison Company, still at Covent Garden, brought out in 1860, Balfe's "Puritan's Daughter" and Howard Glover's "Ruy Blas"; in 1862 Benedict's "Lily of Killarney" (a setting of Dion Boucicault's popular melodrama, "The Colleen Bawn"), and in 1863, Balfe's "Armourer of Nantes." Early in 1864 they moved to Her Majesty's, but late in the same year returned to Covent Garden and became incorporated with the New Royal English Opera Company, Limited, bearing fruit in Balfe's "Rose or

Love's Ransom" and Macfarren's "Helvellyn." The new company staggered through 1865 into 1866, when it collapsed and with it this national operatic effort. 1867 to 1870 was barren.

"L'Ollandese Dannato"* at Drury Lane, though produced late in the season, was a distinct success. Charles Santley impersonated Vanderdecken, Ilma di Murska, the weirdly poetic Senta. It is difficult to account for the five years' delay that occurred before Wagner's musical dramas were again drawn upon for the Italian operatic stage—a five years perhaps unmatched for dulness in London's operatic annals—and this despite the warbling of the "stars" which is not the same thing as the harmony of the spheres. The Wood-Jarrett combination lasted but one season. That of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson came to as speedy an end, the managers returning each to his former headquarters at Covent Garden and Drury Lane respectively. Towards the close of 1870, "L'année terrible," M. Gounod came over from France then struggling with the invader, and settled in London.

What with a lawsuit arising from the breach, through illness, of a professional engagement contracted by Mrs. Davison, and with the critical position of his brother's business, which, greatly depending on that of the Parisian firm of Brandus, was affected by the war, 1870 was a year of anxiety to Davison.

On the 17th of December Horace Mayhew was informed through the "Musical World" under the heading "To Correspondents" that "In autumn come medlars. Suspicions amongst thoughts are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly by twilight. In autumn come medlars."

* The "Flying Dutchman."

1870-1885.

BAYREUTH.

CHAPTER XXII.

Another Beethoven Festival—Bonn revisited in 1871—London opera, début of Emma Albani—Letters from Mowbray Morris—Gounod in London—Becomes a near neighbour of Davison—A correspondence—The "Cosmopolitan"—Gounod on Sterndale Bennett—Death of Sterndale Bennett—A Sonnet by Charles Lamb Kenney—Progress of the Monday Pops.

IN the summer of 1871 was held the first centennial celebration in honour of Beethoven, deferred a year on account of the Franco-Prussian war. Davison, after an interval of twenty-six years, found himself again at Bonn attending a Beethoven festival.

In 1845 he had written: "The last time I saw Ehrenbreitstein, was in company with Sterndale Bennett, something better (or worse) than nine years ago. With whom shall I visit it again—or indeed, shall I ever?"

The companion then referred to, the companion of 1836, of the Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" time, was his companion in 1871, and perhaps Ehrenbreitstein was revisited.

Ferdinand Hiller, another of the Düsseldorf "Vieille garde," was also present as orchestral conductor, and Mr. Grüneisen, of 1845 memory, was again well to the fore. Among a new generation were Gade and Joachim—the latter rousing enthusiasm by his performance of the violin concerto.

But there was little or nothing about these events in the "Times," little or nothing about it—from Davison's pen—in the "Musical World." What he was not obliged

he no longer cared to do. A quarter of a century's constant reporting of operas, concerts and festivals had tired him, and, with a Crystal Palace Handel Festival and two Italian operas in immediate retrospect, and the Gloucester Festival in immediate prospect, he may have been glad of a few weeks' rest. Gifted with a remarkably strong constitution; he was now beginning to feel its first serious failures; his strength and energy required spurring. Unlike the journey of 1845, that of 1871 seems to have been undertaken purely as a holiday trip.

With a failure of health came a failure of spirits. Life in its decline was clouding, and petty annoyances added their frequent dashes of spray in the face of a tiring swimmer.

The dull operatic period in London between the production of "L'Ollandese Dannato" in 1870 and that of "Lohengrin" in 1875 was enlivened by the début in 1872 of Mdlle. Albani. Mowbray Morris was amongst those who were at once convinced of the young débutante's extraordinary talent, and with characteristic eagerness thus tackled the "Times" critic for the more reserved attitude he had assumed on this occasion, in common with other critics:

Dear Davison,

I think that anyone reading your notice of the performance at Covent Garden on Tuesday night would receive two impressions—first, that Albani's merits were by no means established by her representation of Amina on that occasion; secondly, that the very enthusiastic applause of the audience might have been pre-arranged. Such was the inference drawn by many of my acquaintance who were not present, and such was your meaning to me who was present.

Now do you mean to doubt that this new singer is a girl of consummate excellence in her art, that her performance on Tuesday night was one of the most perfect that was ever witnessed, and that the audience was literally carried away by it to a degree seldom seen in Covent Garden. Your faint praise and your unusual caution as-

Emma Abbott

1877

tonish me! I have not observed such qualities before in your critiques of first performances. You did not find them necessary when Miramon (sic) came out last May in the same part—you had then no doubt of the wonderful talent of the performer, and you required no further exhibition to guide your judgment. Do you wish to persuade the public that of these two women as they have shown their qualities in the character of Amina, Miramon is superlative and the other doubtful. It is quite impossible you can think so. Why, then, do you say so, or at least leave it to be inferred? But if such is honestly your opinion, you must submit to the charge of having lost those qualities of true discernment and just appreciation which distinguished your writings in former times. I must add one remark of general application. It is not, in my opinion, within the province of a newspaper critic to sit in judgment on the general merits of performers, or to assign them their respective places in the ranks of fame. It is his business to give a plain and honest judgment of what he sees and hears on each particular occasion, leaving the public to make their own comparisons and draw their own conclusions. If you had been content to follow this humbler but safer course on the present occasion, you could have escaped being condemned for an unjust and misleading criticism.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

M. MORRIS.

To which the draft of Davison's reply is:

My dear Mr. Morris,

What I wrote on Tuesday night was exactly what I felt. It had no pretension to be a detailed account of the qualifications of the new singer, which I reserved expressly for another occasion. The one hearing did not impress me as it seems to have impressed you. Your letter is very severe, and I am at a loss to understand

how I have deserved it. As for Mdlle. Marimon, I never spoke to her in my life. I don't know her and have not the slightest wish to know her; nor do I recollect ever having bestowed extravagant praise on her Amina.

All I can remember is that she was received with extraordinary enthusiasm on the night of her first appearance, and that I wrote a very few lines to record the event. With regard to the applause bestowed on Tuesday night upon Mdlle. Albani being pre-arranged, such an idea never entered my head, and I can find nothing in the article I wrote which insinuates anything of the kind. I paid close attention to the performance from beginning to end, and merely reserved my opinion, whatever that may be worth, for the next opportunity of substantiating it. If, however, you believe that I no longer possess the qualities as a musical critic for which you have so many years given me credit, or if you believe that in writing for you I have any other motive than that of doing justice, as far as my abilities permit, to the great journal of which you are the manager, I can only say that a word from you to that effect will suffice. I should leave the old service with intense regret, and also with the conviction that the loss was not yours but mine; I should, however, also leave it with the conviction of having done my duty honestly and zealously to the best of my means during my long connection with the paper.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Morris,

Yours faithfully,

J. W. DAVISON.

A couple of months later, a new opera came out, and Mowbray Morris seems to have taken the opportunity to apply balm:

Dear Davison,

Your notice of Gelmina is a masterpiece. You never did any work showing more ingenuity in escaping from a difficulty, or administering censure with a juster or a

gentler hand. It gives me very great pleasure to write this and I hope it will make you forget a certain harsh letter I wrote not so long ago.

Yours sincerely,

M. MORRIS.

On April 21, 1872, Sterndale Bennett wrote from Brighton:

My dear old Friend,

How delighted I was to see your face on Friday last! How the memory of our first sight of the "Rhine" and the old overture came back to me. What a dream is life. How is the one who works so hard for me?

The year of the Franco-Prussian war had brought M. Gounod over to London for a prolonged stay. In that troublous year more than one French musician migrated to England. As in 1848, so in 1870, with the difference made in 1870 by foreign invasion.

M. Gounod's settlement in London lasted four or five years. At one time it looked to be permanent. It seemed as if, like Berlioz, he wished to take a prominent place in the world of English music. A few enthusiastic English friends assisted him. Unlike Berlioz, M. Gounod thought England very backward in musical matters, so he set to work to plant true art in the benighted country; this by an annual series of vocal and orchestral Gounod concerts, on a large scale, by the organisation of a Gounod choir, and by the virtual establishment of a paper devoted to the interests of Gounod and art, in a way that reminds one of Wagner's less obscure "Bayreuther Blätter." In this paper appeared Gounod's autobiography, the history of his quarrel with the Royal Albert Hall Company and other matters pertaining to the interests of real musical art in England.

The showing up of musical critics who did not appear to hail M. Gounod's advent with sufficient enthusiasm,

seems also to have been part of the work of what we may style Bloomsbury Blätter.

Davison was, rightly or wrongly, regarded as having kept Gounod's music out of England as long as he could. This had been brought against him in the "Orchestra" correspondence of 1866. He certainly had very little admiration for the musician whom Mr. Chorley so much admired, and he had often severely criticised his music, being unable to wax enthusiastic even over "Faust."

Of this the composer of "Faust" can hardly have been unaware, and it cannot have taken much to sow suspicion in a mind perhaps at this period peculiarly sensitive and irritable.

In 1872 Gounod had settled down as a near neighbour of Davison, his headquarters being at Tavistock House, within a stone's throw of Tavistock Place, and the neighbours were brought into correspondence. It appears to have begun pleasantly enough over a little piece of music which the composer had dedicated to the critic's wife. But, before long, in the murky air which is haunted by small personal jealousies and crooked interests, trouble was brewed.

However, early in 1873, Jules Benedict having meanwhile acted the part of mutual friend—Gounod writes:

*Monsieur,

Notre ami commun, Sir Julius Benedict, m'a dit que vous aviez écrit des sonates superbes. Est-il indiscret de vous prier de vouloir bien me dire si elles sont gravées, et où je pourrais me les procurer.

Recevez, je vous prie, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

CH. GOUNOD.

* [*Translation*]. Sir—Our mutual friend, Sir Julius Benedict, tells me you are the composer of some splendid sonatas. Might one, without indiscretion, ask you if they are in print, and where they may be obtained. Believe me, etc., Ch. Gounod.

This looks a little like an attempt of the aforetime criticised composer to get change out of the aforetime composing critic, from which the latter thus escapes (to quote a rough draft).

*Mon cher Monsieur,

Merci de votre gracieuse politesse.

Benedict pour moi est plutôt un frère qu'un ami; et ce qu'il vous a dit en faveur de mes compositions vient, non pas de son jugement, mais de son cœur. La preuve est que je les ai presque toutes supprimées. Ce que j'ai composé pour orchestre ou pour musique de chambre n'existe plus même en manuscrit, et date de si longtemps que je ne saurais pas mettre la main sur un seul morceau, soit symphonie, ouverture, ou quatuor. Un seul a été gravé, et de ceci même les planches sont détruites. C'était une assez médiocre ouverture, arrangée pour pianoforte à quatre mains. Pour la musique de piano, même résultat. De trois sonates j'aimais assez la première, mais quoiqu'elle a été gravée, je crois (et espère) qu'il n'en existe pas maintenant un seul exemplaire. Les deux autres n'ont jamais, Dieu merci, été gravées. Il y avait beaucoup d'autres

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* [*Translation*]. Dear Sir—Thank you for your courteous letter. Benedict is more a brother than a friend to me, and what he told you about my compositions comes from his heart rather than from his head: which is proved by my having suppressed nearly all these compositions. What I wrote in the way of orchestral or chamber music no longer exists, even in manuscript, and dates from so long back that I should not know where to lay my hand on a single piece, whether symphony, overture or quartet. Only one of them was printed, and the plates of even that one have been destroyed. It was a rather mediocre overture, arranged as a pianoforte duet. The same as regards piano compositions. Of three sonatas, I rather liked the first - but, although it was printed, I believe (and hope) that not a single copy remains. The two others, thank Heaven, were never printed. There were a lot of other compositions of the same kind, but I bought the plates and gave them to my brother, who used the other side of them to print some compositions worse even than mine (which is saying a good deal), but which, on

compositions de la sorte, mais j'en ai acheté les planches et je les ai données à mon frère, qui a fait graver* du côté revers, des compositions même pires que les miennes (qui est beaucoup dire), mais qui, en revanche, ont eu beaucoup de publicité. Il me reste quelques petites chansonnettes pour voix et pianoforte, que je ne désire pas répudier; et je vous donne ma parole, mon cher Monsieur, que si je pouvais trouver une de celles-là je m'empresserais de vous l'expédier—trop honoré par une demande venant de l'auteur de *Faust* et *Mireille*. Mais j'ai cherché en vain. Veuillez excuser ces longues et si peu intéressants détails, et croire que je suis avec le plus grand respect, votre serviteur dévoué

J. W. DAVISON.

P.S. Un de mes amis intimes a écrit sur moi ce vers:

There was a J. W. D.
Who thought a composer to be,
But his muse wouldn't budge,
So he set up as judge
Over better composers than he.

About a week afterwards:

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the other hand, were very popular. I have got a few little songs left, for voice and piano, which I don't mind acknowledging; and I assure you, my dear sir, that if I could find a copy of one of those, I would hasten to send it you—too much honoured by a request from the author of "Faust" and "Mireille." But I have searched vainly. Pardon these lengthy and uninteresting details, and believe me, etc., J. W. Davison.

P.S. One of my intimates wrote these verses on me:

There was a J. W. D.
Who thought a composer to be,
But his muse wouldn't budge,
So he set up as judge
Over better composers than he.

* Mr. W. D. Davison took exception to this passage as the fruit of fancy.

*Mon cher Monsieur Davison,

Vous m'avez adressé dernièrement deux charmantes lettres—l'une chez moi, l'autre dans le "Times" (à propos de mon premier concert)—et je serais fort embarrassé de donner la préférence à l'une d'elles; si vous me disiez dans la première combien vous feriez estime de mon amitié—cette amitié est à cinq minutes de chez vous et sera charmée de vous ouvrir sa porte—votre mémoire peut vous dire que les excellents et très chers amis, dont la maison est en q.q. sorte la mienne, m'avaient chargé, l'année dernière, de vous dire que nous étions "at home" tous les dimanches dans l'après midi de 3 à 7 heures, et que nous y faisions de la musique en toute intimité *avec* ou pour les amis qui venaient nous voir—vous m'avez répondu, à cette époque, que vous viviez un peu comme un ours et n'alliez nulle part; je n'ai donc pas insisté—je me borne seulement aujourd'hui à une mention dont je ne me dédis pas, et à laquelle je veux vous dire qu'il vous est toujours loisible de revenir. Je serais charmé de causer art et musique avec vous, qui vous en êtes occupé, chose rare chez ceux qui en parlent.

Croyez, moi, je vous prie, mon cher Monsieur Davison,

Bien à vous,

CH. GOUNOD.

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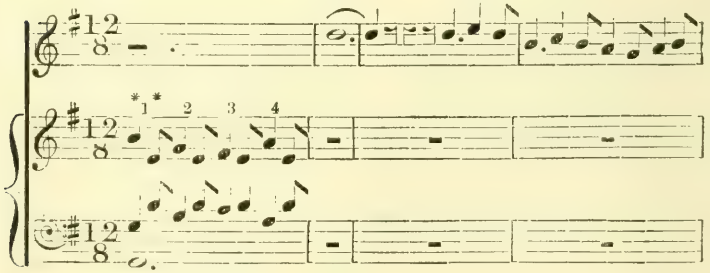
* [*Translation*]. My dear Mr. Davison—You wrote me two charming letters lately—one privately, the other through the "Times" (anent my first concert)—and I should be puzzled to say which of them I preferred. If in the first of them you say that you would highly prize my friendship—allow me to observe that that friendship is only five minutes walk from you, and would be delighted to open its doors to you. I may remind you that the excellent and dear friends whose house is in a sense my own, had asked me to tell you, last year, that we were "at home" every Sunday afternoon from three to seven, and that we had music, quite privately, *with* or for the friends who might come to see us. You replied, at that time, that you lived rather like a bear in his den and went nowhere. So I did not persist. I merely repeat what I do not retract, it is still open for you to change your mind. I should be delighted to chat about art and music with you, who have had something to do with them, which those who talk about them rarely have had. Believe me, etc., Ch. Gounod.

The invitation thus renewed, does not appear to have met with much response. A young journalist would have arranged a meeting between the composer and the critic of his predilection, but nothing further happened, excepting a continuation for a short time of the correspondence, and, with a few more letters, some of which follow, the intercourse between composer and critic came to an end.

Some three months after the last letter that has been here quoted, Gounod wrote *à propos* some scurrilous articles in "Bloomsbury Blätter."

Samedi, 9 Mai, 1874.

*Cher Monsieur Davison,

Il faut convenir que vous êtes, en effet, bien mal récompensé des persécutions de ma musique par les persécutions du "Cosmopolitan." Est-ce que vous ne connaîtriez pas à cela quelque remède homœopathique? En voici un de ma pharmacie que je vous envoie à tout risque: peut-être le renversement vous fera-t-il quelque bien: il va *sur le thème entier*

** 1. (quinte juste), 2. (tierce mineure), 3. (seconde majeure), 4. (quarte juste).

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* [*Translation*]. Saturday, May 9, 1874. Dear Mr. Davison—It must really be admitted that, for the persecutions of my music you are being very poorly compensated by the persecutions of the "Cosmopolitan." Can't you think of some homœopathic remedy for this state of things? Here is one from my pharmacy which I

ARABELLA GODDARD

Photo, Lankster, Tunbridge Wells.

J'espère avoir bientôt de meilleures nouvelles de votre état de santé et vous prie de bien me croire

Tout à vous

CH. GOUNOD.

To this epistle, Davison appears to have replied by sending to Gounod a composition of Sterndale Bennett.

12 Mai.

*Mon cher Monsieur Davison,

J'ai lu et *relu*, lentement et avec grande attention, le morceau que vous m'avez envoyé de St. Bennett. Je dis *relu* (et plusieurs fois) parceque je me méfie toujours de ce que les surprises harmoniques peuvent avoir de *désagréable*, tant qu'on n'a pas saisi leur place dans le dessein de l'auteur. Je me permets donc de mettre un (?) à la

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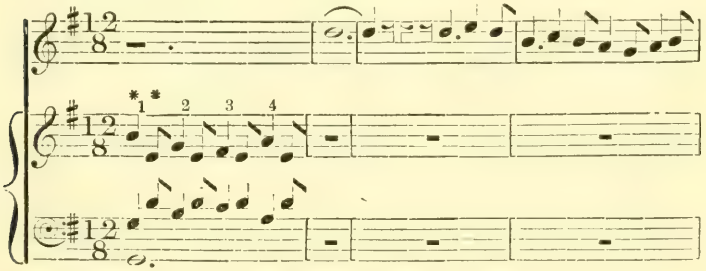
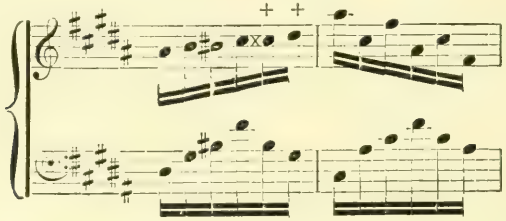
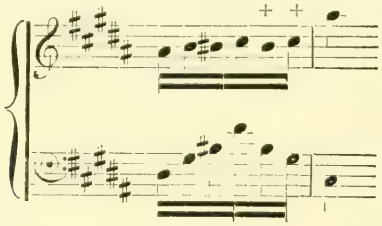
venture to send you. The inversion may do you a little good: it goes on through the whole theme

1. (perfect fifth). 2. (minor third). 3. (major second). 4. (perfect fourth).

I hope I shall have better news of your health soon and beg to remain, etc., Ch. Gounod.

* [*Translation*]. May 12. My dear Mr. Davison—I have read and *re-read*, slowly and very carefully, the pieces you have sent me of Sterndale Bennett. I say *re-read* (and several times) because I always mistrust whatever disagreeable effect there may be in unexpected harmonies, before one has grasped their relation to the composer's general plan. I venture therefore to place a (?) at the sixteenth

mesure 16 dont les deux dernières double-croches ne me semblent pas acceptables. AUCUNE théorie de notes de passage ne peut légitimer la 5me et 6me double-croches de cette mesure qui reproduisent la 3me et la 4me double-croches de la même mesure. L'auteur voulait dire ceci :



et il l'aurait certainement écrit sans la petite crainte des deux octaves *ré-do* avec la basse du premier temps des deux mesures de la main gauche, *ré-do*.

est inadmissible

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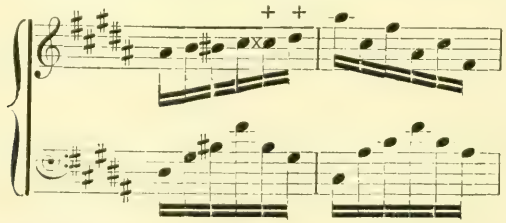
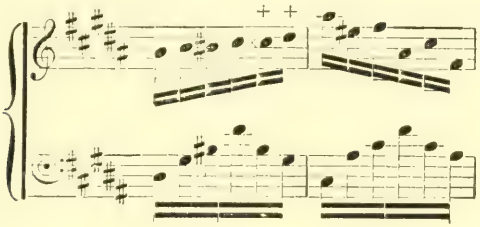
bar, the last two semiquavers of which seem to me to be incorrect. *No* theory of passing notes can warrant the fifth and sixth semiquavers of that bar repeating, as they do, the third and fourth semiquavers of the same bar. This is what the composer wanted to say :

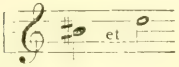


and he would certainly have said it but for a little timidity respecting

Il était si facile de mettre :



Les deux notes qui comptent dans l'harmonie sont :



est *impossible* sur la 6me. double-croche.

Il y a une faute d'impression à la basse de la 2de mesure, page No. 4; comparez la avec la 2de mesure du *début* qui est la même, je crois qu'il faut un *ut* au lieu du *mi* à la 4me double-croche.

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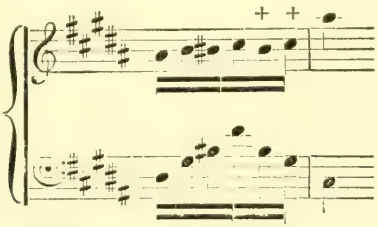
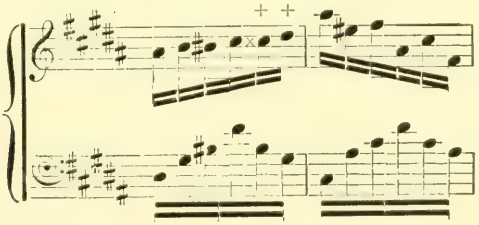
the two octaves, d-c, with the bass of the first beat of the two bars in the left hand, d-c.



is not permissible. It would have been so easy to put :



Est-ce que vous êtes pour le *la* 5me double-croche de la 2de mesure, dernière ligne, main droite, page 4, et le même passage, mesure 1, page 5?—Et les mesures 2 et 3, 3me ligne, page 5?—c'est un peu au dessus de mes facultés, et cela ne me produit pas le *soulagement* que vous me souhaitez après des *études plus sévères.* Merci, néanmoins, et tout à vous.

CH. GOUNOD.

2me ligne, page 5, *très jolies.*

Thus, Gounod, with affected pedantry, picking holes in the musical grammar of one whom Davison regarded as a classical model, and patronising in a postscript. Davison appears to have pretended to treat the letter as a joke, and sent Gounod another specimen, on the receipt of which Gounod writes:

*Mon cher Monsieur Davison,

Eh bien! à la bonne heure! J'aime les gens qui ne se découragent pas. Moi aussi j'ai bien ri en lisant votre lettre et le second morceau "Capriccio" de Bennett que vous m'avez envoyé! Je vous assure que je trouve cela

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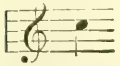
The two notes that signify in the harmony are:

is *impossible* on the sixth semiquaver. There is a misprint in the bass, at the second bar, page 4; compare it with the second bar of the opening, which is the same. I think the *e* of the fourth semiquaver should be a *c*. Do you agree with *a*, the fifth semiquaver of the second bar, last line, right hand, page 4, and the same passage, first bar, page 5?—and bars two and three, third line, page 5?—it's rather above me and does not give me the *relief* you wished me after *severer studies*. Many thanks, nevertheless, yours, etc., Ch. Gounod.

Second line, page 5, *very pretty*.

* [*Translation*]. My dear Mr. Davison—I must really congratulate you! I like people who refuse to be discouraged. I, also, had a good laugh, when I read your letter and the second piece of Bennett's which you sent me, the "Capriccio"! I can assure you

trop drôle, et que je ne me sens nullement converti!—après cela, j'ai peut-être l'oreille très mal faite. Vous me dites que Schumann faisait un grand cas de Bennett; je l'ignorais, ainsi que beaucoup d'autres choses; mais je suppose qu'il connaissait de Bennett des choses que je ne connais pas. J'ai entendu de lui, à Londres, une symphonie et une ouverture, toutes deux remplies de ce que le talent peut faire avaler de moins intéressant, et sa sonate "Maid of Orleans" m'a souverainement *ennuyé;* ce qui ne prouve absolument rien, attendu qu'il y a des gens que les plus belles choses ennuient. Vous me demandez si j'admets qu'il y ait de grands musiciens allemands? Je l'admets, mon cher M. Davison, je l'admets, donc, calmez vous. J'avais 14 ans, lorsque j'ai pour la première fois bondi et tressailli de bonheur en entendant, le même hiver, Don Juan, La Symphonie Pastorale, et la Symphonie avec chœurs. Mais il y a aussi des musiciens allemands, dont la musique est bonne à mettre aux *petites maisons*, comme leurs *philosophies*. J'attends la *tragique* sonate en *fa mineur*, que vous me promettez.

Je suis plein de bonne volonté et

Tout à vous,

CH. GOUNOD.

that I find this too funny, and that I am not in the least converted!—with that, it may be that my ear is very defective. You tell me that Schumann thought highly of Bennett; I was unaware of it, I am unaware of many other things; but I suppose he knew things by Bennett which I don't know. Of his music, I have heard, in London, a symphony and an overture, both of them filled with the least interesting of the things that mere talent can make one swallow, and his sonata, the "Maid of Orleans," which bored me consummately; but this proves absolutely nothing, since there are people who are bored by the most beautiful things. You ask me if I admit that there are great German composers? I admit it, my dear Mr. Davison, I admit it, so calm yourself. I was fourteen when, for the first time, I leapt, I was thrilled with happiness at hearing, in the same winter, "Don Juan," the "Pastoral" symphony and the Ninth Symphony. But there are other German musicians whose music is fi for the *dust-bin*, like their *systems of philosophy*. I am now waiting for you to send me the "Tragic" sonata in F minor which you have promised me. I am full of goodwill, and yours truly, Ch. Gounod.

The last letter that Davison kept of this correspondence, which reads almost throughout like a comic monologue, is dated the day week after the immediately foregoing.

19 Mai, 1874.

*Mon cher Monsieur Davison,

Non, je n'ai pas lu l'ouvrage de Balzac "Modeste Mignon"; mais cela importe peu à notre correspondance.

Les derniers trois petits morceaux de Bennett que vous m'avez envoyés me semblent meilleurs que les autres; les trouver bien intéressants me paraît beaucoup; c'est du Mendelssohn lavé dans trois eaux; mais quelle distance! quel *grand* MUSICIEN que l'un, et quel singulier musicien que l'autre! Mon cher Monsieur, toute cette école de soidisant musiciens qui arrangent des notes tant bien que mal les unes après ou *avec* les autres, est une école malsaine: ce sont des *Thugs*.

Vous parlez de "Don Giovanni"! Ah! ah! VOILÀ LE DIEU!

Le *trio en La Majeur* qui vient après la petite dispute en *Sol* au commencement du second acte est LA PLUS ABSOLUE MERVEILLE DE L'ART MUSICAL. On brûlerait

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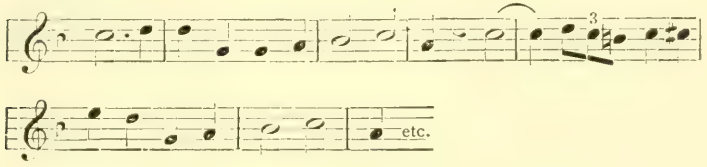
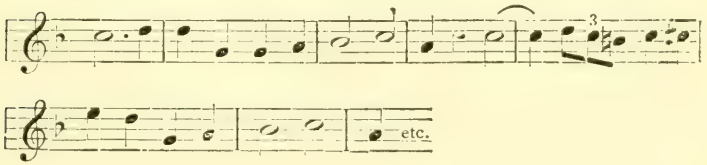
* [*Translation*]. May 19, 1874. My dear Mr. Davison—No, I have never read Balzac's "Modeste Mignon"; but that has little to do with our correspondence. The last three little pieces of Bennett that you sent me strike me as better than the other ones; it would be rather much to call them particularly interesting; it's like Mendelssohn diluted three times over; but how far removed! What a *great* MUSICIAN the one is, and what an odd musician the other! My dear Sir, all this school of self-styled musicians who arrange notes somehow, one after the other, or *together*, is an unhealthy school: a set of *Thugs*. You mention "Don Giovanni"! Ah! ah! *There is the Divine!* The trio in A major coming after the little quarrel in *G* at the beginning of the second act is THE MOST ABSOLUTE MARVEL IN THE ART OF MUSIC. You might burn every score in the world, and, with that single piece saved, all art would be found again. You implore me not to become Wagnerized! Do I show any signs? I should very much like to be informed: I would call in a doctor at once, in order to be Wag——cinated! Certain persons accused me of a kind of Wagnerism, at a period in my life when I hadn't yet heard a note of Wagner. Others asked (some twenty

toutes les partitions du monde que l'art tout entier serait retrouvé, si *ce seul morceau* là était *sauvé*. Vous me supplierez de ne pas me Wagneriser! en aurais-je quelques traces? Il serait urgent de le savoir: je ferais appeler de suite un médecin pour me "Wag——ciner" quelques personnes m'ont accusé d'une sorte de *Wagnérisme* à une époque de ma vie où je ne connaissais pas une note de Wagner. D'autres se sont demandé (il y a quelques 20 ou 22 ans), pourquoi on m'appelait un *musicien*, puisque je ne *savais pas même la musique!* Il est vrai que j'avais le malheur d'adorer Gluck, Mozart et Beethoven, dont la 8me symphonie avec son prodigieux finale et la céleste phrase

m'a encore ému hier soir comme au premier jour! Mon Dieu! que c'est noble, ardent et inspiré! Voilà des

or twenty-two years ago) why I was called a musician seeing that *I didn't even know anything about music!* It's true, I had the misfortune of being a worshipper of Gluck, Mozart and Beethoven, whose Eighth Symphony with its prodigious finale and that heavenly phrase

affected me yesterday evening just as much as it did the first time I heard it! Heavens! how noble, how ardent, how inspired! There are *ideas* for you! There are *realities of the soul*, not *notes merely jabbering!* The scene of the commandant in "Don Juan"! You ask me what I think of that? What I think of it? Alas! Never, certainly, as much as one ought to think of it! Such geniuses are above any *words* with which we pigmies can admire them. My faith is sound, dear Mr. Davison, it only grows; it doesn't

IDÉES! Voilà des *réalités de l'âme*, et pas des *notes bavardes!*

La scène du Commandeur de Don Juan! Vous me demandez ce que j'en pense? Ce que j'en pense? Hélas! Certainement jamais tout ce qu'il faudrait en penser! Ces génies-là sont au dessus des *mots* avec lesquels nous admirons, nous autres pygmées. Ma foi est saine, mon cher Monsieur Davison, et elle ne fait que grandir; mais elle ne change pas. Je vous envoie mes bénédictions au nom de "Don Giovanni" apogée de l'Art.

Tout à vous,

CH. GOUNOD.

P.S. Quant à la petite malice que vous me reprochez à propos de *l'exécution musicale* de cette *pauvre Angleterre*, voyons, soyez franc, vous devez la trouver aussi faible que moi. Ils se mettent à 4,000, qui *font du bruit comme quatre!* Avez-vous jamais entendu dans *St. Pierre de Rome* (qui est à peu près trois fois aussi grand comme Notre Dame de Paris) les 32 chanteurs de la Chapelle Sixtine? Je les ai entendus, moi, et souvent; et je vous réponds qu'on les entend! L'Angleterre comprend le *métier;* elle en a même le *Génie;* mais je parle d'Art!!! Je vous envoie ma derniére chanson (Livingstone).

The following year an event happened that deeply affected Davison. Almost the earliest object of his art worship, almost his earliest friend, the companion of some

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change. I send you my blessing in the name of "Don Giovanni," Art's apogee. Yours truly, Ch. Gounod.

P.S. As to the sly dig you accuse me of in regard to the *musical power* of *poor England*, come, frankly, you must find it as feeble as I do. It takes four thousand of them *to produce as much sound as four!* Have you ever heard, at St. Peter's in Rome (which is about three times as big as Notre Dame in Paris), the thirty-two singers of the Sistine Chapel? I *have* heard them, and often; and I warrant you they *can* be heard! England understands the *craft;* she has even the *spirit;* but I speak of Art!!! I am sending you my last song (Livingstone).

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT

of his happiest days, and the artist whom it had been his pride to uphold—Sterndale Bennett—died.

An epigram on Bennett by Charlie Kenney has been quoted. Here is the sonnet which he now wrote:

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

Snapt is the chord that vibrated full oft—
Full oft? Alas, that we might say full long!—
With music rare as ever breathed in song,
Weaving bright thought with passion wild or soft!
Our Sterndale's spirit hath its earth-crust doff'd,
Mounting on high with pinions wide and strong,
Well fit to join the everlasting throng
Who sing and harp before the throne aloft.
The master's hand is useless now and still—
Still the friend's hand, and cold, once true and warm—
Yet lives in many a scroll the master's skill,
And glows in many a breast the friend's fond charm.
Upon the rest, Death work thy wasting will!
These and their spirit-fount thou canst not harm.

CHARLES LAMB KENNEY.

Feb. 1, 1875.

Other old cronies had been dropping off—Shirley Brooks amongst them in 1874.

Davison's own health was indifferent and the pressure of literary work was becoming increasingly irksome.

For some years he had ceased to contribute to the "Pall Mall Gazette."

In 1875 his connection with the "Saturday Review" came to an end, the editor requiring a critic's exclusive services. He, about this time, however, began writing for the "Graphic." His Monday Popular Concert analytical programmes took up a good deal of his time during the winter season. Mr. Arthur Chappell had learnt to construct his own programmes, and, under the advice of prominent artists, was introducing novelties, chiefly in modern German music, Brahms, Raff, Rheinberger, with the Moldo-Wallachian Rubinstein, which kept the unsympathising annotator fully occupied.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Revival of Muttoniana—Muttonians on their way to Bayreuth—Progress of Wagner's music from 1871—In Italy, Germany, Denmark—"Lohengrin" in the Covent Garden prospectus of 1872—Published by Messrs. Boosey—Oxenford on Wagner as poet—The Wagner Society—Revival of fragments of "Jerusalem" at the Norwich Festival and production of "Lohengrin" in London in 1875—Davison goes to Bayreuth in 1876—Wagner Festival at the Albert Hall in 1877—Macfarren's "Joseph" at the Leeds Festival—Letters of a blind writer—End of John Oxenford.

THE tone of the "Musical World" had, for the last five years, been of a sobriety contrasting with that of the Muttonian era.

Davison had handed the editorship over to his now intimate friend, Joseph Bennett.* But there was still some work in store for him. A more important musical pilgrimage than that to Bonn in 1871 was soon to be made. Further mental worry and physical discomfort were to be gone through before the time of calm seas. And Davison's old humour and spirits rose to the occasion. He fell to his "Times" work with renewed energy, and, as to the "Musical World," having found in Mr. Charles Lyall, a collaborating draughtsman of individual talent, he by degrees revived Muttoniana on a scale almost ex-

* Note by Mr. Joseph Bennett.—Incorrect. I was never editor of "M. W." My position remained unchanged to the end. But I did persuade J. W. D. to throw the Muttonians overboard. Unfortunately the sea threw them back again.—J. B.

travagant. "Hic Haec" put in a re-appearance as inquirer, and correspondents were referred wholesale to Godwin's "Essay on Sepulchres." It was perhaps a safety valve—Rire pour ne pas pleurer—a relief from the depressing side of life. It was as if he had philosophically resolved to look on life and art as somewhat of a huge joke. Wagnerism had thriven. The tide was not to be denied. And the Muttonians looked on and discussed the situation and bade each other go to. Most of the doctors of 1863-5 trod the scene once more. New ones made their appearance. The enthusiastic Wagnerite and respectable judge of humour compared Muttoniana very unfavourably with "Alice Through the Looking Glass," and waxed angered at so much aimless pointless babble about Wagner. For there was Alderman Doublebody, ever on his way to Bayreuth, but such a heavy traveller and so prone to rest and take his ease at a favourite Cologne hostelry, that he never seemed to get on. There was Dr. Cheese, a thin person, ever urging the Alderman to renewed exertion. Lord Blood was also on his way to Bayreuth, his creditor T. Duff Short close on his heels. There was Sir Francis Fly, hindered on his way to Bayreuth by Dr. Spider. There were Drs. Brandies who never seemed to get beyond ordering pale and brown; there were Drs. Bird and Snail; there were Montague Shoot and Drinkwater Hard; all bound for Bayreuth, and discussing points in Wagnerism. The "advanced" school in general would yield fruit for discussion. Professor Fourlegs (who, notwithstanding the possession of the normal two hands, was quadruped) discussed Saint-Saëns at the Crystal Palace with Admiral Stump (one of whose legs was of wood). Major Tempest raged after listening to Liszt, until Dr. Calm had administered a sedative. Sidey Ham was incapacitated after hearing something by Raff and had to be tended by Dr. Grief; and Major Whale, from the effects of some symphonic poem, lay on the ground a helpless mass, but ended by recovering and by swallowing his medical attendant, Dr. Sprat.

Ap' Mutton himself, with brow swathed in clouds, and

occasionally lashing his coil, would at rare intervals descend and oracularly address Dr. Samuel Taylor Shoe, the wielder in Ap' Mutton's absence of Ap' Mutton's pen. Ap' Mutton's appearance was heralded by meteorological disturbances. Thus the Muttonians.

The progress of Wagner's music has been traced until, in 1870, "L'Ollandese Dannato" was given at Drury Lane.

While his operas went from continental city to city, "Lohengrin" being given at Bologna in '71, "Der Fliegende Holländer" in Stockholm, "Lohengrin" at Florence, "Die Meistersinger" at Bremen and at Copenhagen, in 1872, nothing was done in London, though in 1872 Mr. Gye's operatic prospectus promised "Lohengrin."

In the May of that year Mr. C. A. Barry wrote: "I purpose starting on the 14th for Düsseldorf, and hope to get on to Bayreuth for the 22nd, and to 'interview' Wagner there—What shall I say to him for you? That in the event of his visiting London a second time you will not snub him as you did on a former occasion? Eh?—I believe you would be as glad as anyone of the opportunity of seeing his works properly put on the stage here. Is it not so? It seems plain to me that our Italian opera directors will not do them, and that—the establishment in London of opera in German being one of the worst things they have to fear—they have promised them simply *in order to prevent others bringing them forward*—I am not sorry that the Italians should leave them alone. They should be done in *German* by Germans. Now if you have any advice to offer as to the best mode of bringing this to pass, I shall be grateful to you to impart it."

In 1872 Messrs. Boosey brought out an English edition of "Lohengrin," the words rendered by John Oxenford. The latter wrote:

Dear old Jim,

I have just finished the first act of "Lohengrin" for Boosey.

Of Wagner's music I know nothing, but, if he writes his own words, he is a wonderfully fine poet.

About this time the London Wagner Society was founded, and English periodical literature had its Wagner preachers.

At length in 1875, the same year in which, as if in obedience to an occult law, fragments of Mr. Pierson's "Jerusalem" were revived at the Norwich Festival, "Lohengrin". was produced in London at both Italian opera houses, and with complete success.

The same year saw the inauguration at Bayreuth of the theatre built under Wagner's direction for the performance of his Bühnenweihfestspiel. It was like that foothold gained by labour, determination and dauntless energy, whence the crowning point of an eminence is easily reached. The year following saw the actual Bühnenweihfestspiel.

On the 4th of August of presumably this year Delane wrote thus lightly on what was to his critic, despite Muttoniana, a very heavy subject:

My dear Davidson,

Would you not like a little run in Germany? And would not the Wagner festival at Bayreuth (you remember the Margravine) serve you as an excuse? If so, you have only to go to Macdonald and tell him you will write pleasant letters upon Wagner and Wagnerism and Wagner worship and pack your portmanteau.

As Jullien had written, "Tu mangeras du Vagner."

In 1876 Davison did go to Bayreuth. Travelling on that occasion was rendered extra laborious for him by an accident to his leg which inflamed so that he had difficulty in getting about. He found the heat and dust at Bayreuth almost intolerable. It looks indeed like a pilgrimage ordained for him by ironical fate, this travelling all the way to a decayed Bavarian town, thus to work through illness and intense summer heat to record the triumph of the originator of an artistic cause he regarded as mortally hurtful to Art.

Luckily Davison met at Bayreuth with much friendly

attention and kind help from literary comrades, as well as from local artistic magnates, like Wilhelmj, the leader of the Nibelungen orchestra.

Next year Wagner came to London, and in May a festival was held at the Albert Hall, in one of whose corridors, or elsewhere, Davison, fetched by Mr. Dannreuther, met him and something like the following interesting conversation took place: "Vous êtes M. Davison du 'Times'?" "Oui, Maitre." Wagner: "Vous êtes ahlé ah Bayreuth entendre les Nibelungen?" "Oui, maitre." "Et vous ahlez entendre 'Parsifal'?" "Je l'espère, Maitre." "Ah!"

The festival was socially, though not financially, a great success, Wagner, at a dinner which was given to celebrate his birthday on the 22nd of May expressing his gratification at the reception which had been given him.

The "Times'" articles on the festival concerts show that their writer had not been unaffected by the prevailing enthusiasm, but had been carried some way by it.

On June 6, Davison writes to Macfarren:

Dear in Brahms,

It appears that a man who goes in for a degree, musical or what not, must first explain, anatomically, the differences between a camel and a dromedary, or between a lizard and a scorpion, or between Swinburne and Thomas Littlemoore. I can't—so I shall not get my degree, in spite of a rondo called the "Honeysuckle." I had two hours and a half of Rubinstein on Saturday, and again two hours and a half on Monday. I cursed music!

Yours in Wagner,

J. W. D.

Damn music!

I'd rather go to the devil with Bennett and Dussek, than go to heaven with Rubinstein and Raff. Tell that to the muse of comedy, Thalia.

Macfarren in 1877 brought forth his oratorio "Joseph"

at the Leeds festival. The germ of the idea dated from a generation before and Davison seems to have had some responsibility in it. "At a party at Beales in the Finchley Road," writes the composer, "newly after Horsley's 'Joseph' was produced, you said things as to the possibilities of the subject—in a corner chat with me—which were the seed whereof this latest doings is the fruit."

After the Leeds festival; after the reports of the "Times" and the "Graphic"; and on the eve of Davison's birthday: "My dear Davison," wrote Macfarren, "every day is a birthday and brings into the world some person or event that may become history or may be still-born in forgetfulness. While mankind records men and their productions, a man may think of one other and his doings, and feel more concern in these than in a whole people or an entire art. The recurrence of the date on which of old the oracular Cassidy said of you, that in coming to man's estate you acquired the only estate you ever would attain, brings a garland of thoughts with it full of life and over full of sweetness, for pain once lost is joy when the sympathy lasts of one who divided it with us. Take a new greeting from an old friend who hoped for your promised notice of being within reach timely to have let him visit you to-morrow and to have cast up accounts in your company of intentions and accomplishments. This must stand for me till you say you are here, and so stands for very much, for I am a heavy weight of sayings that would be doings to prove my pleasure that you are pleased at what has come into black and white between more serious work during the year, and my something other than pleasure, something which has no name that you have stated an opinion commanding respect. I take everybody's word for the value of your temporary and graphical declarations, and I price above value that you have been able to think as you have said. Accept not this as a thanksgiving—I would not so insult you; but you will not regret the clumsy fumbling to express the inexpressible when there is no hand at hand to be shaken, nor win the means of drawing one in outline as was once done for spoken silence when that had to be said which

words could not utter. Your estate aforesaid had the advantage of a capital steward in your brother Bill who, if he cannot totally redeem the land, surely turns it to best advantage and does good battle with the crows if he cannot collect the rents. You must make an early occasion to come with him when as Jacob you shall have full right to admonish Joseph or to drop him so long as you will believe that his coat has but one colour towards you.

"Yours anyhow for

"G. A. MACFARREN, E.S.M."

Macfarren had long been quite blind and his letters to Davison were generally penned by an amanuensis, but sometimes he essayed to pencil them unaided with results often undecipherable. For sometimes the words and lines got mixed up and sometimes the pencil having lost its leaden point, the writer would unconsciously write on and leave no trace on the paper but a blunt and blank indenture almost as futile as a name "writ in water." Sometimes again these circumstances would combine to produce a partially decipherable letter such as the following:

In the full spirit, and to the last letter—feel—my dearest Davy . . . . in your . . . . of last night . . . . would be . . . . I am . . . . at Cambridge . . . . my tongue can't be restrained, even by prudence and friendliest . . . . Alas! that . . . . the interest of . . . . and that he whom you . . . . follow to his last home (. . . . creed) leaves not a . . . . behind. My bitter curse on journalism—but for it men would know him as a poet and you as an essayist beyond . . . .

Would we could have been with you to-day. (Then Macfarren's pencilling is replaced by the pen and ink of an amanuensis.) Men would have known a better musician than he who ventured Fortunatus in the author of songs to Shelley's verses; and I should have owned you as a co-labourer instead of a commentator. All Friday I shall be at Cambridge telling folks what I cannot propound nor they understand. Give me an hour after two

I am very much pleased
with your "Three Songs" with
that in G Minor which I saw
& for the first time most
especially — How pleased should
I be to thank you hand
& tell you ——————
& why not — If you
misprint a particle of the

G. A. MACFARREN. FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO J. W. D.

Macfarren's letter starts as above. It is characteristic of him under the circumstances (of *rapprochement* after an estrangement) to make no conventional beginning.

To face page 320.

feeling which both now is
not in your memory but
a constant & most acute
presence of which I know
how ever unnatural you will
not hesitate ~~again~~ to grant
me again as we used to
meet — not for the sake
of explaining but of forgetting
the cause of our separation
& the anguish of that dissension

during the long endurance

If I be mistaken & these
nine months' Thanksgiving have
thought you despise me
you will I am certain
have too much respect for
the memory of those on
earth who to each other
to ridicule this advancement
— If I be not mistaken
you will appoint a meeting
when we may be quite
alone & all together

W. MacFarlane
to Gl. Davison

on Monday and I shall be glad of a growl with you. One of us has lived long enough for conviction that he is not fit for the work, and certainly not because he is too good for it. Poor J. O.! Poorer all of us who have no faith in which to die; and with our musical creed battered if not wrecked.

Yours
R. A. M.

There is an interesting letter of Oxenford's without a date, but belonging we may presume to his middle period:

> Si quid novisti rectius istis
> Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.
>
> Epist. 1, 6.

PRAGUE.

Dear J. W. D.,

There is a panacea for all mortal disease.

READ HORACE.

I picked up an old and not very choice edition the other day and the comfort I derive is amazing. All the wisdom requisite for *this* world is to be found in the very small volume bequeathed by St. Flaccus, and when you are tired of the wisdom you may tackle the metres, which are delightful.

J. O.

Thus the Weltschmerz, Sturm und Drang, æsthetic-philosophical sonneteer of the earlier forties, the by-Wagner-admired resuscitator of Schopenhauer in 1853, the Panurgic Pantagruelian pagan Bohemian and learned wit. One day he was conversing with Davison in the street and discussing their mutual friend, Charlie Kenney, and his prospects, at a time when these were less uncertain than usual by reason of a secretarial connection with de Lesseps and the Isthmus of Suez. Oxenford had

just parted from his companion but rejoined him for a moment with "I say, Davison, isn't it a curious thing that when Charlie Kenney *has* got his head above water he should be standing on the narrowest possible strip of land."

Towards 1876 Oxenford, with his classical and mathematical lore, his Greek and German philosophy, his varied experience of literature and of mankind, made a final change and took his final step into the Catholic Church, and the lines "to Mary" which were printed on his funeral card may have been his last production in verse.

Yet to the last he was not unmindful of other matters which had long exercised his mind and pen, and his last letters to Davison refer to the dramatic essay of one in whom he took a friendly interest.

December 31, 1876.

(Old year just going out.)

Jim! Jim! Jim!

What is to be done. The child F. was here this afternoon. He is going to send a box to the T. and another to you personally, and another to the M. W. for the express behoof of brother Bill. This must be carried through somehow, but how?—?—? What a pity that Innocents' Day does not occur in January. One might have got up a reference to the kalendar. But no!

Kind remembrances and wishes from *me* and *mine*.

J. O.

7th February, 1877.

Dear old Jim,

The child F. passed the greater part of last evening with me. He has been talking with Duncan and is firmly convinced that you will be at the Lyceum on Friday. Though he believes that [?] is perfection he is very modest in his [?]

Even a notice of the words and music which would enable him to publish something would be better than nothing. He is such a dear, good fellow, that I wish something could be done.

Ever truly yours,
J. O.

28 T. E.,
13th February, 1877.

Dear old Jim,

Mus. W. by all means—it is better than nothing and shows a kindly disposition.

As for speaking with editors—no—no—no—!!!

Kindly regards from your critic—I have been very ill for the last day or two.

Ever truly yours,
JOHN OXENFORD.

28 T. S., S.E.,
14th February, 1877.

Dear Jim,

I do not see that *knowing what we do* we can venture to stir up authorities.

Now a col. in the "M. W." in which you could *ad lib.* bring forward and ignore just when either course was expedient would be *safe.*

Your critic says that if you don't make haste to appoint (?) (three days) the season for roast pork will be past.

Ever truly yours,
JOHN OXENFORD.

His death occurred four days later, Davison following his old friend's remains to the grave and writing the obituary notice which appeared in the "Times."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Delane retires from the "Times"—Relations of Editor and Music-Critic—Some letters—Davison assailed by "Truth"—Mdlle. Etelka Gerster—Davison's last years in London—Analytical programme work—Sir George Grove on Davison's musical instinct—Davison's interest in the new generation—Gilbert and Sullivan—and James F. Sullivan—F. C. Burnand—Letter of Shirley Brooks.

AT this time a change occurred in the internal affairs of the great paper. The long strain of hard editorial work vigorously carried on over a period of thirty-six years had at last told on Delane, who now retired from his post.

Mowbray Morris had already retired. In both Davison lost friends, somewhat impetuous and plain spoken, but candid and real.

"My dear MacDonald," wrote Delane in 1874, "I have a sincere regard and respect for Jem Davison and will do anything he can suggest to repair the wrong that has been done him by the brutal article you have sent. Pray consult him and assure him of the sympathy of yours ever, John T. Delane."

This was in reference to a covert newspaper attack on Davison, slipped into the "Times" itself under the guise of an advertisement.

In different fields Delane and Davison had some points of resemblance. The tone of his criticism of musical institutions bearing, in proportion, a likeness to Delane's political articles. The formal complaint which the Philharmonic directors made against the "Times" critic in

1853 reminds one in a way of the ire of ministers at Delane's exposure, denounced as reckless and unpatriotic, of British military mismanagement in the Crimea. Davison's respect for his chief is shown by the drafts of his letters to him, which, however, also show that there was a point in their relations beyond which he was willing that those relations should cease. If Delane (and Mowbray Morris like him) was occasionally dictatorial, and dispatched communications on the moment's spur, he was ready with liberal unguent to soothe soreness. Little differences with his critic would arise on questions of style, and on questions of punctuality.

Monday, 28th.

My dear Sir,

Don't you think you abuse the practice of writing in parenthesis? You (make of?) them, as it were, so many "asides" to your readers and it gives me the idea that you are perpetually winking at them.

Now a wink, now and then is very well, but it is an artifice which should only be resorted to sparingly.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN T. DELANE.

Good Friday.

My dear Sir,

It makes my head swim to try and follow your involutions in the enclosed letter and as I don't want to drive the musical public more mad than they always are, I beseech you to simplify it and oblige yours ever faithfully,

JOHN T. DELANE.

6th January, 1866.

My dear Sir,

I am sorry to begin the new year with a complaint. I am informed, however, that your copy on Boxing night,

or rather on the following morning, was not delivered until nearly three o'clock, and I need not tell you how exceedingly inconvenient—in fact, disastrous, such a delay is. I have just looked at the article you then wrote and I can see in it no reason why the whole should not have been written either the day before or with a few words added after the representation, so that the copy might have reached the office before one o'clock.

The following two hours are most important (!) and except on a night sacred to nonsense, I would never allow the publication to be delayed even five minutes for a musical or theatrical critique. It was then very vexatious that you should have selected the one night on which you could detain the publication for this excess of delay.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN T. DELANE.

Sunday.

My dear Sir,

Twenty minutes before two a.m.! Where would you and I have been if, under the old system, you had your whole musical report to write the same night? The present system gives you five evenings out of six. I work every night of them all. Do not let your convenience on the one night of your week spoil the only chance of moderately early hours for yours faithfully,

JOHN T. DELANE.

Occasionally the matter of a complaint would be ventilated. Thus Davison to his chief:

36 TAVISTOCK PLACE,

June 11.

My dear Sir,

I presume that Mr. ——— reads the "Times," or he would not otherwise make a complaint to the editor. If

he looked at the first page of advertisements, two columns of which, more or less, are constantly devoted to concert advertisements, he would find that he was not the only one by some hundred whose annual entertainment for the exclusive benefit of friends and pupils passed unnoticed in that journal. A line must be drawn somewhere in the conduct of the musical department, or else an extra half-sheet every week will be absolutely necessary. Mr. ——— is only one of many teachers of music in the country (—— is his domain) who visit London in the season and give what they term a "grand concert," which is simply an annual advertisement for themselves. These concerts have no public interest whatever, as Mr. ———'s programmes, of which the last is a good specimen, would certainly never tempt any lover of music to attend his concerts. He himself is at the best a very ordinary musician, who, by laborious plodding, has reached a certain position and obtained a large connection of schools and private pupils—but as a matter of public interest neither his playing nor his music is of any account. Both, in fact, are as commonplace as possible.

I have made it a rule never to attend any of these concerts of music teachers unless you expressly desired me to do so. I consider it my duty to report solely upon concerts which have an influence upon the art and upon public taste, neither of which can possibly derive the slightest benefit from such programmes as Mr. ——— is in the habit of putting forth. Any concert-giver can have the artists from either opera by paying for them, and it is of course Mr. ———'s interest to put as many attractive names in his programme as possible (even to that of Mdlle. de ———, whom he must know very well is not coming this season). But what do they sing? Merely a collection of worn-out pieces, that at either opera house, or at the Crystal Palace, would not justify me in reporting upon the concert. There are very many far better players and composers than Mr. ———, whose public concerts are inevitably overlooked. You will give me credit for not shirking work, but I always hope that

my work, in its way, may be of some, however little, importance to the paper. Irrespective of these considerations, I consider Mr. ———'s letter a piece of gross impertinence with respect to your faithful servant,

J. W. DAVISON.

or a question more serious to Davison might be raised and examples offered of Delane's bluff plainness and his subsequent banter.

30th December.

My dear Sir,

I hear it said very loudly by those who have been induced to see the Covent Garden pantomime, that a more stupid, witless and altogether disappointing entertainment was never offered to the public. I tried to go there last night, but found the audience coming out at 10.45—rather early for a pantomime—and all of them whom I knew told the same story.

I looked therefore to the description of it, but I do not find one word to caution the public against mis-spending their time and money in going to see it, but a very long account apparently all in the interest of the manager.

Pray remember in future that we have nothing to do with managers, that all our interest is in the public and that we justly lose credit and influence with the public when we postpone their interest to that of managers.

Real theatrical criticism is capable of great and healthy action upon dramatic literature and upon acting, but mere praise of what is worthless is ruinous to the Art and disgraceful to the newspaper.

Believe me,

Ever faithfully yours,

JOHN T. DELANE.

J. W. DAVISON in 1871.

36 TAVISTOCK PLACE,
30th December.

My dear Sir,

Your letter of to-day has given me much pain, and chiefly on account of the insinuations it contains about the influence of managers. No manager since I have been connected with the "Times" has ever exercised any influence over me—but if you believe the contrary, pray give me at once notice to quit. I prefer dismissal to remaining under the suspicion. With regard to pantomime I profess to be no great connoisseur. It is not in my department. The day I have to write about it is the most unpleasant of the year. I have never been able to look upon it from a serious point of view, esteeming it simply as something for the exclusive entertainment of children, and what I consider fitting for that purpose, I, to the best of my ability, describe as such. Adults who go to a pantomime and come away disappointed, are, in my opinion, not at all to be pitied. Your informants are no doubt more critical on such subjects than I can pretend to be, but I do not envy them their difficult task. The Covent Garden pantomime now performing is, I believe, equal in its way to any that has been produced for years past. This I admit is not saying much—but as well as I can judge it is saying the strict truth. It has been my duty to write about such entertainments in the "Times" for nearly a quarter of a century, and I have always treated them in the same manner. If gorgeous costumes, scenic accessories, count for anything, when young people are to be amused, I cannot think otherwise than that the Covent Garden pantomime of this year is exceptionally good. I may be wrong, but if so I am wrong in pure honesty. Nor, believing as I do, can I forget the enormous power you entrust to me, and that a few paragraphs in the "Times" might throw some hundreds of poor wretches out of bread (for months?)

Your faithful servant,

J. W. DAVISON.

The letter itself may have slightly differed in wording from the above draft, for Delane to get in his pun.

31st December.

My dear Sir,

Please don't be a goose. Pantomimes are absurdities and I always grudge every line that is devoted to a description of them. If we are both playing our respective parts in the pantomime of life next year, come to me and talk over (?) way of noticing them, but don't write nonsense about "notice to quit" and "resignation" —I should have need of much "resignation" if you were to resign—a joke about new enough and good enough for a Covent Garden pantomime.

Ever faithfully yours,
JOHN T. DELANE.

Delane, having in 1877, retired from the editorship of the "Times," was presently succeeded by a Pharaoh which knew not Joseph, and which would naturally be less indulgent to the lapses of an old servant, to irregularity in contribution, to lateness of copy, and which would perhaps lend a readier ear to outside voices. Davison was informed from head-quarters that he had lost his old working powers. It was remarked that much that interested the general public and gained ample notice in contemporary papers passed unnoticed in the "Times." A few weeks' holiday was tried, and not long after a colleague, Mr. Franz Hueffer, was appointed to share Davison's duties.

Some three or four years earlier, this gentleman was already contributing to the "Times," the critical notice of a new opera, Masset's "Paul et Virginie," being from his pen, and, within the next three years, Davison, though his other relations with the "Times" remained unaltered, was gradually relieved of the labours he had borne since 1846. Two years before this close of his career of activity as "Times" music-critic, there appeared, during 1878, certain articles in the society journal "Truth," articles

ostensibly inspired by the same feeling which had prompted Mowbray Morris's letter anent the début of Mdlle. Albani at Gye's opera house six years before. In this case the débutante was Mdlle. Gerster, at Mapleson's house, the "Times" notice of whom was regarded by the society journalist as a dishonest attempt to "damn with faint praise." He therefore made a deliberate attack on "Mr. Davison as a musical critic," accused him of being, if not absolutely corrupt himself, the culpably weak dupe of one Garrett or Jarrett, a blackmailing musical agent with whom he lived. If singers engaged this agent and paid him a percentage on their salaries, Davison praised them. If they resisted the agent's advances Davison wrote them down. Jarrett had offered his services to Mdlle. Gerster and they had been declined, therefore Mdlle. Gerster was damned with faint praise by the "Times." Such was the gist of the article, in which reference was made to the fact that the "Times" critic had some forty years before lived with Sterndale Bennett, and had, on that account, run down the Philharmonic Society, that he had been relieved in the financial difficulties of 1848 by certain mysterious persons, that he had married an artist whom he wrote up at the expense of her rivals, and so on.

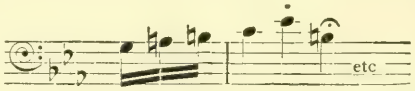
The "Times" management immediately communicated with their solicitor, in whose hands Davison was requested to place himself.

A criminal application was applied for, and though the judges declined to grant it, and suggested an alternative course, plaintiffs had the opportunity of denying on oath the allegations made against them, while the husband of Mdlle. Gerster added his testimony to the effect that no offer of Jarrett's services had ever been made, a testimony which somewhat cut the ground from under "Truth's" feet, and drew on Mdlle. Gerster's husband the anger of that paper.

There the matter dropped.

Some of Davison's friends would have been glad had he taken the case further, in accordance with the suggestion of the judges. Others may have thought the attacks

of "Truth" worth only indifference. Macfarren briefly refers to it in a letter of August 9, 1878, thus: "He lies like 'Truth' will hereafter mean that he tells the bitterest falsehoods."

For a few years longer Davison went on with his London life and London work, including "Times" criticism and analytical programmes. Among the latter were those of Charles Hallé's pianoforte recitals, in connection with which there is an interesting passage in a letter of Sir George Grove's written some few years earlier (October, 1876): "I was pleasantly reminded of you yesterday, when looking through your Analysis of Op. III (a dear book to me is that volume of Hallé's recitals) I notice that you say of

etc., that 'it has a vigorous touch of the earlier manner of Beethoven,' etc. etc. True, oh prophet. The sketch book published by Nottebohm shows that that theme was noted down in *1802!!* Now I call that real instinct, you know: and let me tell you, my friend, I don't believe there's another man in London who could make so fine a prognostication or diagnosis, or whatever other word you like to unearth for it out of 'Tristram Shandy.'"

Davison still made friends among the new generation of musicians, journalists and dramatists, native and foreign. Young music critics looked on him as "notre père à nous tous" and were glad to profit by his knowledge and experience. Artists from abroad came to him for advice as of old. Madame Pleyel was succeeded by Mesdames Essipoff and Montigny-Rémaury, pianists for whom he had special admiration, Jetty Treffz by Mila Rodani, Zaré Thalberg and Minnie Hauk, whose impersonation of the heroine in his favourite "Carmen" gave him great enjoyment. His interest in the drama was strong as ever and the old enthusiasm for Rachel was rekindled by Sarah Bernhardt, while Irving, in "Hamlet" especially, had few warmer admirers than he. Particular interest, too, he took in the joint productions of Messrs.

Gilbert and Sullivan. Gilbert's humour he relished keenly, and as for the first Mendelssohn scholar, he had watched him with almost paternal solicitude, and with encouragement in the direction of such work as "The Light of the World," without, for that, failing to appreciate Sullivan's lighter productions. There was another Sullivan, one who personally was quite unknown to him, but whose prose and verse he would cut out of "Fun" and send to the "Musical World" printer marked "important." "Punch," too, was often laid under contribution for the productions of Mr., now Sir, Francis Burnand, which sometimes for weeks together, would enrich the columns of the "Musical World."

In fact, though now past the sixth decade, Davison remained mentally young.

F. C. Burnand is mentioned in one of the last of Shirley Brooks's letters, one dated August 10, 1873.

"When you have done reprinting A. W. I will send you something of a Rabbylaysian sort. Look here, ain't I forbearing. Every week I see this:

> Sweet hawthorn time—fair month of May!
> What joys attend thine advent gay!
> On every tree the birdies sing,
> From hill and dale glad echoes ring;
> The lark, inspired to Heaven ascends,
> The gurgling brook in beauty wends
> By mossy bank and grassy brae,
> When violets bloom, and lambkins play.
> Delightful Spring—sweet month of May
> What joys attend thine advent gay!

and every week I am going to parody it, and then I see the publisher's names, and hold my tongue. 'The birdies!' Advent in May! It's in November, heathen. For lambkins play read 'donkeys bray.' Why don't D. D. and Co. hire a true poet? One like the author of the enclosed, which, if you don't admire, you deserve to be D. D. where you'll find plenty of Co. That is a good leading article of yours, however, this week. Do not be incensed at my variegated style. Now the Essence is shut up (and such a noble finishing one) my friends must

show receptivity, and take my vagaries. The answer, however, to your leader is, 'where is the *English* Mozart, Weber, Meddlesome, Back and the rest? Go to.

"I wish I could meet you at one of the festivals. I shall go to Harrogate and would make an effort to get to one, if I knew about the time. I do not even know when the three quires meet this year. Dost remember Hereford? Dost recall the renaissance? Dost recollect they four? Have you got out of the habit of sitting on other people's beds till daylight does appear?

"We've an excellent 'Incomplete Angler' this week, here's a bit.

His contemporary, Muleius, has left us this:

Fish will nibble
When you dibble
If you angle in the Ribble.
After dining on a chop
'Tis the time to go and dop,
Dabble, dibble, dop and dape.
Using these
As you please,
Never will a fish escape.

BURNAND.

"How difficult it is to get at truth! That remark may have been made before. It is prompted by my having been told that the party you say 'everybody loves' is one of the most ill-conditioned, profligate, unpleasant fellows going. I daresay he isn't, but I am solemnly assured it by one who moves (furniture) in exalted circlets. We'll talk it over, and other scandals at the festival.

"Vale, et me ama."

Shirley Brooks thus left a successor to keep up the correspondence between "Punch" and the "Musical World," a successor, who, in September, 1879, writes:

Dear James, at Malvern:

Bien vern pas mal vern for you I hope.
There you are valetudinarianising—there's a word—

but it's wrong, for Malvern is nothing if not hilly. And so you are not *valley*-tudinarianising, but t'other thing. You find a cure for all your ills at Malvern Wells. But seriously or jocosely you are all right and never better I hope. And thanks for Notes on Notes—would they were hundred pound notes or more of the same kind.

CHAPTER XXV.

Henry Jarrett—Davison parts company—A removal in Bloomsbury—Davison in his last London quarters—Goes to Malvern—Letters and notes from Malvern—On Mendelssohn's A major symphony—On Zola's novels—On Balzac—On Guy de Maupassant—Davison goes to Margate—Grove's Dictionary—A few traits of Vivier—Old times and topics—Last months—Davison's death and burial.

VERY early in the eighties appeared Davison's last articles contributed to the "Times," and not long afterwards he ceased to reside in London.

For nearly twenty years he had lived with his brother in the same house as their very old friend, Henry Jarrett. Davison made Jarrett's acquaintance in the forties, attracted to him by the combination of his excellent musical talents and a certain dry humour. Jarrett was naturally inclined to business. Originally in a fair position as horn-player, solo as well as orchestral, he gained such a knowledge as made him of use to orchestra-forming conductors and societies—Charles Hallé at Manchester, in 1848, the New Philharmonic Society in 1852, for instances. Thence, for a man of marked business aptitudes the development into an agent was but a question of time, and, little by little, the horn dropped into the background. The critic's intimacy with a musical agent, like his marriage with a professional artist, served as a handle for attack, and, human nature being what it is, we can scarcely be surprised.

In 1881 the domestic partnership with Jarrett was dis-

SARAH BERNHARDT.

solved, and Davison was uprooted from his old ground at number 36, and set down in a most unengaging domicile towards the other end of Tavistock Place. Here, in the spring of 1881, music was heaped, books, old and new, were ranged, scores of cigar-boxes crammed with letters (Mendelssohn's had perished in mildew) were piled, and the Broadwood grand, nearly buried in papers, was placed.

The walls were soon covered with the pictures of his mother in various theatrical costumes, with portraits of Sterndale Bennett, John Simon, Vivier, Albert Smith, Jullien and others, with Charles Lyall's caricatures, with the prints and engravings of Titian and Raphael and Turner, and with many photographs of contemporary singers and players. The big plaster busts of Mendelssohn and Rossini and Auber were stuck atop of a bookshelf, while the little ditto of Beethoven and Rachel, with the little yellow ivory head of Mozart, found a resting place on the mantelpiece, backed by Sarah Bernhardt's carte de visite and autograph. But the uprooted tree was too old to easily take root again in Bloomsbury, the house was cramped and littered, yet bare, bare yet grimy. Bloomsbury noise and Bloomsbury gloom, with cats in a bald patch of black back garden giving on to blacker slums.

As soon as might be after the day's work he would get out of the house and slowly make his way, often stopping, if with a companion, to one of the large railway-terminus restaurants for late dinner, over which he would pause and talk till near midnight. Then home again to Tavistock Place, through Burton Crescent, the scene of very youthful days. Standing on the kerb with a tall, darkly-clad companion, silently standing, and perhaps thinking of those days -to him a man walks up, impertinently peers and says "Oh, I thought you was mutes"—"Yes," replies Davison with no hesitation, "voluble mutes." His humour was less of the clear-cut anecdotal than of that constant, natural kind which may be likened to Wagner's "infinite melos." It rather permeated his conversation, when he was to the mood inclined, than stood out from it. On Margate pier,

a rough-looking, perhaps mad man accosts him one night with a rigmarole announcement, interspersed with pious opinions, that he intends at a certain hour to dive from the pier's end into the sea. Davison enters into the situation, and makes the counter announcement of *his* intention at that same hour, of diving *from* the sea on to the end of the pier. The man does not seem to see it, and, becoming tiresome, Davison bids him good-night with "two pence of the realm."

In the middle of September, 1881, Davison repaired to Malvern and remained there through the winter. Spring brought a characteristic note from the editor of "Punch."

18 Royal Crescent
Ramsgate at present
"Weather most pleasant"
Say Rice and Besant
That's they *would* say it
If they were here
As all the day it
Has been so clear.
I'm convalescent
In Royal Crescent.

Chorus: He's convalescent
In Royal Crescent.

But how are you?
Quite well I hope.
In a nice new
Stamped envelope.

(Fresh from the office, S. Martin's le Grand
Comes this small card from F. C. Burnand.)

Welcome lovely Spring
Now's the time the mavis on
Budding branch will sing
"Hooray! Jemmy Davison!"

By GEORGE.

1882 being a Hereford Festival year Davison betook himself in September to the banks of his favourite Wye, thence back to Malvern, where he again passed the winter.

He writes to one who had been on a visit, referring perhaps to some "Musical World" contribution.

NORTH MALVERN HOTEL,
5th December.

From HERLEUS LE BERBIUS.

Dear Sir Dagonet,

"Threshold" is not good. The mind hath no threshold any more than the imagination hath pikes. It scours at unseemly communications, like an angered cat, *à rebrousse poils.**

No sooner had you left than Wink went bedwards, indisposed, and has kept his bed since. At half past eleven p.m., however, came Hicks, in a snow-storm. The house was in a tremble. I heard his wheels from the Hill of Shrub in the Worcester Wolds (if you met him on the station, *that* will account for sundry stoppages *en route*). He came from the Link upon feet (zu Fuss). He put his index on the inflexible (to all others) door, whereat that inflexible door gaped wide, incontinent; the bells of the hotel (eleven in number) rang simultaneous peals; the fire went out, and came back again, having observed the Worcestershire Beacon change places with the Herefordshire ditto (camp), the Herefordshire (camp) with the sugar-loaf, and that same Loaf with the extreme North declivity hard by.† The echoes of the house emerged from their hidden caves and filled the chambers with extraneous vicissitudes; windows flew open of their own accord, lighted fires were extinguished; unlighted fires blazed fiercely, the beds fell off the curtains; the curtains became table-cloths; innumerable hams were evident, embracing innumerable bacons, each bacon submerged in hoary eggs, etc.—the voice of Hicks had exercised its accustomed

* And turneth not as it to'eth and fro'eth, unlike "the advanced people" which retrogradeth.

† On the Monday morning everyone mistook his way, owing to this hill conduct, and Hicks found himself at the summit of Limavaddy.

spell. The mouth of Hicks, *with little ado*, accommodated all in a trice, and grogs rained down in stimulating fountains. After a short pause, appetite assuaged, the speechless traveller, Hicks-like and candleshorn stumbled, and chattered in his sleep so as to shake the walls and terrify the Winkeyan nag which at dawn was found neighing on the house-top. At sunrise Hicks had vanished, and telegraphed from Limavaddy. The hills are unfurzed. Don't tell Polkaw.

Thine,

HERLEUS LE BERBEUS.

On January 16 he writes to the same correspondent:

I hope to be in London some time next month, for I won't pass another year, if I can help it, without seeing Joachim. That *is* a beautiful passage you refer to in Mendelssohn's A major Symphony but there are others no less so, and one especially in the slow movement (the series of chords in suspension) as beautiful and touching as anything in music. It always makes me think of another world. How you can regard Schumann and Mendelssohn as equals is altogether beyond my comprehension. The music of "Parsifal" is simply execrable. I have entirely changed my opinion about the book. Gurnemanz is an absolute bore, and Parsifal an insipid donkey—not the Percival of genuine romance at all. Kundry alone redeems the thing from hopeless inanity.

On the 24th he writes:

I have been reading Zola's "Une page d'amour," and am bewildered to think how the author of "Pot Bouille," which, clever as it may be, and true to a certain kind of life, is to me absolutely loathsome—could ever have imagined and committed to paper so truly exquisite a thing. Every personage in the book is drawn with a masterhand, and not only true to nature, but thoroughly ori-

ginal and individual (which you will say mean the same thing—but they don't). About the Italian Symphony there is a vast deal more to say, which when I return (D.V., next month) and can find my score, I will point out to the best of my ability. Gilbert's "Iolanthe" is a masterpiece of wit and humour. He had thirty-six black-balls when the Duke of Edinburgh proposed him for the Royal Yacht Club at Cowes (though G. himself hath yachts and beeves). Most of these were aristocratic balls; but G. has taken revenge in his "Iolanthe" and unmercifully ridiculed the coroneted donkeys. I am greatly distressed to read, to-day, of the death of Gustave Doré, whom I knew and liked immeasurably.

At the end of the month, he hears, in a characteristic letter from Jarrett, of the death of a Mr. T.

"He died about ten o'clock in the morning, and his graceless widow had his remains packed off to a mortuary about seven o'clock the same evening—when the widow told L——— who called about two hours after T——— had died, what she intended to do, L——— ventured a mild protest against sending the remains of the poor old fellow before the time necessary—especially as the proprietor of the house made no objection to the body remaining in the house. To which remark the widow replied that it would "be better for him"—meaning, I suppose, that even a mortuary would be more cheerful than the society of Mrs. T———. Perhaps she was right. Only poor T——— could have decided the question."

In May, still at Malvern, he writes:

My dear young Friend,

What are you doing in this melancholy month of May? *And*, why do you enclose me a stamped envelope? This seems *de haut en bas* instead of filius to pater. Bertie

B——— would not have dared to do so to the revered Joseph, who would have scattered the stamped envelope to the four winds indiscriminately. Have you ever read Bacon's little book, "De Ventis," or Professor Huxley's discourses about oysters? I have been reading nearly all the novels of Zola, and I find them more and more utterly detestable. I have not read his last, where that miserable scoundrel Octave is again the hero, nor do I intend. The book of his in which I find great redeeming points is "Une page d'amour." Such things as "Therese Jacquin," "La cure" and "La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret" ought to be burnt by the common hangman.

What a solace to go back to Balzac and his "Histoire des Treize" which I have with me! and how every sentence of Prospère Merimée's is like a fresh breeze! What do you think of Macfarren's declining the honour of knighthood in such circumstances? I think the act is worthy of the man.

I have an idea to go to London, to attend the Green Room Club Dinner on Sunday next. If so, I must return on Wednesday. I have not been well since I came here.

Why waste so much of your time—now at its highest value, bear in mind—in reading these modern French romances? They are all more or less alike, all running in the same groove of "realism," as it is termed, which becomes absolutely tiresome and not seldom revolting. None of them exhibit the mighty grasp of De Balzac in his "Comédie Humaine" though most of them are tainted with the cynical filth of Théophile Gautier, etc. There is so much of good to read at your age that it is a pity you should let the time escape—especially if you mean to adopt letters as your chief occupation.

Which, which, which, which, which, which (my successor in the "Saturday Review") is delicious. So is the quotation from "Jocoseria," which I have not yet seen.

An extract from a "Saturday Review" article had been sent him and transferred, with a note of his own to the "Musical World":

A FAUST OVERTURE.

(From the "Saturday Review.")

"In spite, however, of the despair *which* speaks out of it, the *work* is by no means gloomy, and the end is full of a peaceful joy *which* expresses the hope *which* always sustained *Herr* Wagner, that at length his *work* would be acknowledged if only he honestly persevered in it. . . . .

"The remarkable *way* in *which* he employs the oboe in the mournful wail *which* occurs frequently is highly artistic, and, we think, almost comparable to the *way* in *which* Beethoven has used the flute in his rendering of Goethe's 'Meerstille und glückliche Fahrt' to indicate the words 'In die ungeheuere Weite,' etc."

(Two works, one wail, two ways and six whiches! Excellent good. Herr Wagner's shade is appeased. Dr. Blidge.)

And again, referring to a work of Guy de Maupassant:

"In obedience to your command I have finished 'Une vie' and find it on the whole a weak imitation of *Zola*. Jeanne is simply an idiot, and the idea of her happiness being restored by the return of her utterly contemptible son is 'too too' ludicrous. The catastrophe which brings about the death of her miserable wretch of a husband and the paramour, is so far-fetched that it made me laugh, instead of cry. There is something touching, no doubt, in the return of Rosalie to her mistress at the time of depression, when she has to leave Les Peuples; but towards the end Rosalie becomes a positive bore, like her mistress. The Abbé Tolbiac is as thoroughly detestable as his precursor, the Père Simon, is ridiculous. The loves of that abominable Julien and Madame de Fourville don't interest me at all and the husband of Madame de Fourville is an incomparable jackass. Something might be argued on behalf of Jeanne's 'petit papa' and 'petite mère,' but all this is set aside by the cynical Guy de Maupassant, in his disclosures about the previous lives of both father and

mother. In fact—bref—the only characters I care for in the book are poor neglected Tante Lison and Marius. To console myself, I have been reading with delight Fielding's 'Joseph Andrews,' of which I got a sixpenny Routledge edition at the bookseller's hard by; but to understand it properly you should read Richardson's 'Pamela' first."

After midsummer he was briefly sojourning in London when his new home pleased him no better than before. On August 25 he writes:

I was intending to go to Hamburg and thence to Wiesbaden at Jarrett's invitation, but don't feel up to it—which is a pity, as the sea-passage would have braced me up. I don't know whether I can find courage to go to the Gloucester Festival, which begins early the week after next, September 4. I certainly shall not go to Wolverhampton—but a sense of strong duty will take me to Leeds in mid-October. Love to Dodinas.

Yours in the blues,

ALIDUKE.

At the Leeds Festival, Macfarren's "King David" was to be produced under the direction of Arthur Sullivan. Davison was not there to witness his old friend's success. He repaired late in the summer of 1883 to Margate for a change of air, then stayed on, occasionally planning a return to London, which never came to pass while he was alive.

At Margate were passed the last eighteen months of his life in comparative peace, cheered from time to time by the letters and the visits of members of his family and three or four old steadfast friends.

A flying visit from Joseph Bennett, a postcard in Latin from John Simon, recalling 1836, a note from Sir George Grove, asking for a reminiscence for the "Dictionary":

My dear old Man,

Can you give me a lively trait or two of your old friend Vivier? . . . .

inquiry which might take him back thirty or forty years —to the time when that odd cornist first came over to London playing three and four notes simultaneously, and, with high English patronage, bade fair to shine where the English Jarrett, with equal simultaneity of notes, remained in the shade, Jarrett's friend eyeing him suspiciously until in personal contact with his wit and oddity—to the time when the foreigner, clad perhaps à la Mirobolant, excited the jeers of the London rough, who, on Davison's indignant remonstrance, lost no time in making Davison's nose bleed a copious stream—to the time when Vivier on a railway journey, must needs summon the guard at every stoppage with the everlasting "Conducteur, quel lapse?" —to the time when, at a grand artistic dinner, Vivier got on to a platform to seriously explain publicly why he had refused spinach. "Je ne peux pas manger les épinards, je ne les aime pas, et j'en suis bien aise, car si je les aimais, je les mangerais, et je ne peux pas les sentir"—to the time when Vivier wrote to him from Weimar. "Te crois-tu donc à l'abri de mes lettres? Non—par Dieu, non. Je suis malade, il est 2 heures du matin et le 12 Septembre, 1854. Je repose mal, mon lit est très mauvais à Weimar—près de mon chevet, au lieu d'un bénitier, j'ai la tête de F. Liszt, et j'y prends un cheveu avant de m'abandonner au sommeil. Un clou compose à lui seul tout l'ameublement de ma chambre—j'ai un poële qui chauffe très bien lui même, mais pas du tout moi—piteux voyageur."

To such times and to the past in general could Davison look back when Grove's letter reached him, within a month and a day of his own last journey. Meanwhile he was taking his ease at his Margate inn. In his room facing the sea and the sunset he did what work remained to him —analyses for the Monday Popular Concert programmes, copy for the "Graphic," "Musical World" editing.

Though work was more than ever slow and difficult, he was not happy until he had coped with it. That done, he could descend to the inn's nether regions and indulge in a little humorous converse with the people of the house,

then perhaps take some friendly arm for a turn to the end of the pier.

In May, 1884, he wrote to a young literary correspondent:

I will give you a year to read one volume of Launcelot to the neglect of every other business. Besides it is in the Provençal tongue with which I fancy you are hardly conversant. "Palmerin d'Olive" is not worth reading, although a great deal of it has relation to what we call the Soudan. It is, in fact, rubbish. "Palmerin of England" and "Amadis of Gaul" are both worth reading should spare time permit, though at the best Palmerin is a pale counterfeit of Amadis. Of the twenty-four volumes of "Amadis" only the first four are good. I have got one or two myself, and I doubt not the validity of the Judgement which condemned them, like so many other romances in Don Quixote's library, to the general bonfire. Southey's translation of "Amadis de G." and "Palmerin of E." are admirable, and if you have not got Spanish at command will do quite as well.

Your hope to have finished "Lancelot" before I return to London is amusing. Ten years would not accomplish the task, and then perhaps you might like to throw in "Perce-Foret" which is your favourite "Parsifal." Ask for that at the Museum and see what it looks like! However, your intention of reading "Lancelot," "Palmerin" and "Amadis" all at once, convinces me that you will not read one of them, beyond a glance at the title page and a dip into the interior.

In the summer, Margate and Davison's inn would fill, and he would easily find himself in his element, especially if a friend came to see him, to whom after supper he might talk of old times, recall an anecdote of Vivier or Charlie Kenney, discourse long of Malory's knights (one of whom Sir Froll of the Out Isles was at last "devoured of frantic

choughs"), quote his ever-favourite Shelley or Byron or Shakespeare, and, finally, bedward, candle in hand, pause in his ascent of the staircase to enjoy a last recital of the dialogue between Falstaff and Colville of the Dale, one of his very favourite bits of Shakespearian humour, and then, in his bedroom, start a fresh conversation about Wagner, perhaps, and Bridgeman's quaint translation of "the books," the "hurried strokes" of the "genial madman" (to wit: Beethoven's posthumous quartets) at which Berlioz had looked "with anxious polyscopity."

The summer of 1884 brought to the inn a company of strolling players or a circus or something, with the members of which he at once became popular.

Summer departed, and, as the weeks went on, the winter wind would moan through the windows of the empty inn, but the keen air and light of the place made him dread the idea of Bloomsbury.

He would still get out on to the pier. One day there, he saw, with distress and impatience, men in boats shooting at the seagulls and other men complacently looking on from the pier. "Infernal oafs," he exclaimed, shaking his stick. As he and his companion left the pier he made some remark to the turn-stile keeper, whose answer, "It does seem a shame to kill the poor things," greatly pleased him.

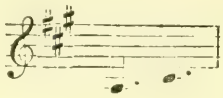
Early in 1885 came the news of the death of that "Eugénie" who, some forty-three years before, had so engrossed his thoughts. "Like shadows we come and like shadows depart" was his reflection on it in a letter to his brother, and a week later he had himself departed.

His constitution had for some years been gradually undermined, and his fatal illness lasted but a few days. He died near noon on Tuesday, March 24, 1885, in the seventy-second year of his age. His remains were taken up to London and buried at Brompton Cemetery in the grave of his father and mother, among the many present, besides relations, being his friends of fifty years, Macfarren and John Simon.

THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

29th June, 1878.

To Correspondents.

Polkaw: Teach your grandmother to suck eggs, as Charles Reade said to Dion Boucicault, when they were writing a novel together. Your extracts are from the slow movement of Beethoven's immortal "106," the first two notes of which:

(added by Beethoven when the sonata was already in type) lay open a world.

PREFACE TO THE ARTICLES.

NO life of J. W. Davison would be complete which did not place before the reader some examples of the writings contributed by him to the journals of the day. A selection has been made here of those which relate to some of the more prominent figures in the history of music during the Victorian era, and which may serve therefore as illustrations of its course. Others have been chosen, of a more subjective kind, fugitive pieces redolent of a characteristic literary flavour. With these are included two or three articles which have no direct bearing on music —one on Rachel, for instance, and one unfinished on the performance at the Haymarket in 1846 of "Romeo and Juliet" with the Misses Cushmann in the title rôles.

Limitations of space forbad the inclusion of much that Davison wrote in his more enthusiastic and exuberant period in the later 'thirties and earlier 'forties, the period of the "Musical Magazine," the "Court Gazette," "Musical Examiner" and earlier "Musical World," though there are signs to-day of a peculiar revival of interest in that "early Victorian" period. The same reason accounts for the exclusion of long "Times" articles describing the great Handel festivals at the Crystal Palace in the 'sixties. Davison's well-known and much criticised attitude towards Wagner and his music makes the reading of the dispatches he wrote to the "Times" from Bayreuth on the first Bayreuth festival, included towards the end of this volume, of considerable interest.

Very few of these articles bore the signature even of initials, but care has been taken to guard against the possibility of anything being included from another hand. Davison's known attitude of mind and his literary style with its familiar idiosyncrasies, apart from other evidences of authorship, rendered the task of identification not too difficult. H. D.

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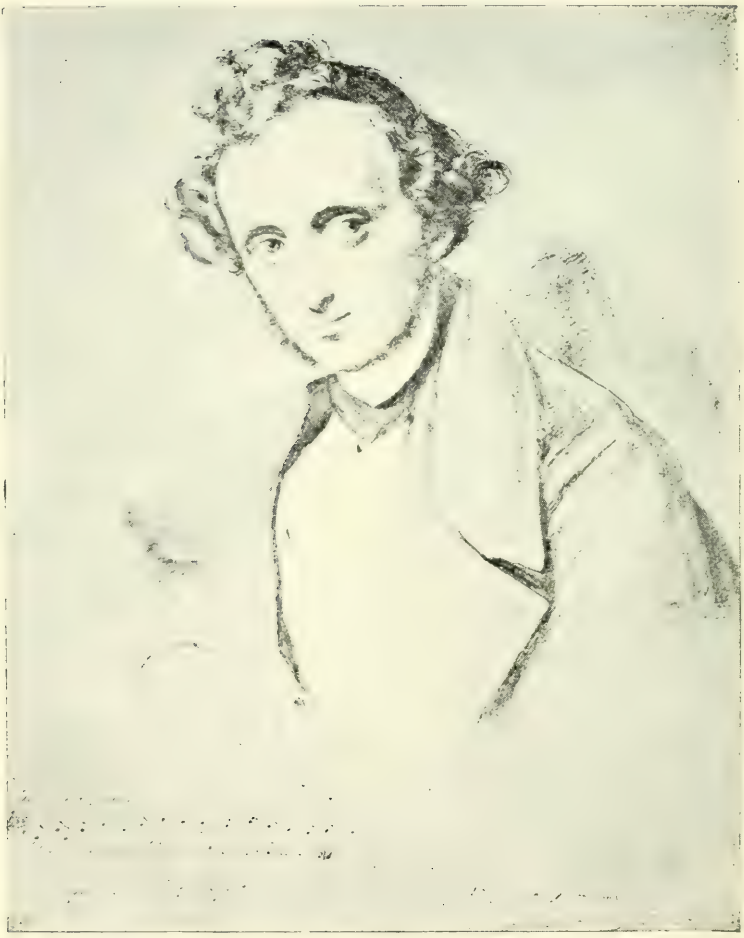

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

MENDELSSOHN'S "TEMPERAMENTS."*

THESE evergreen inspirations of Mendelssohn's early youth come to us like a remembrance of happier days, when the mind—untrained by observation, untutored by that relentless pedagogue, experience (who castigates the heart with a birch rod made out of the withered boughs of decayed illusions)—drank up, eagerly, every fresh figure of excellence, every unfrigid flash of intellectual power, whether or not classicalised by the approbation of the erudite, or rendered sacred by the approving edict of Time. Alas! for those days of open-armed enthusiasm!—those days when love and friendship were fondly pictured as the train-bearers of eternity! —those days when the soul thirsted, "like a dying flower," for all that could minister food to its yearning for sympathy—at the bottom of which might be poison, so the outside were but fair! *They are passed!*—and sober reflection has usurped that throne in the heart's recesses, round which, but a few short years ago, the blood bounded impetuously with the million-sided impressions of outward objects, the polypetalous influences of the vast forest of the world, which the imagination of *youth* (that "natural drunkenness," as Hobbes, in his "Rhetoric," sublimely terms it), like the one thought of a rabid alchemyst, clutches and converts into starry idealisms. The eyes of the young magnify beauty, as the telescope multiplies

* From the "Court Gazette," May 28, 1842.

magnitude; but soon, alas! grow dim and stupid with the tears of disappointed love, and of despair, the shadow which dead hope leaves behind him. *They are passed!* —and the heart's core, the throne whereon the king of passion sits, is blighted and debased into a footstool for the demon of worldliness and self-worship! Even those tears for the gone past, which are types of holiest consolation, gushing fountains which prove that the heart is not yet dry, anointing all things with refreshing moisture, like drops of water falling from an eminence, are glued up with the frost of indifference—which comes riding on the wind, called "knowledge of the world," and snaps off our young feelings, one by one, like the gruff whirlwind in the "Sensitive Plant."

> "A northern whirlwind wandering about,
> Like a wolf that has smelt a dead child out,
> Caught hold of the branches, naked and stiff,
> And snapped them off with his rigid griff."

And a veil falls from our eyes—the scene has changed, oh! how changed! and we behold the world *as it is*—in the place of that which our dreams had created! Such melancholy ruminations ever haunt us during the performance of any one of those exquisite outpourings of a young heart, "The Temperaments" (or as better known abroad, "Seven Characteristic Pieces") of Mendelssohn. The first of them sings, to our minds, the tristful complaint of an abandoned maiden; the second, the war-song of a northern king; the third (a noble fugue), the flight of a discomfited army, and the headlong pursuit of the enemy; the fourth, an eternally flowing rivulet, with now and then a pebble to break the transparent limpidity of its surface; the fifth (another grand fugue), a consultation of the inquisition ere burning a body to save a soul; the sixth, the mournful reproach to the world of an unappreciated poet; the seventh and last, a festival of the minute particles of light, which outside resembles a sunbeam but within is a world of tiny sensations.

To all who love music for more than its jingle; who award it a higher place in art than that of a mere dance-

compeller; who look upon it as one of the most intense mediums of poetic expression; who perceive in it a world and many worlds; whose souls are moved by it to deep and passionate thought; to abstruse and metaphysical reverie; whose senses are anointed by it, as by a fragrant balm; whose minds are instructed by it, as by the words of a philosopher; whose enthusiasm is kindled by it, as by the voice of the loved one; whose emotions are fed by it, as the flame by fuel; whose minds are ennobled by it, as by the song of the poet; to all these we say, "study the 'Temperaments' of Mendelssohn"—and we zealously anticipate our recommendation will not be in vain; but to such as look upon the frivolities of Jullien, the sickly nothingness of Bellini, the inflated hyperbole of Thalberg, or the maudlin mock-mournfulness of the "Popular Ballad" school, as worthy the name even of bad music, we recommend them not, for they are beyond the grasp of their intelligence.

SCRAP OF SONG CRITICISM.*

SONG, "SWEET DAY"—SUNG BY MISS BIRCH

Poetry by Herbert. *Music by T. M. Mudie*

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright;
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And *all* must die.

Aye, *thou* must die—and thou must die—and *all* must die—and even —— must die!!! This must have been a merry, melancholy soul, this same Herbert, a diver into depths—a heart twister—a subtle thinker—doubtless he read infinity in his mistress' smile—doubtless he felt and saw and knew all things. Here's to his memory! There is more in these three little verses than in many an epic—more than meets other eyes that those of the few!

"Thy root is ever in its grave!"

Poor rose!

"Thy root is ever in its grave!"

What a profoundly poetical idea!

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* From the "Musical Examiner," August 19, 1843.

IN THE COUNTRY.*

WE are in the country! The sun of heaven shines upon us in the full glory of his sunship—the wind of heaven fans us with its fragrant breath. We are in the country, and in that part of it which most we love—among the winds and hills of B——shire. Oh! fair and gentle B——shire, thou art our lady-love among the counties of England. Were we poets, we could write sonnets to thee more glowing and full of worship than those with which Laura inspired Petrarca. Were we painters, we could portray thy various charms more cunningly than Rafaelle described, unto an admiring world, the graces of his Fornarina. Were we musicians—or rather were we Händel, Mozart, Beethoven—we could, under the influence of thy presence, give birth to sounds more ravishing than all the freshest melody of Acis—all the passionate ecstasy of the G minor—all the gorgeous picturing of the "Pastoral," in thy praise. Petrarca, Rafaelle, Händel, Mozart, Beethoven, never saw thee —Queen of counties! They never basked in thy sunny smile, they never inhaled thy sweet odours, they never listened to the sound that arises from thy bosom, when thou chantest orisons to the Deity, who has endowed thee with so much beauty. Unhappy they!—or rather, not unhappy they, for they drank from the cup of genius—but happier they, had they but only known thee, for thou

* From the "Musical Examiner," August 19, 1843.

wouldst have inspired them with thoughts more lovely than their loveliest. We know not how it is, but, when we are with thee, the sun seems brighter than his usual brightness. It must be that thou art his favourite, his minion, his *mistress*—no, not his mistress, or we shall hate his beams out of sheer jealousy—but his fairest child, on whom most he exults to shine; whom he loves to envelop in his radiant embrace; on whose softest bosom he delights to lay his head. The light stretches itself out upon thy breast in a luxury of idleness—it sleeps upon thy surface with serene content—it is happy, the light, to feel thy close embrace, to catch the fragrance of thy breath, to hear thy balmiest sigh:

> "A music, so delicate, soft and intense,
> 'Tis felt like an odour within the sense."

The wind seems to dote on thee, and the roughness of its joy, as it dallies with its offspring, is mellowed into gentle playfulness, as though it sported with a butterfly and feared to crush it. How cheerily it sings to thee, dear B——shire of our heart! The rain too falls upon thee with a gentle sloping fall, and kisses thee as it falls, with the kiss of a mother to its most beloved child—the feeblest and yet the favourite; or of a lover for the mistress of his soul, whose beauty he fears as well as loves—but, no again, not of a lover, or we should be jealous of the rain as of the sun—selfish as we are—our love for thee is our one thought, our life, our veriest being! Not then as a lover, but as a gentle mother, the soft rain loves thee. So beauteous art thou, B——shire, that a lady-bird doth dwell in thee, whose face is as the moon in the splendour of its full beaming—whose voice is as the song of the brook—whose form is as the willow in its grace—and, perhaps, after all, sweet B——shire, it is the lady-bird, who has sought thy sylvan retreat, that the sun and the wind and the rain do love, and not thee, sweet B——shire—for thy beauty is a tranquil beauty, and kills not—thy life is a still life and destroys not—but the beauty and the life of the lady-bird, who dwells in thee, are as a sword which cutteth off the head of happiness,

and as a poison which embittereth the cup of satisfaction; and it is in *all things* to return love for rough usage!

To-day is a day of beauty, but its beauty makes us sad. We know not why, but the brighter the smile of heaven, the less do we feel disposed for merriment. Some great poet has pronounced that melancholy is an essential in beauty—and we believe him, for our experience tells us it is true. And yet it is strange, and to many a thinker, who dives not deep, will seem a paradox—but, if we mistake not, Solomon has said, that to be merry is not to be happy—and Solomon was a great philosopher and a greater poet—and what he said bore upon it the imprint of eternal truth; and thus, perhaps, it was intended by Him who created the wonder which we call the universe—the mystery which we misname Nature.

But to be less dreamy and more actual. We are, at this moment, under a tree, in the midst of the hilly, woody fields of our most beloved county of B——shire. We are in sight of—or rather in sight of its *site*, for itself is concealed in the luxuriance of the shadowy labyrinth. The sun shines upon us brightly—the wind blows upon us freshly—we are on an eminence, from which we behold a vast expanse of country, smiling with a holy and instinctive gladness. The score of the "Pastoral" symphony is in our hands, and we would fain peruse it, under the influence of the lovely scenery around us, but alas! vain are the wishes of mortals! We are persecuted by an incessant shower of midges, the most intolerable of insect plagues, which get into our mouth, our ears, our eyes, till the annoyance becomes so great as to induce us to the sacrilege of throwing the masterpiece of Beethoven from our hands and ejaculating an oath more than explicatory of our notions of the injustice of the torment we endure. Forgive us, reader—but if you have been midge-covered and midge-bitten, we need not ask your sympathy—we already have it, we are sure *(diable!)*. We resort to an expedient; to protect our countenance we envelop our heads (for we are hatless) in a white cambric handkerchief—but no, that is more than useless, and rather attracts than repels the infinitesimal pests which

pitch their tents upon our persons—we doff the handkerchief in despair, and find it turned from white to black—covered, literally covered, with endless colonies of midges. We begin to be impatient—to curse the trees which shelter them—to blaspheme against the breeze which wafts them (seconded by their own impulse) upon our faces—to vituperate all, everything but the very "lady-bird" who dwells in B——shire—when a better remedy suggests itself. We pull out our cigar-case from our pocket—borrow a lucifer from our friend, M., who is hard by, sketching away with the fury of a young and enthusiastic artist—light a cigar, and smoke tempestuously. Reader profit by this knowledge. We have succeeded beyond our wishes. The midges are routed completely, they fall dead on every side, till we absolutely weep at the carnage we have made, in our defence, and would fain bring to life again the poor little creatures we have massacred. But what could we do—they would not allow us to peruse the "Pastorale"! We would fain have imitated the Lady in the "Sensitive Plant," and have carried them out of our neighbourhood, in

> A basket of wild flowers full,
> The freshest our *gentle* (?) hands could pull;
> For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
> Although they did ill, was innocent.

But midges will not be put into a basket, and will not be carried into a wood—yet, they must be got rid of somehow—for they are the devil's own plagues and will not allow us to peruse the "Pastorale." Let us hope then we shall not be considered inhuman—though we have emulated Samson in the number of our slain, and with a cigar in lieu of the jaw-bone of an ass. After all, the result of our experiment has brought us to the plain conclusion, that the best use to which a cigar can be put is to drive away midges, when they prevent us from enjoying the profundities of Beethoven in the country—and so, consoling ourselves with the motto, "Necessity has no law," albeit, as we have proved, "Necessity is the

mother of invention"—we shall proceed with our "Pastorale," uninterrupted by the annoyance of the midges or the thought of the "lady-bird."

But never, after this moment, shall we smoke for any other purpose—for it is assuredly an indifferently censurable habit.

Tuesday afternoon, August 15, 1843, B——SHIRE.

"MUSICAL EXAMINER" REVIEWS.*

. . . . . .

THE "Song to May," by Mr. T. M. Mudie, is as gay and sparkling, as green and jocund, as fresh and invigorating as the "merrie monthe" itself. It makes us dream of the olden time, when in this bright-faced month, which the poet aptly apostrophises as

May, Queen of blossoms!

Queen Guenever, Sir Gawaine, Sir Epinogris (the king's son of Northumberland) and divers other gallant knights and lovely dames went out "a maying" (see that quaintest and most delicious of the romances of chivalry, "Morte Arthure"); though the continued hilarious strain of Mr. Mudie's pleasant song prevents us travelling, "in thought," unto the melancholy end of the adventure, when so many "goode knyghtes of their handes were discomfited and slaine." Oh! for those happy days, when we could sit all day in a garden with the sun clothing us in his warm embrace—reading "Morte Arthure," beloved "Morte Arthure," with the infinitely delightful and amusing adventures of "Sir Lancelot" and "Sir Tristram" and "Sir Lamorake" and "Sir Gawaine" and "Merlin" and "Balin," who smote "the dolorous stroke," and "Balan," the "Knyghte of the two swerdes," and "King

* From the "Musical Examiner," November 11, 1843.

Pelleas," who followed the "questing beast" (or *bête glatissante* as the "French booke" calls it), and "Sir Palomides," the Saracen, the despairing but ever constant and ever grumbling lover, and all the never-enough-to-be-lauded extravagances which fill that unequalled work! Oh! for those happy days—when we devoured rather than perused it, with a fulness of satisfaction that no after-reading has afforded us, since reading we could *understand*, and understanding could *despise!* Oh! for those days—gone never to return—never—never—never! etc. etc. etc. (We must not get too romantic or we shall have the "cricket" to croak at us—so thanks to the good-natured etc.'s, etc.'s which have come to our assistance.) We are truly grateful to Mr. Mudie's charming song for reminding us of those pleasant times, and in return, we can say of it, without flattery, "Whoever wants a merry song and a healthy song—and (to sum up) a good song—will find even more than he wants in Mr. Mudie's 'Song to May'"; he may take our word for it.

A "MUSICAL EXAMINER" LEADER.*

INCESSANT occupation leaves us scant time for desultory reading. There was a time when nine o'clock, a.m., found us at the British Museum, and four o'clock, p.m., found us on our way home. We then swallowed, as Mr. Wordsworth, of the "Dramatic," would say, "our solitary chop"—*fetched* an hour's walk to digest it (in the neighbourhood of old book stalls) and returned to our studies with renewed appetite, making notes of what we had ingurgitated in the morning.

> If you like you may see 'em
> In the British Museum,
> In Russell St., Bloomsbury—

as Mr. Somebody says, in the capital stave of "Old King Cole," which our intellectual friend, Tom Prowse (of "Nicholson Flute" celebrity), publishes, in Hanway Street, Oxford Street. In this manner seven golden years of our earthly sojourn passed away—from seventeen to four and twenty. Happy, happy years—to come back *never!* Our passion was useless literature. We read, with avidity, the entire series of the "Romances of the Round Table." Sir Launcelot, Sir Tristram, Sir Lamorake, Sir Gawaine, Sir Pelleas, Sir Marhaus, Sir Floll and Sir Flowers, were, to us, as much distinct realities, as our

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* From the "Musical Examiner," October 19, 1844.

verimost beloved and intimate friends. King Carados, of the Dolorous Tower, and Sir Dodinas, the Savage, were especial deities. Frank Evelyn and Sam Phillips, then our closest associates, were not more identical to our belief than the "seemly" knights above categoried. To us—not "high mountains," as Byron has it, in his plagiary of Wordsworth,* but:

Round Tables were *a feeling*.

From King Arthur we turned to Charlemagne and his Paladins. Ariosto would not do for us, nor yet Boyardo —nor even Pulci; but we must needs go to the fountain head, and, as in the case of the "Round Table," pore over the original black letter folios. "Fierabras," "Ogier le Danois," "Les Quatre Fils Aymon" (not Balfe's), "Huon de Bordeaux" (whence Weber got his "Oberon") and "Moult autres," were bread and butter to us—aye more—pancakes, green peas and gooseberry fool, which, at that time constituted our notions of esculent perfection. From Charlemagne we rushed to "Amadis of Gaul" and his endless progeny of four and twenty volumes—from "Amadis" to "Palmerin d'Olive" and his successors—and so through the entire library of "Don Quixote." We recollect a fit of translation seized us—and setting Frank Evelyn to work on "Perion of Gaul" and Sam Phillips on "Gerileon of England," ourselves commenced reducing "Amadis of Greece" into impure vernacular. Good reader—believe that these were pleasant times. Stuffed as they were with innocent follies, filled as they were with shadows—these were pleasant times! They are gone, however:

Drowned, frozen, dead for ever!

As the heartfullest of poets (Shelley) sings of his own fled youth. Where is Frank Evelyn now? We cannot answer it; dead for aught we know—*yet he was the brother of our youth!* Where is Sam Phillips? This we can answer, though we never see him. He is at present

* See "Childe Harolde," and see the "Ode to Intellectual Beauty"; Byron stole from whom he ridiculed.

one of Blackwood's staff and has written the cleverest book that has for some years adorned the province of English romance, "Caleb Stukely."

The reader will ask what has this to do with the "Musical Examiner"?—to which we scorn to reply, because, dear reader, it is not in our power. The spirit moved us to babble of old times, and we obeyed its impulse; let it be, as we find it in the play-book—"*aside*." Editor of the "Musical Examiner" (aside).

Our taste is as much as ever for "useless literature"—but our time is too brief to permit of its indulgence. Our literature, at present, may be divided into three heads: "Punch," "Le Juif Errant," Flowers's "Letters on Counterpoint."

These constitute our entire reading. We exult in the pleasant gibes of "Punch." We are lost in the labyrinthine maze of Sue's "Ahasuerus"—we are edified by the unfathomable learning of the polite and persevering Flowers. From "Punch" and Eugene Sue we meet with gratitude for our exclusive patronage—we have reason to know that the "Musical Examiner," to these illustrious individuals,

Makes Saturday the sweetest of the week

as Charles Lamb owned of Leigh Hunt's delightful "Indicator." These men read us and respect us—they regard us, in some sort, as oracles, they bow to our decision in all matters of art, they copy us instinctively, they infuse the spirit of us into their intrinsically subtle, but thus by us made subtler pages. "Punch" is a gentleman and a wit—as such we regard him, though he robs us without acknowledgment. Sue is a genius and a *fort esprit*—as such we esteem him, though he takes from us largely and unconsciously. But from the third head into which our reading is divided—from that head which owes us more gratitude, inasmuch as its perusal is more laborious, sicculant and intangible—from Flowers, the very age and body of counterpune, what do we *attraper*, in return for our preference in his favour? Alas for the ingratitude of four-part advocates—whose fore-sidedness, we regret

to utter it, involves not *squareness*—alas for the sordid selfishness of a contrapuntist! from him, from the third head of our reading, we get a *tetrard!!!* At the particular request of George French Flowers, Mus.Bac. Oxon, we review his "Xmas Carol," in a spirit of urbane philosophy, and in return, he flings in our countenance *a Tetrard*—absolutely, neither more nor less than a *Tetrard!!!* What can we venture in reply to this? what can we answer to a contrapuntist, who, after somnambulising our readers and ourselves for more than fifteen months, with an infinity of arguments on counterpune, tells us unabashedly, that *an inversion of the chord of the minor thirteenth with a major ninth* (Root G),* is *a tetrard* of B, D sharp, F and A!! What can be said to this man, who places his *tetrard* (as David did his stone) in a sling, and flings it (as David at the *caput* of Goliath) at the head of the "Musical Examiner"? What can we say to him but:

Mtmnegihainnijnorotctrheenth?

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* There being no D sharp in the key of C, Mr. Flowers's chord should be written B (lowest note), F natural, A, E flat (and *not* D sharp) which would constitute it the above chord.

SPOHR'S NEW SYMPHONY.*

"Earthliness and Godliness."

I HAVE heard this symphony three different times: viz., at its first trial in this country, by the Philharmonic band, at the rehearsal previous to the concert which introduced it to the English public and at the concert itself. I have never seen a score of it—nor any printed or manuscript edition—consequently my remarks must wholly relate to its *poetical* merits, and I shall defer all technical notice to some future period, when I trust to have an opportunity of perusing it carefully. I have not, nor do I wish to assume, that ready comprehension of the *matériel* of works of elaboration, through the medium of a simple hearing, unaided by previous readings, which so eminently distinguishes my friend Macfarren, and of which he has given so admirable an example in his last week's essay on the symphony in A minor of Mendelssohn. My apprehension of music is purely impressional—I feel myself capable of judging correctly of its general effect, of its fitness for a stated purpose, of the development of its original intention, of its poetical tendency, of its peculiar sentiment; but the absolute machinery of which it is composed, the hidden springs which quicken it into life, altogether elude my perception, until I have made acquaintance with it upon paper. Having thus confessed myself, and my deficiency

* From the "Musical World," June 30, 1842.

in one of the surest marks of a true musician, a deficiency which I attribute either to organic inaptibility for music, or to a far too late commencement of its study—I trust that the readers of the "Estimator" will accept from me with indulgence, a paper, of a wholly different nature from the very able one of last week—a paper, whose only claim to the attention of musicians, must lie in the sincerity of the feelings which induced its composition, since, in relation to their art, it teaches nothing, suggests nothing, pretends to nothing.

Spohr, in this, his last great work, has, I conceive, judging from its nomenclature ("Earthliness and Godliness") and its peculiar character throughout, aimed at the difficult task of depicturing, or rather suggesting by the aid of musical sounds, the entire life of man, as acted upon by the two great principles, vulgarly called good and evil, esoterically entitled the unknowing and the knowing —still more mysteriously, by certain of the philosophers, the passionless and the passionful. By his two orchestras, I understand the individual representations of these opposite principles, which are co-existent from eternity—and which in the life of man, are at first latent in his organisation—but that the prevailing *innate* principle, the atmosphere which encircles and interpenetrates childhood, is innocence, or the unknowing—the opposite principle merely existing by the supposition of susceptibility in the infantile organisation, till made gradually apparent by the growth and expansion of *desire*. The small orchestra of eleven solo instruments, I take to represent pure innocence, the great orchestra the opposite and corrupting medium. Let it be understood, as I progress, that I do not always mean the *knowing* principle to be the *bad*—I hold with no such old wife's tale, with no such antique commonplace, sanctified and established by centuries of ignorance and miscalculation. I think on the contrary, that the major part of the happiness of which man is capable, draws its origin from *passion*—since innocence unpassioned, is but a state of quiescence or non-suffering, or, in other words, and better expressive of my meaning, unfeeling, and since happiness consists

assuredly in pleasurable excitement—the more mental and imaginative, the more intense and refined—I can but look upon utter innocence, and what is generally termed uncorruption, as a mere vegetation rather than a life—a simple existence, rather than a state of action. That Spohr holds the same opinion, is to me, a matter of thorough conviction, judging from the very evident signification of the work I am attempting to analyse. Innocence of itself is one thing—innocence viewed through the mediums of a poet's imagination is another—and such is, in my opinion, the first movement of Spohr's symphony; including the delicately beautiful horn solo prefacing it—which latter I fancy to be an indication of the child itself, and the ensuing allegretto, of the child's existence, the two together, representing the child and childhood. This allegretto is a veritable triumph of genius. The choice of the transparent and unguileful key of C major, admirably indicative of the pure white intelligence of childhood, is highly felicitous, and one great thought to begin with. The pretty fantasticality of the instrumentation, the joyous singing of the violins, the butterfly fluttering, lisping and chattering of the wood instruments, the short cries of unconscious delight and evanescent anguish, so aptly pictured by the horns, are, one and all, poetically suggestive of the days of wondering infancy with its rosy cheeks and its pretty tyranny, its love without heart and its irresistible lovableness. The subjects too, are the very heaven of sweet unconsciousness—the confidence that throws itself into the arms of whatever presents itself, not from *faith*, but from unknowledge, not from a glory of unreserved trust, but from a fulness of unchequered inexperience. The entire movement is one of continuous and unbroken melody—a very honeycomb of sweet thoughts has been lavished by the master, who seems to have concentred all the purest resources of his genius, all his freshest and most primeval impulses on this part of his work, the chief portion of which is communicated by the smaller orchestra, with a delicious and perfectly novel effect. The occasional interference of the great orchestra, gives me the feeling

of short and troubled dreams, which the sunshine and the morning speedily dispel, or of April showers, which leave the earth more gay at their departure, or of:

"Sunny storms o'er the dark green deep,"

as the sweetest of poets sweetly sings, or of pettish moods for causes undefined, or of pretty floods of tears for butterflies destroyed, the poor butterflies which cannot live again, and be joyous and merry, and fly about, and be caught again, and crushed again, and wept for again! Oh! childhood April-faced! Oh! merry days of unpassion, *never to return!* Oh! infancy! thou hast fled, fled, fled, but whither? ah! whither?

Out of the day and night
A joy hath taken flight!

The master has triumphantly effected this, the first part of his work; but now comes a task of loftier aim, of intenser difficulty, of almost impossible achievement—THE AGE OF PASSION—(not of *sorrows*, as someone has unappreciatively described it)—the age of passion when those fairy forms which in childhood are but shadowed forth in dreams, become impersonated into actual existence—the age when the heart has roused itself from a long lethargy, and awakes, and sees, and beats, and LOVES, the age which begins with a long, ever gnawing, restless want of a something indefinite, that, in progress of time, is suddenly (or gradually, according to individual character) defined, and a faith and a religion is created, and a *being* or an object is worshipped, and life is but one thought, one desire; all other thoughts, all other desires fading away into insignificance before it, as the dim stars before the moon's full flood of light, yet coloured by it, atmosphered by its overwhelming presence. What matters the precise object of this dream of our existence? It does but vary as temperaments are different—with some it has been chivalry—with some magic—with some alchemy—with some an impious desire to compete with Almighty power and mock it in its creative faculty—with some fanaticism of atheism or credulity—with some an art—but with the most ardent, the most

zealous, the most sensitive, the beginning, the end, the summit, the base of this noonday enthusiasm has ever been that word, "too often profaned," that:

> Desire of the moth for the star
> Of the night for the morrow—

that:

> Devotion to something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow—

which, since the history of the world began, has but one universal and all-comprehensive name:

LOVE!

Mysterious and unfathomable—hidden and incomprehensible feeling! ever child of enthusiasm! too often parent of despair! That Spohr is a poet, who can doubt? That he is a great poet, the first movement of this symphony proves indisputably: but to represent to our sympathies, to suggest to our understandings by the medium of musical sounds, the variegated influences of the age of passion, requires a greatest poet—a Wordsworth, a Shelley or a Shakespeare, in music—or, in other words—a Mozart, a Beethoven or a Mendelssohn. Nevertheless, though, in my opinion, Spohr has not entirely reached the acme of perfection in this movement, which he so thoroughly compasses in the first, yet there is a passionate restlessness, a dreamy tristfulness, an eagerness of desire, a yearning for the indefinite, a feverish changefulness, a wild despair, a torrent of exultation, and I know not what else, which prove the truthfulness of his conception of what such a movement *ought to be.* The slow movement, preceding the Allegro appasionato in F minor, though evincing occasional passages of beauty, has not, *for me*, any very significative meaning, but the melancholy, unrestful eagerness of the allegro, where the bassoon would appear to represent youth first discovering that it has a soul—a soul which mourns for its mate—and the showery motion of the violins, aptly picturing the volatile animal spirits inseparable from that age of dreams, are as exquisitely beautiful as they

are truthfully appropriate. The astounding subject in triplets, which appears first on the scene with a fine burst of trombones and all the brass, combining with the two entire orchestras—in the major key of C—is, as the moment when the heart first feels that it loves, and leaps with exultation not to be suppressed, wrapped in its new-made atmosphere of light;—the maiden has stood before the poet, in the pride of her loveliness—and the poet has acknowledged her sway—a Charlotte, a Eugenie or a Dolly (I love to call to my aid the visionary beauties of our early poets), has been owned supreme—*the poet loves!*

> Into his heart a silent look,
> Flashed from her careless eyes,
> And what before was shadow, took
> The light of summer skies.
> The first-born love was in that look—

The first-born love flashes from that burst of exultation —music, and thenceforward man's life is, in the master's estimation, a troubled water, over the face of which a spirit moves, influencing it as the pole influences the magnet, with an intangible, indescribable, but an eternal and irresistible influence. The first notion of this tumultuous whirlpool of passion is as beautiful and truthful as could be wished, but I doubt if Spohr has proved himself master of the sustaining power of continuity, so satisfactorily on this, as on other occasions. He often flags during the progress of the movement, becomes dry and tedious, muddles himself with meretricious and meaningless modulations, palls upon the ear with worn-out sequences of sevenths and what not—which, though in immense degree palliated by passages of irresistible beauty, such as the two I have mentioned in detail, and by novelties of instrumentation as delicious as they are uncommon, still leave the understanding dissatisfied at the conclusion of the movement; and this is the more remarkable from the perfect symmetry of the one which immediately precedes it. Still, I should desire another hearing and a careful perusal of the score ere I trusted myself to a decisive expression of disapproval of any part of so large and so comprehensive a work as this sym-

phony. The last movement, as regards mere poetical conception, is perhaps the most perfect of the whole. It is, as it seems to me, the struggle of a sensitive temperament as the moment approaches when it must accept the peaceful consolations of religion and resign the burning influences of passion—hope for a happiness, unseen, unfelt, even by the imagination—and abandon a fitful paroxysm, now heaven, now hell, now bliss, now misery—all and each in extremes—of which it has known and felt and rioted in the irresistible influence. Spohr has treated this part of his subject as a wise philosopher and a consummate poet. He has not, by a vulgar burst of religious exultation, embodied the commonplace that our early feelings and hopes and passions, dear and cherished as they have been, and must ever be, can be thrown away as cast-off garments, without a regret more deep than the cold, faint hope of a dreary and unknown hereafter which succeeds them—or the passionate worship of a tremendous but unloved and unsympathising power, which we flatter in the hope of a good, undefined, and crouch to, in the fear of an evil unimagined. In the mind of the great master, this passage of our existence is one of despairful melancholy; at first, a fearful struggle between the two influences—the cold and the warm, the passionless and the passionful, RELIGION AND LOVE—at least, a mournful, regretful, miserable resignation—the death-bed of desire, the coffin of hope, the grave of enthusiasm!

IT IS ENDED!!!

Childhood has come again, with memory to curse it, with experience to deride it, with wrinkles to make mouths at it, with dead passions, and strangled hopes, and blighted loves, and half-extinguished hates, and ceaseless, burning envies, and fierce regrets to throw their arms around it and stifle it with despondencies. Childhood has come again, without its freshness—passion is dead and religion stalks o'er the path which love erst strewed with myrtle leaves and heliotrope! The management of this difficult argument is in every sense of the word masterly. The first subject—illustrative of fierce passion

and devotion to earthly objects—which has been stupidly called a plagiarism on Weber's "Ruler of the Spirits"—has all the tumult and agitation which poetical justice demands; and the counter-subject, indicating the cold and calm, the bloodless and loveless patience or *obstinacy* of religion, is just as faultlessly appropriate as the other. The two wage a zealous warfare with varied success, now one predominant, now the other—till at last the triumph of religious faith, the resignation of earthly passion, is developed by a flood of harmony most heart-rending and most beautiful; never indeed was more poignant and desperate grief portrayed by musical sounds; the heart of the maiden spotless in the full bloom of youthful loveliness—with every passion open-mouthed—with every hope on tip-toe—but consigned by inexorable circumstances (no matter what, I leave that to the imagination) to the freezing dreariness of a *veiled existence* (which means that her emotions, though as pungent as those of her more lucky sisters of the world, are to be smothered up by the hypo-criticality of conventional necessity) the heart of the YOUTHFUL NUN, with its crushed blossoms of happiness—is most vividly portrayed by this weeping, thoughtful, poignant flood of grief with which the master invests the triumph of religion and the resignation of worldly feelings, and with which his noble work concludes. When the orchestra has wafted aloft its latest sigh, when the last note has gone up to the heaven whence it came to reside for a brief space in the mind of the master, that he might explain it to the world, when the silence-killing sound has ceased to vibrate, the impulse which first lays hold of me is that of the deepest gloom, the most anguishful despondency, only to be relieved by an unrestrained flood of fast-falling tears which the vexed heart sheds from its inmost fountains. The thought that the *time of resignation* must come for *me* as well—nay, for all of us, for listening to such great works makes cosmopolites of us in the truest sense, the dreadful thought that love and hope must die, *never to live again*—throws me into the very depths of inconsolable despair; the alternative has for me no charms—that period of life

when passion takes the veil and the sunlight ceases to illumine the soul, when a splendour has departed from the grass and *a tree is but a tree*,* when the blood which was wont to bound impetuously round the heart, swayed into motion by the multiformity of outward impressions, becomes a stagnant pool, a fetid marsh or an ice-bound, moveless mass, when love is but a word in the dictionary, and woman but the opposite to man; that period I never wish to see—may I be dead ere it arrive, may I never, like Spohr, live to resign with lamentations—*without the power of Spohr to depict in vivid poetry, in eternal music, in dazzling colour, the history of the past.*

Such are the melancholy impressions to which I am subject under the influence of this, in my opinion, fine musical poem, the masterpiece of one of the greatest musicians that the world has produced—the artistic triumph of the illustrious Spohr, which I fear has been but little understood in this country, and I anticipate for a long period must remain so. When the *critics of the day* have resigned their pens and have ceased to deal out delusions as monstrous as unmeaning—as absurd as unartistic—as unpoetical as commonplace—as flippant as shallow—as meagre and inventionless, as erroneous and besotted—when their places are taken by wiser men and better musicians, and truer poets and sounder thinkers, WHEN ARTISTS SHALL DISCOURSE OF ART, AND AMATEURS LISTEN WITH RESPECT—then, *and not till then*, will the deep meaning of such metaphysical works as this symphony of Spohr be properly communicated to the multitude.

J. W. DAVISON.

In the issue of the "Musical World" of August the 18th following, appeared a letter drawn forth by the article on "Earthliness and Godliness." The identity of "Catholicus Anglicanus" the endeavours of the present writer have failed to discover.

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* Wordsworth.

THE "ESTIMATOR."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—If it be allowable to criticise a critique, in the same journal which has introduced the critique to the public, I should like to make a few remarks on the very eloquent number of the "Estimator" which contains an analysis of Spohr's new symphony. Living in the country, so entirely out of the way of hearing music as not to be aware that Spohr had composed a new symphony, till I accidentally met with the last number of the "Musical World," I shall not, of course, pretend to offer any remarks on the musical portion of Mr. Davison's critique. I will take it for granted that he has understood rightly the composer's meaning, and that Spohr *did* intend to represent earthliness as our greatest bliss and godliness as the destruction of happiness. Before I go on to make remarks which *may* give offence (though I *hope* they will be taken as they are meant, courteously), I think it right, writing anonymously, to assure Mr. Davison that I am swayed by no prejudice or party feeling, seeing that I know *nothing* of the London musical politics, and am so ignorant from a long rustication, as never to have met with his name till I saw it in your valuable periodical. Let me add that I have ordered the new songs by Mr. Davison mentioned in your pages, convinced that a composer whose writing shows so much of that true poetic spirit, so seldom seen in modern musicians, must produce music of a high class. My reason for trespassing on your pages is this, I consider the metaphysical views advanced by the writer of the critique false and unsatisfactory, and *utterly destructive of all happiness here and hereafter;* amongst the readers of every periodical there are always a certain number of young persons whose minds are affected by the opinions they find advocated in it; among the readers, of a musical journal, one would expect to find many with heads as hot as their hearts, and very little ballast to steady such fast sailing barks as their own minds. Musicians have generally a quick fancy and sensitive organisation; their pursuit is an exciting one; few

among them have time or opportunity to acquire anything approaching to a *solid* education; persons of this character will find an irresistible charm in the showy, but superficial school of philosophy, which I fear Mr. Davison looks upon as the treasure house of truth. For it is clear he has been fascinated by that branch of the Transcendental school which in England acknowledges Mr. T. Carlyle as its head. I am unwilling to believe that with all his enthusiasm for Shelley's poetry he has been so unfortunate as to take that poor youth for his guide in matters of belief; no one can feel more intensely than I do the wondrous power and beauty of Shelley's imagination and language, nor do I know any poet so captivating to the lover; still his views of men and things are seen through a false and distorted medium, and setting my own belief in revelation altogether aside, I say Shelley's philosophy is false and must fall to the ground, because he argues from wrong data. Facts are stubborn things, and when we find a philosopher grounding his arguments on what experience and commonsense shows us to be misrepresentations and *lies*, to use a plain word, we cannot feel much confidence in the soundness of his views; not that I mean to accuse poor Shelley of falsehood; no, it is evident that he believed all the absurdities he advanced as firmly as a Christian believes the gospel; there was so much amiability in this misguided young man, that I always feel glad to be able to fall back upon the idea that there was a touch of insanity about his wonderful mind, just enough to unhinge it, and cause discord to run through what ought to have been heavenly harmony, forcing its music to become:

"Like sweet bells jangled out of tune."

The Transcendental school though a hundred degrees better than the cold, heartless, sneering, materialist school which it has succeeded, is in the end as unsatisfactory to the soul; Mr. Davison's own words offer a striking proof of this fact; can anything be more sad, more desolating, more utterly gloomy and wretched than his idea of godliness? How false it is every Christian will feel; may the time be not far distant when the painter of this harrowing

picture of an immortal soul struggling in a cloud of error and snatching at mental suicide for relief, will acknowledge with gratitude that the religion he has sketched is not the religion of Jesus Christ!

I beg your readers to contrast with Mr. Davison's terrible picture of a religion all ice and death—the following passage from Thomas à Kempis and the Hymn translated from the Breviary which occurs in the office for the commemoration of Virgins. Justice and commonsense demands that witnesses should be called on *both* sides of a difficult question:

"Such fire is there in the blood of Christ, which was shed from love, that it makes him who meditates intimately upon it, burn with strong ardour; and so far forget himself, as to take contempt for joy; and to esteem those things which punish the body as of the least possible moment. For thus the earnest lover begins by suffering to grow to the likeness of the beloved object who returns his love, whilst he give himself entirely and freely to Him, who, that He might redeem him, spared Himself in nothing. Hence arises boundless affection, and sweetest consolation is received; singular devotion shows forth, carnal affection dies, the spirit is elevated in God; the intellect is illumined, and the word of the prophet is tasted who says: "And my chalice which inebriateth me how goodly is it!"

HYMN.

"*O virgo pectus cui sacrum.*"

O thou upon whose breast no earthly flame
Importunate with passionate sorrows came;
But Spirit hath alighted calmly pure,
With better hopes for ever to endure.

Soft pleasure's soul-pervading influence
Ne'er unnerv'd thy stern purpose wean'd from sense
To seek for worthier bridals, and below
The Lamb to follow whereso'er he go.

For the dread Virgin-born ineffable
In His eternal beauty so did fill
Thy soul, that thou did'st tread on earthly care,
Walking on high, nor rival thought could'st bear.

Now knowest thou that blessedness, while o'er
Heav'ns multitudinous voices thine doth soar
In sweetness, singing while the Bridegroom's brow
Shines o'er thee, singing through the eternal now.

O Jesu God eternal, gently prove
And teach us how to praise Thee! Thou that love
Dost only to the pure in heart disclose,
Which Thee, the Father, and the Spirit knows.

I could say much more on the subject of Mr. Davison's critique, but my letter is already too long; I cannot conclude without expressing the great pleasure the sight of your periodical has given me, as it proves that a great change for the better has taken place of late years in musical knowledge and feeling; such writing as that which enriches the pages of the "Musical World" shows that music is no longer separated from the sister arts, and that a musician may study poetry and literature, nay, and metaphysics, too, and yet have time enough to cultivate highly his own art; I augur great things from this important step, and trust I may live to see music, the most heavenly of arts (and the only one which holy scripture gives us any authority to conclude will survive the destruction of earthly things) rescued from the low and degraded state it has so long grovelled in, in England. Trusting that the disinterested motives which have led me to introduce to your readers another version of christian resignation besides that offered to them by Mr. Davison will gain me pardon for the intrusion, and that your eloquent contributor himself will accept my best wishes as a Christian, as well as my homage to his talent.

I remain, Sir,

BOGNOR. Your obedient Servant,

August 15, 1842. CATHOLICUS ANGLICANUS.

JULLIEN'S BAL MASQUE.*

WE adore masquerades. Everybody fancies that everybody does not know him—whereas everybody knows everybody better than at any other time, and is conceited on the point. You say, "That's so and so," of an ill-disguised person in the crowd, whom in his plain clothes you would not care to recognise—would, perhaps, avoid. But all the world was at *Jullien's Bal Masqué*, and we discovered many faces that we are ever glad to see. There was A—t S—h, in the guise of a doubtful *débardeur*. He saluted us with a cunning gesture—but we called out his name without hesitation, and he "fled away afear'd"—like the swans in Eagles' *Brendallah*. There was C—k, in a dress that partook of the lawyer and the highwayman. He ejaculated, "How do ye do?"—in a voice marvellously ill-feigned. "Very well, C—k," was our ready reply. There was S—y, attired in the garb of a decayed French sailor. He boarded us with citations from modern Parisian vaudevilles—made puns upon our name, and sly allusions to our *métier*—but we named him without ceremony, to his evident surprise. There was little B—i, like *Fra Diavolo*, A—r S—h, like a middy out of pay, I.—r and H—s, with monstrous and unnatural noses. But these, and all the rest of our acquaintance—who made jests at us under the supposed impunity of personal dis-

* From the "Musical World," January 1, 1846.

guise—we easily discovered, and published their identities to the surrounding maskers. But, heavens! what a motley scene it was! Apollo Belvidere and Quasimodo, Demosthenes and Punch, Columbus and Silk Buckingham, Solomon and Sir Peter Laurie, Judge Midas and Coroner Wakley, and a hundred other such characteristic and moral antipodes, were jostled together in one commonwealth of excitement and hilarity. Scarcely a character in history or romance, ancient and modern, but was there. And then there was the pleasant physiognomy of Jullien, presiding over his magnificent orchestra—a musical hemisphere, in which Tolbecque, Richardson, Prospère, Baumann, Jarrett, Barret, &c. &c. shone among the lesser orbs, as stars of the first magnitude—Jullien and Koenig, the moon and the sun, simultaneously burning in the heavens, by virtue of a mutual compact, that the red glare of the one should not extinguish the white fire of the other. In ordinary nature the moon and stars can only appear bright in absence of the sun—but the moon and stars of Jullien's heaven are most brilliant in the presence of himself, their father, and their sun (not son). And so, what with the clash of the orchestra, in Polka, waltz, quadrille, and gallop—the variety of costume, involving the peculiarities of every known and unknown nation—the beauty of the ladies, veiled or unveiled—the gallantry of the cavaliers, who valiantly trod on the toes of every unmasked and unterpsichorating spectator—such a scene of bustle, of mirth, of intoxication (in a mild sense of the word), of surprise, of satisfaction, of mystery, of *diablerie*, was not in the memory of any one present, even perhaps of M. Jullien himself. And the superlative magnificence of the decorations made the whole seem fairy land—and so to make up for not going till one in the morning, we did not come away till *six!* D.

ROMEO AND JULIET.*

HITHERTO we have preferred reading Shakspere's *Romeo and Juliet* at home to seeing it acted at the theatre. One reason was our preference for the text of Shakspere to that of Garrick and Kemble, who might have been better actors than the bard of Avon, but were certainly his inferiors in the conduct of a dramatic poem. The curtailment of those parts of the play which relate to Rosaline, Romeo's first love, metamorphose a noble picture of human nature into a story of mere sentiment. Romeo is the most complete portrayal of enthusiastic youth that was ever achieved His keen intellect, his poetical nature, throw a delicate purity over the "want to love," which is the result of his melancholy temperament, and consumes him. His soul is athirst for the beautiful. Like Shelley's Alastor, he has a divine model in his mind's eye—but, unlike Alastor, empty of doubt, he is rather more prone to invest a commonplace with the beauty of his own imagining, than to find everything fall short of it. On Rosaline he first throws his ideal mantle, as the sun throws its beams upon a common pane of glass, lending it a light and a glory not its own. Rosaline is a pale abstraction, an image of the vulgar world, which no more comprehends the heart of Romeo, than a lifeless image the worship of the poor idolator. Like the Dulcinea of Don Quixote, she is best kept out of

* From the "Musical World," Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, Jan.-Feb., 1846.

sight. And with what skill has Shakspere made her help to interpret Romeo's character, without once bringing her on to the actual scene! He knew too well that the identity of Rosaline would have robbed his hero of one-half the interest that attaches to him. Romeo loves his love, and fancies it is loving Rosaline. He pines for a shadow, and consumes his days and nights in vain protestations to the empty air. He is atrabilious, and therefore amorous. The jeers and counsels of his friends, Benvolio and Mercutio, do but irritate his vexed spirit, and make him more inclined to solitary moodiness. Yet, to prove that his love is but fantastic, he can jest and counter-jest, conceit and counter-conceit, upon the matter. Witness his first scene with Benvolio. This play of words and fancies comes not from the heart. Romeo says, it is true, he loves a woman—but no, he loves a dream, a thing unreal and intangible, which accident has made him nickname Rosaline, and which might have been any other she that chance threw in his way. Perhaps, like Alastor, he might have ever loved a dream—he might have lived and died and never clasped the object of his yearnings. But Juliet came! Juliet—another Romeo, and a woman—one not of the cold world—but a poet, a young heart, a burning temper—a woman, realising all his thoughts and framed to sympathise with his peculiar idiosyncracy. She, too, had sighed for the beautiful, but the delicacy of maidenhood forbade a vent in passionate out-pourings. She, too, might have died without knowing how much of love and beauty was within her. She might have wedded the County Paris! But fate threw the two together, and their meeting was as the meeting of two streams that flow into each other and become one. How different Romeo's love of Juliet, and his distempered dream of Rosaline! What depth of passion in the one—what false sophistry in the other! The heart sends forth its incense, now, with freedom, where before it vainly beat against the prison walls of solitary reverie. But, alas! what a touching sequel to the tale!

Thanks to Miss Cushman, or to Mr. Webster, or to whomever it may be, we have now the *Romeo and Juliet* of Shakspere, if not entire—and why not entire?—at

From a drawing on stone from life by T. H. Maguire

least, almost in its entirety. The passion which makes the soul sublime and raises even sense to soul, is no longer travestied into maudlin sentiment. Shakspere tells the story for us with his golden tongue, and in his words of fire—no irreverend meddlers interfere to rob his text of truth. The sixty lines of commonplace, which an actor* had the bad taste to thrust into the last scene—a scene equally to be admired for its pathos and its consummate dramatic tact—no longer offend the ears of polite judges. All honour to Macready, who in obedience to his own good impulses, and the spirit of the age, set the example of restoring Shakspere to his original and incomparable self. Attempts to *improve* him—to improve Shakspere!—would now be answered by derisive shouts. No change will be tolerated, but a change which involves removal of the trash that has so long hidden his meaning and obscured his beauty. Almost the noblest attribute of Shakspere's genius is what Schlegel designates the rule of the animating spirit over all the implements of execution and detail; and the dabbling with this has too often spoiled the most effective, no less than the grandest achievements of dramatic art. The restoration of the passages relative to Romeo's passion for Rosaline, is, we repeat, an inestimable boon. What can be more wonderfully depicted than the contrast between sentiment and love—the sentiment which makes Romeo say of Rosaline—

> "With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit,
> And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
> From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd—"

and, again—

> "She is too fair, too wise, too wisely fair,
> To merit bliss by making me despair—"

and the love which makes him exclaim, in allusion to Juliet—

> "Did my heart love till now?—forswear it sight!
> For I ne'er saw true beauty till to-night—"

and, in another place—

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* Garrick.

"It is my lady—oh, it is my love—
Oh that she knew she were!
She speaks, yet she says nothing—what of that?
Her eye discourses—I will answer it—"

What can be more different! The first might be Donne, or Cowley—the last could be only Shakspere.

But we outstep our limits. Our business is to record the triumph of Miss Cushman, whose impersonation of Romeo is one of the greatest known efforts of a female actress. We have witnessed it four different times, and each time with increased delight.

The Haymarket Theatre was crammed to the ceiling on Monday, the 27th ult., the attraction being *Romeo and Juliet*, after the text of Shakspere, and the appearance of Miss Cushman and Miss Susan Cushman in the two chief characters. The eager anticipations of the audience, founded on the trumpet of fame which had blown the praises of Miss Cushman in this part over the wide Atlantic, were more than realised. The enthusiastic and repeated plaudits were commensurate with the distinguished merits of the great artist who, for the first time, has given the true Romeo to an English public.

The first scene convinced us that Miss Cushman understood the part of Romeo. The dreaming boy, who has obstinately built unto himself an idol—who, dozing in reverie the livelong day, confounds morning and mid-day, mid-day and evening, fuming and fretting over the cruelty of his imaginary love, and defending it from the attacks of his friend Benvolio by ingenious conceits and double-sided puns—the passionate youth, with a heart longing for unknown sympathy, was bodily before us. Miss Cushman looked the part, moreover—her intelligent physiognomy being well fitted for the poetical Romeo. The Protagorean definition of love—

"Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving tears, &c.—"

was delivered with all the emphasis of a casuist defending a favourite paradox. The retorts to Benvolio were

exquisitely natural. But why does Miss Cushman omit two lines in the last speech?—

> ——————"'Tis the way
> To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
> *These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,*
> *Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair;*
> He that is stricken blind, &c., &c."

The lines in *italics* assuredly help Romeo in his position, and there is no imaginable pretext for omitting them. The least we may ask of Shakspere's *improvers* is not to maim him wantonly. Here, and in another omission from the same scene, they have not even a *show* of reason to make up for the absence of substantial argument. In the next scene there is a splendidly poetical passage, abstracted from Capulet's speech to Paris, when he invites him to the *fête*, beginning—

> "Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light"—

and containing this exquisite image—

> "Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
> *When well apparell'd April on the heel*
> *Of winter treads*—even such delight—
> Among fresh female buds shall you this night
> Inherit at my house—"

alluding to the "admired beauties of Verona," whom Paris is to meet, and to whom Benvolio equally alludes, when he urges Romeo to go, and "with unattainted eye," compare the face of his mistress, Rosaline—

> ——————"with some that I shall show,
> And I will make thee think thy swan a crow."

The retort, ending—

> "One fairer than my love!—the all-seeing sun
> Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun—"

was given by Miss Cushman with fine enthusiasm. In the scene which precedes the banquet and the first meeting

with Juliet, the weight of foresight was evidently upon our Romeo. His puns and quibbles were rendered with a melancholy presage. The feeling embodied in these words—

> ——————"My mind misgives
> Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
> Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
> With this night's revels—"

was conveyed with earnest truth. Romeo, like another of Shakspere's heroes, Hamlet, is something of a fatalist. In the famous description of Queen Mab, ten lines are omitted by Mr. Holl, the inadequate representative of Mercutio at the Haymarket. The last three would not easily be endured in this age of mock-modesty—but what excuse has the concoctor of our stage version for leaving out the two lines in italics—

> "O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
> *Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues*
> *Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are—*"

and these lines—

> ——————"*This is the very Mab*
> *That plats the manes of horses in the night:*
> *And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,*
> *Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.*
> *This is she—*"

embodying so happily two of the superstitions of the times? Why omit these, and thereby change the intention of Shakspere, who, by making Romeo interrupt Mercutio in his avalanche of irresistible eloquence, indicates that the witty Venetian could have carried it on *ad infinitum*. It is blasphemy to interfere, further than is absolutely due to the canting spirit of the times, with the current of this wondrous speech.

The banquet scene involves the change in Romeo's destiny, and the second epoch of the play—as the quaint choral epilogue, introduced by Shakspere at the end of the first act, relates—

> "Now old *desire* doth in his death-bed lie,
> And young affection gapes to be his heir."

Showing the opposite light in which Shakspere regarded

the fantasy for Rosaline and the love for Juliet. A clever critic in the *Athenæum* says the genius of the play is *not* first love, but love at first sight. He is partly right and partly wrong. It *is* first love, *and* love at first sight. There was no *love* for Rosaline—but a mere desire, elevated by the poetical nature of Romeo into the semblance of a higher feeling—the image-worship at which Lord Bacon rails in one of his inimitable essays. Love without reciprocation is morally impossible. The acting of Miss Cushman in this scene was beautiful and true. The revulsion in Romeo's feelings was depicted with consummate skill. As the sun emerging from an envious cloud and flooding the earth with light—at the instant of beholding Juliet, love darts forth from behind the mist of false sentiment that has hitherto obscured it, and fills the heart of Romeo with its overpowering influence. The short dialogue with Juliet was delicately spoken—the kiss chastely stolen—the look at parting full of longing sorrow.

Up to this point—the end of the first act—the Juliet of Miss Susan Cushman, though refined and womanly, was not strikingly picturesque. There was nothing to find fault with, if nothing vehemently to praise. But we shall have greater things to say, anon, of this young lady, who, though she doubtless owes much to her sister, not the less has claims to admiration traceable to herself alone. In appearance nothing could better give a notion of the young and lovely Italian—that bud of charming womanhood, fast ripening under the influence of a southern sun—that divine creature, whose nature, voluptuously innocent, gracefully passionate, intensely hoping, is portrayed in the bright perfections of her face and form.

Ere proceeding, let us say a word in favour of the Benvolio of Mr. Brindal, a straightforward, honest and thoroughly intelligent impersonation; so well acted, and so sensibly declaimed, as to make his presence on the stage something singularly pleasurable. Mr. Brindal is an artist scarcely appreciated by the public. The Peter of Mr. Buckstone is quaint, droll, and irresistible. Mrs. Glover's nurse is perfection; one of those strokes of art

of which our fathers brag, as appertaining exclusively to the olden time; a piece of glorious and undoubted nature. Mr. Bland's Capulet is manly and agreeable, but scarcely sustained with the full power of the actor, who sometimes flags, as though discontented with his part. Yet surely any actor who loves his art may play with dignity the most insignificant of Shakspere's creations, the mere individuality of which, if studied by the performer, cannot fail of gaining the attention and winning the applause of a discerning audience.

In the first scene of the second act, when Mercutio calls vainly after Romeo, Mr. Holl should restore the original text, and substitute "Rosaline," for "thy mistress," in these lines—

> "I conjure thee by *Rosaline's* bright eyes
> By her high forehead and her scarlet lip, &c."

Rosaline having been happily restored in the present version, there is now no excuse for not adhering literally to Shakspere's words—and especially, since by so doing a limping line is turned into one that is markedly rhythmical.

The balcony scene—a thousand times apostrophised, yet suggestive of a thousand new ideas—was exquisitely played. But why, Miss Cushman—you who understand and love Shakspere—do you omit three beautiful lines in the first speech? Accusing the moon of envy towards Juliet, her maid, for being more fair than she—Romeo says—

> "Be not her maid, since she is envious;
> Her vestal livery is but sickly green,
> And none but fools do wear it—cast it off!"

Why—incomparable Romeo!—do you leave this passage out? But we *must* forgive you—for never before did we hear, upon the stage, the Romeo of Shakspere, pouring out the eloquence of his love, with such intense reality, such passionate devotion, as from your lips. The acting and declaiming of the entire scene was a high and finished piece of art—of art so exquisite as to lose itself

entirely in the guise of nature. To enumerate all the passages that were admirably spoken, would greatly exceed our limits—but we must particularise one or two. When Juliet asks the name her heart has already pronounced, Romeo answers—

> ——————"By a name
> I know not how to tell thee who I am:
> My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself
> Because it is an enemy to thee."

This was given with a tender hesitation that was charmingly unaffected. Again, when Juliet says—

> "If they do see thee they will murder thee—"

Romeo exclaims—

> "Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
> Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
> And I am proof against their enmity—"

which was delivered with a chivalry and devotedness, bespeaking at once the bravery and the veneration that are two principal compounds of the character of Romeo. And when, after the first separation, Juliet calls him back, a new and striking reading of the following passage was given by Miss Cushman—

> "It is my soul that calls upon my name;
> How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
> Like softest music to attending ears!"

Half of this was spoken behind the scenes, and the conclusion while running back towards the balcony. The effect was picturesque and beautiful. All that follows—when Juliet cannot recollect why she called him back, and when Romeo will stay until she recollects—was exquisitely graceful, earnest and impassioned. Miss Cushman clung to the balcony as though she could penetrate its thickness, and rush into the immediate presence of her mistress. The last four lines—

> "Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
> Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
> Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close cell,
> His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell—"

were effectively rendered. The first couplet all tenderness—the last an outbreak of irrestrainable joy, flowing from the heart as from a goblet overfull. The passionate dwelling on the monosyllable "dear" was highly expressive.

Nor must we omit our meed of sincere praise to Miss Susan Cushman, who, throughout this transcendent dialogue spoke with true feeling—while her acting was remarkable for feminine bearing. Many passages, that we have not space to enumerate, deserve especial mention. The word "marriage" sounded like a sigh, so softly and tenderly was it uttered. We have, indeed, great hopes of this young lady.

The sad career of this "pair of star crossed lovers" is a theme of undying interest. We shall therefore offer no apology for the advantage we have taken of Miss Cushman's impersonation of Romeo, to write about the subject often, and at unusual length. The least of Shakspere's plays contains matter for deep reflection. The greatest of them, among which must be placed *Romeo and Juliet*, are infinitely suggestive, and for ever present new thoughts. In *Romeo and Juliet* there is much more than the absorbing interest of the drama to attract attention. The characters are types of things living and breathing faithful studies from nature, embodying the strength and weakness, the virtues and faults of humanity, with nothing over-coloured on either side. *Romeo and Juliet* is, perhaps, the only tragedy of import, since the time of Sophocles, in which the disasters of the story are independent of the machinations of a villain. It has no Iago, Claudius, Iachimo, Goneril, or Lady Macbeth. The actors in the scene are all honest and sincere, if not all highly intelligent—and the events which induce the lamentable crisis are the pure result of circumstance —of circumstance

> ——————"more inexorable far
> Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea!"

The man who would have done most to make Romeo happy is the fatal cause of all his misery and his untimely end. Mercutio's petulant quarrel with Tybalt

turns the current of events that were fast flowing towards the sea of happiness, into the black gulf of despair. On this unlooked for quarrel, handled by the poet with such wonderful dexterity, depends the entire tragic interest of the play.

"The day was hot, the Capulets abroad."

Mercutio, and his friend Benvolio, are sauntering in the streets, some hour or so after dinner—for in those times folks dined at noon, or thereabouts. Mercutio, in a querulous humour, is ripe for a brawl. Benvolio—a calmer, though not less brave a man—has some innate feeling that a quarrel will arise—

"And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl—
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring."

He is a true prophet. The blood of Mercutio—who has perhaps dined freely—is in a ferment.. He takes offence, without reason, at Tybalt, who addresses him civilly enough. He insults him. Romeo arrives, however, with the kisses of Juliet fresh upon his lips. His blood is up, too—from another cause. His love for Juliet has made him in love with all the world. He answers the menaces of Tybalt, with honeyed words. His mild demeanour softens even the fiery Capulet, the "prince of cats," who "fights by the book of arithmetic." Tybalt walks away—the anger fairly squeezed out of him, by Romeo's caressing manner. But "stout Mercutio" will by no means let him go, without some pepper. He calls him back—not having the clue, alas! to Romeo's extraordinary behaviour—insults him with the epithet "rat-catcher"—asks him "will you walk?"—fights, and is slain under the arm of Romeo—who comes back at the noise of swords, and draws his own weapon to part the combatants. In the whole range of dramatic art no more terrible situation can be instanced than the death of Mercutio. Romeo, who loved him—as who would not?—for the moment forgets even Juliet, in the violence of his grief. Rage, with its tongue of flame, speaks out with

angry words, and "fire-eyed fury is his conduct now." Tybalt comes back—Romeo assails him, like a savage—overthrows and kills him in a breath, and in that act, buries his own happiness for ever! In an instant, a world of thoughts, which grief for Mercutio's death has driven away, rush back and overwhelm his soul with the whole truth of his eternal misery. The master, Shakspere, tells this in one emphatic line, from the mouth of Romeo—

"O, I am fortune's fool!"

What attentive spectator can fail to see the fatal moment of the drama in this sad catastrophe? How truly Romeo predicates—

"This day's black fate on more days doth depend,
This but begins the war, others must end!"

A shallow critic* says that Shakspere only created one new character in his *Romeo and Juliet*—Mercutio. Admitting the fact—which we do not, since every character in the play is a new picture of an eternal truth—for the *without* Mercutio? Where would be the connecting link sake of argument, we would ask what would be the play that gives stability and likelihood, no less than poetical fitness and perfect design, to the story? The skeleton of a legend from which the materials are derived was fashioned into miserable novels by Massucio, Luigi da Porto, and Bandello—three Italian authors. A French novelist, Pierre Boisteau, made still worse use of the legend—though Painter inserted an English version in his *Palace of Pleasure*, and one Arthur Brooke made a poem out of the Frenchman's labours. Lope de Vega, the famous Spanish dramatist, contemporary with Cervantes, and Luigi Groto, an Italian, made each a tragedy on the subject—neither of which we have read or intend to read. The legend, which dates its origin somewhere about the time of Boccaccio, is little respected by any of these

* Mrs. Lenox.

writers, who alter the circumstances *a piacere*, to suit their own purposes. One of them—Massucio, a Neapolitan—makes Juliet survive, and has Romeo executed for the murder which is the cause of his banishment. But none of them dreamed of a Mercutio—and if they had, we doubt their ability to have given reality to the dream. The power and the glory of such a creation were in Shakspere only. He created him, and with the consummate art which places him before all dramatists, as he was before all poets, made him the key of the story, the fate of the unhappy tragedy. Another critic, still more shallow than the first, ventures the opinion that Mercutio was killed in the middle of the play, in consequence of the author's inability to sustain him. What we have already advanced will show the absurdity of this, without further argument. But for Mercutio's death, the *Romeo and Juliet* of Shakspere could not have been accomplished, in its present form.

We were glad to find Friar Laurence in the hands of so able an actor as Mr. Stuart. He is the real "comfortable friar," of Juliet in the monument. We can imagine him administering the consolations of religion, without insisting too strongly on disciplinarian austerities. Mr. Stuart both looked and declaimed the part admirably—and in several points displayed acting of a very high order. In others he was less earnest. We think, for example, in the opening speech, one of the finest in the whole play, a little more energy would be in place. We strongly object to some of the omissions from this speech, which spoil its poetical beauty, and weaken its philosophic reasoning. In the first four lines are found one of the grandest images in the whole range of poetry.

> "The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
> Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
> *And flecked darkness, like a drunkard, reels*
> *From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels.*"

The lines in italics—for what reason we cannot conceive—are omitted, and a transcendant piece of descriptive poetry is thus wantonly mutilated. Another fine passage, beginning—

"The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb:
What is her burying grave, that is her womb, &c."

is also left out, to the great detriment of the speech. If these incisions, however, were merely made with an eye to reducing the play to playable dimensions, we might in some degree excuse them, had more judgment been exercised in their performance. But to mention all the good things that have been taken out of Friar Laurence's mouth, would greatly outstep our limits. We must insist, however, now that we have got Rosaline again, that everything which relates to her shall be restored. The necessity of the restoration having been acknowledged, let Shakspere have a plenary right to speak for himself. When Romeo comes to the friar, to confess his new adventure with Juliet, the friar, surprised at the earliness of his visit, surmises that he has not been in bed all night, which Romeo acknowledges, adding that "the sweeter rest" was his. Upon which Friar Laurence immediately retorts—

"God pardon sin! wert thou with Rosaline?"

To which answers Romeo—

"With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No—
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe."

This should be restored without delay. Miss Cushman here, as elsewhere, shows how well she understands the part of Romeo. The eager and impatient youth can endure no barrier to his immediate wish. He wants the whole affair settled in a wink. But the friar is more of a philosopher, and will be convinced ere consenting. He will know the secret of Romeo's sudden conversion from Rosaline to a new love. And how beautifully and convincingly does Miss Cushman give these lines—

"I pray thee chide not—she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow.
The other did not so."

There is something in that—at least enough to convince the Friar, and to persuade him to Romeo's purpose.

In the following scene, with Mercutio and Benvolio, the altered condition of Romeo's mind is made strikingly evident in the manner of Miss Cushman, who gives reality to Mercutio's words (so stupidly omitted):—

Mercutio. Why is not this better now than groaning for love? Now are thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art by art as well as nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down, &c.

The curtailments of this admirable scene are in most respects as injudicious as unnecessary. The development of a part of Romeo's character is stunted thereby—for, be it understood, that, in happy mood, Romeo can match Mercutio himself,—the "saucy merchant," the inveterate punster, the restless wit, that animates the spirit of the play with the perpetual motion of quicksilver. Aye, reader, Romeo, the melancholy Romeo, can bring his rich store of poetry to bear on lower matter than enthusiastic love—he can match and beat Mercutio hollow, at his own weapons—quips, and quirks, and quiddities. The loss of which fun is the more to be bewailed now, since, in the delivery of repartee and pretty irony, Miss Cushman is inimitable. The confidential conversation with the nurse, about the means of effecting Julia's escape, for the purpose of being "shrived and married," was full of earnestness. The fine poetry of the following passage—

> "And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall;
> Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
> And bring the cords, made like a tackl'd stair;
> Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
> Must be my convoy to the secret night—"

was conveyed, with striking power, by Miss Cushman. The garrulity of the nurse, and the quaint drollery of Peter, were not lost in the consummate acting of Mrs. Glover and Buckstone. But why omit the delicious tattle of the former about Juliet, beginning—

> Well, sir, my mistress is the sweetest lady—

and concluding—

Nurse.—Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Romeo.—Ay, nurse—what of that?—both begin with an R.

Nurse.—Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name—R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter; and she hath the prettiest *sententious* of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

What Herods must be they who cut out the life of such innocent prattle! These be your Garricks and Kembles—adapters to the stage and revisers of the plays of Shakespere! Away with them! They had no inkling of poetry, with all their fine acting.

In the next scene Miss Susan Cushman's Juliet began to assume a more lofty and ideal standard. The opening speech, involving this magnificent poetical image—

> ————"Love's heralds should be thoughts,
> Which ten times faster fly than the sun's beams,
> Driving back shadows over lowering hills—"

was thoroughly understood and charmingly delivered. There was little fault to find with the subsequent dialogue, in which Juliet has to coax the testy old nurse out of her news. Miss Susan Cushman acted up to Mrs. Glover—the greatest artist on the present stage. To say more were extravagant praise, rather than just criticism. It makes one's blood boil to think how the natural beauty of this scene has been tampered with by the "adapters." It has positively been *re-written.*

Of what stuff were our audiences composed, that first endured this villainous mangling of England's greatest poet? What were the critics of the day about, that they hurled no anathemas at the impious despoilers? But alas! what can be expected from a crowd—what from a press? The mobs that yelled with demoniac fury, at Covent Garden theatre, in 1810-11, on the occasion of the O. P. riot—the dramatic censors of the hour, who devoted so much time and space to the consideration of this riot—the manager who was yelled at, and the indifferents who sat quietly exulting in the scene—might, we think, have been employed more nobly in directing their fanatic fury against the originators and abettors in the

destruction of those mighty dramas, which are the glory of our own country and the wonder of the universal world.

Once more in the friar's cell, we are again struck with the complete change in Romeo, from a sentimental dreamer to an imaginative lover. No conceits, now—but poetry, full of beauty and of truth. Miss Cushman gave these lines with inspired fervour:—

> ——————"Come what sorrow can,
> It cannot countervail the exchange of joy:
> That one short minute gives me in her sight,
> Do but close our hands with holy words,
> Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
> It is enough I may but call her mine."

The whole soul of our Romeo was alive in these eloquent words—his eye looked volumes—Juliet, as he spoke, was in his arms and on his heart. And then, when Juliet enters to be shrived—beautiful in her timid maidenhood, inspired in her confiding love—how tender was the greeting, how intense the delivery of these words, so full of worship!—

> "Ah Juliet if the measure of thy joy
> Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
> To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
> This neighbour air, and let *rich music's tongue*
> Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
> Receive in either by this dear encounter!"

The eloquence of this passage is truly divine, and can only be matched by the inscrutable beauties of scripture. We must chide Miss Cushman, however (rare occurrence!) for spoiling the rhythm of the first line, by the intrusion of an unnecessary monosyllable. She invariably reads it thus—

> "Ah, Juliet, if *(but)* the measure of thy joy, &c."

Miss Cushman has too musical an ear, and too great a reverence for the text of Shakspere to persist in this. Our gentle reminder will not be vain—nor will it be considered, by *her*, hypercritical.

In the first scene of Act III—containing the death of Mercutio, on which we have already spoken—Miss Cushman's acting was beyond the critic's power to describe. It was terrible and sublime. The house was shaken with the storm of plaudits that came down.

The beautiful character of Juliet now begins to unfold itself more completely. We have seen that in her which was sensitive and passionate—we have dwelt upon her verbal protestations of tenderness and love, and have placed a faith implicit in their holy eloquence. We have admired that courage which, in one so young, was indeed most admirable—that courage which enabled her to set at nought the dangers that surrounded her, and give "all herself" to Romeo. We have now to verify our own convictions and exult in the faith that was in us. We shall see the tender bud of feminine nature, the girl of fourteen summers—altered into *eighteen* by "the immortal" Garrick, who overlooked the difference, greater then than now, between the fast ripening sun of Italy, and the colder star of our northern clime—throw off the timidity of her nature, and prove that she can be as constant, devoted, and heroic, as she has been hitherto tender and loving. The incomparable speech complaining of the sluggishness of day, when waiting for the night that shall bring Romeo to her arms, has been terribly mangled by the "*stage-version*" makers. Who does not know the soliloquy beginning—

> "Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,
> Towards Phœbus' lodging; such a waggoner
> As Phæton would whip you to the West,
> And bring in cloudy night immediately"—?

From this transcendent flood of eloquence no fewer than eighteen lines are ruthlessly lopped off. And in this torturing of beauty we lose the following exquisite picture—

> "Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night
> That, unawares, eyes may wink; and Romeo
> Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen!"

And this amazing stroke of imagery—

——————" Come *civil* night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black.

Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come night!—come Romeo! come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back."

In the lovely image conveyed by the last two lines, Juliet shows herself no less a poet than Romeo himself, when he thus glowingly apostrophizes her beauty, on the first occasion of his beholding her—in the ball scene;—

"O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove, trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows." &c.

By the way, the version-mongers have robbed us of the last two lines, which Miss Cushman, who has the power, and surely does not lack the will, should restore, without asking leave of anybody. It is not out of place here to insist that the stage in this scene should represent a garden, or at least an apartment opening into a garden. The simile,

"Her beauty hangs *upon the cheek of night*,"

indicates the necessity of this. Miss Cushman, who fills the house to the ceiling on every night of her performance, might successfully suggest this also. The simile alone is worth a scene from the hand of Stanfield—or, if Stanfield cannot be brought to brush, there is John Macfarren, who painted the proscenium in *Antigone*, with so much classical truth and beauty. Other improvements in the *mise en scène*, worthy of the Haymarket and Mr. Webster's liberal management, might also be thought of, with advantage. The occasion is worth it—for we are greatly mistaken if *Romeo and Juliet*, as now acted,

would not overflow the house, three nights a week, for a good five months to come. But we wander from our third act.

We suppose we must hug ourselves on the fact of at least one magnificent passage being saved from the wreck of Juliet's soliloquy—

> "Come, gentle night! *Come loving, blach-brow'd night!*
> Give me my Romeo; and when he shall die,
> Take him and cut him out in little stars,
> And he will make the face of heaven so *fine*,
> That all the world will be in love with night,
> And pay no worship to the garish sun."

How this escaped the *adapters* escapes us. They must surely have passed it over. The immortal Garrick could not, consistently, have allowed such an idea as "*loving, black-brow'd night*" to remain untouched—he would at least have modified it to the purposes of the actual stage.

We were greatly pleased with Miss Susan Cushman's delivery of the fragments of this soliloquy which are left us. The last six lines we have quoted were beautifully read. Her accentuation of the word *fine*, proclaimed her appreciation of the quaint fitness of the expression. It is no little praise to say of this young lady that she rises with her part, and that her acting becomes more intense, as the story deepens in melancholy interest. Her scene with the nurse, when she learns from her the death of Tybalt, by the hand of Romeo, was capital. Her momentary burst of indignation against Romeo, for slaying her kinsman, was spontaneous and natural—and her imprecation on the nurse, who falling into the vein of abuse, with the world-feeling of a low nature, says,

> "Shame come to Romeo!"

was very passionate and fine. What a mighty stroke of art is here. The disastrous events that had just occurred, turn, like an artificial dam, the strong current of Juliet's thoughts into another direction. For an instant her hitherto absorbing love for Romeo leaves her. But the worldly sympathy of the nurse is more shocking to her

pure heart than even the violent death of her kinsman—it beats away the new impediment, and her thoughts flow back to Romeo with the impetuosity of a cataract. Her revulsion of feeling is thus tremendously expressed:—

> ——————————"Blister'd be thy tongue
> For such a wish! He was not born to shame:
> Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
> For 'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd,
> Sole monarch of the universal earth
> *O what a beast was I to chide at him!*"

The concluding line is one of those incomparable touches of nature that we only find in Shakspere. And the fair actress looked as though she meant it—her eye flashed fire, and her whole frame was convulsed with well simulated emotion. When she gives the nurse the ring for Romeo, commissioning her to

> —— "bid him come and take his last farewell!"

there was a beautiful tremor in her voice, that gave reality to the emotions she was endeavouring to express. We wish Garrick could come to life again, and see the play as it is now acted—which, with all its curtailments, is so incomparably beyond the insipid version that was served up reeking from his own ill-furnished kitchen. We would take him by the arm, and walk with him straight to the residence of Mrs. Glover. That inimitable artist should read the Nurse's part, as it is writ by Shakspere. She should prick his conscience with a few of the speeches of which he has stripped that fine creation. Among others, this delicious picture—

> "*Nurse.*—I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—
> God save the mark!—here on his manly breast;
> A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
> Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
> *All in gore blood*—I swounded at the sight."

Alluding to the death of Tybalt, which Juliet, yet uninformed of the exact truth, imagines to be that of Romeo, and exclaims—

> "O break my heart!—poor bankropt break at once!" &c.

By turning into prose the quaint and characteristic verse which Shakspere has put into the Nurse's mouth, and by sundry other alterations, equally injudicious and absurd, the "adapters for the stage" have metamorphosed a faithful portraiture of coarse and homely nature—all flesh and blood, and poor humanity—one of the rarest and most highly coloured of Shakspere's second-class characters—into a commonplace blundering bore—a Mrs. Malaprop of the nursery. Shakspere made all his men and women talk after a peculiar fashion of their own. A solitary word effaced, or modified, is destruction to the perfection of the whole. Perhaps, indeed, no other writer was so invariably happy in the choice of words, from the sesquipedalian down to the simple monosyllable. How then must a character be damaged, by the continual and vexatious alterations and omissions of verbal peculiarities—and, worse still, by the re-arrangement of the entire method of phraseology and rhythm—which have so miserably travestied the exquisite truth and beauty of the Nurse in Romeo!

The scene in Friar Laurence's cell, when Romeo learns his sentence of banishment, is one of the finest in the play. The desperate condition of the unhappy lover, is a triumph of dramatic art, in the hands of Miss Cushman. Her anguish and despair, vented in sobs, and groans, and violent exclamations, are fearfully true. Her passion is ungovernable. Some critics have complained that the flood of sorrow she gives way to is unmanly, and therefore unnatural. Friar Laurence says the same thing. When Romeo is going to plunge the dagger in his bosom, the Friar, wresting the fatal weapon from his hand, exclaims—

> ——— ——— "Hold thy desperate hand—
> *Art thou a man?* Thy form cries out thou art;
> *Thy tears are womanish;* thy wild acts denote
> The ureasonable fury of a beast," &c.

Every word in this magnificent speech—which, by the way, is delivered by Mr. Stuart with admirable effect—testifies to the entire truth of Miss Cushman's conception of the hero and the situation. Nothing, indeed, more

splendid than the whole scene could possibly be conceived or executed. The remorseless hackers and hewers of beautiful proportions, have been busy with this splendid burst of eloquence and wisdom which enables the Friar to dissuade Romeo from his rash attempt, and ultimately to quench the fury of his despair. It is more than half cut out, though every word and line of it is necessary to the consistent development of the play. The Nurse, a better judge, exclaims:—

> "O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
> To hear good counsel—O, what learning is!"

Not so Messrs. Garrick and Kemble—who paid as little consideration to the logic of the Friar as to the eloquent poetry of the two young lovers. In the fine retort which Romeo makes to the Friar's reproaches for his ungrateful reception of the prince's mercy, in substituting banishment for death, some lines are erased which Miss Cushman may restore with advantage. In the beautiful passage—

> ———— "More validity, (not *felicity*)
> More honorable state, more courtship lives
> In carrion flies than Romeo; they may seize
> On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
> And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
> *Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,*
> *Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin*—" &c.

pray, dear Miss Cushman, give us back the two last lines in italics—and we shall ever be your debtors. When the Friar recommends philosophy as a consoler, the retort of Romeo—

> "Yet banished!—Hang up philosophy,
> *Unless philosophy can make a Juliet*—" &c.

came from the lips of the fair actress with superb disdain. And when the Nurse says

> "My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come—

Romeo's answer,

> "Do so, *and bid my sweet prepare to chide*—"

was tenderly and beautifully spoken. The comfort administered by the Friar's counsel, and (still better) Juliet's ring, was as real and as well portrayed as the previous despair. This scene would alone suffice to rank Miss Cushman, in our estimation, as a great and consummate artist. Mr. Stuart's acting was, throughout, highly graphic and masterly.

And then the short dialogue in the *loggia* to Juliet's chamber—so clothed in luxuriant poetry, every line of which has been the despair of the greatest poets—was faultlessly enacted by both the fair artists. Miss Cushman is an incomparable *reader*—as pointed and effective, as animated and richly modulative, as Macready himself—without the impetuous and unlooked for breaks and starts, and long-drawn pauses, which are questionable beauties in the style of that accomplished actor. The parting scene with Juliet gives full scope for a talent of this kind, and Miss Cushman availed herself of the opportunity. It is perfect music to hear her enunciate these lines—when Juliet insists it is the nightingale who sings—

> "It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
> No nightingale. Look love, what envious streaks
> Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
> *Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day*
> *Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops.*' &c.

Find us that in Homer, ye Grecians—or out of Homer; anywhere you please—if you can. We say boldly, that this is the finest picture in the entire range of poetry. If it be not, we shall be thankful to any one who will match it for us. Miss Susan Cushman asked with real solicitude—

> "O! think'st thou we shall ever meet again?—"

And Miss Cushman replied with exquisite feeling—

> "I doubt it not; *and all these woes shall serve*
> *For sweet discourses in our time to come.*"

And when Juliet says

"O God! I have an ill divining soul;
Methinks I see thee, *now thou art so low*
As one dead in the bottom of the tomb.
Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale—."

and Romeo replies—

"And trust me love, in my eye so do you -
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!"

we hardly knew whether to admire the Romeo or the Juliet most, and so we blended them together—as their own hearts might wish—and laid comparison aside. It is a pity that the stage directions are not in unity with the poet's words. When Juliet says,

"Methinks I see thee, *now thou art so low*," &c.

she is supposed to be looking down at Romeo, who has descended the ladder from the balcony. It is quite a mistake—though it may be considered *a point*—for Romeo to run back, when Juliet calls out,

"Art thou gone so? *love! lord! aye husband, friend!*"

(There is everything that is lovable in a line for you, reader—*love! lord! aye, husband—friend!*) Shakspere did not intend it, and Shakspere knew how, when, and where to make points, and to the purpose. One more grumble and we have done. When Romeo is gone, Juliet should exclaim—

"O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle;
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? *Be fickle, fortune;*
For then, I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back—"

and so should exclaim Miss Susan Cushman, when she undertakes to represent Juliet to the audience. The excision of occasional free expressions—in Shakspere's time not at all regarded, but perhaps out of sorts with the decorum of the present age—we might pass over, with a shrug for mock-modesty; but the curtailment of such innocent and beautiful passages as those we have instanced, is unnecessary and wanton. All the characters in this

wonderful play are robbed of their fair proportions by the incessant use of the pruning knife. One would imagine that Garrick had been over-reading and revising a play of his associate despoiler, Colley Cibber—which could hardly be too largely or too frequently dismembered, the excrescences being of greater development than the healthy parts—instead of a drama of Shakspere, every sentence of which omitted is hurtful to the economy of the whole. The more we reflect on the matter the greater is our astonishment that the intellectual part of Britain has so long submitted, without arraignment of the culprits for high treason, to the seditious meddlings of this self-constituted tribunal of poetical revolutionists —revolutionists of what is wise and good, who have spat in the face of the dramatic muse, and defouled her purity with filth from the receptacles of common place.

JENNY LIND'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON.*

TUESDAY was the evening fixed for the first appearance of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind. The excitement which heralded this important event beggars description. The prices offered and paid for boxes and stalls were fabulous. Some speculators evidently outdid themselves, for on the evening there were some dozen or more boxes empty. We were not sorry to see this, for we hold it to be unfair that the public should be obliged to pay through the nose for every good thing, while it has been paying the regular prices for matters less attractive. On our way to the theatre we were impeded at every step by the crowds of idle gazers anxious to catch, if possible, a glimpse of the Swedish Nightingale as she entered at the stage door. The Haymarket and the adjacent streets were actually gorged with vehicles, from the armorialised carriage of the aristocrat to the humble cab of the plebeian. It was with no small difficulty that we forced our way in—but when we arrived, the sight that welcomed our eyes well repaid the trouble we had found in penetrating to the interior. The house was one living mass of souls, and on the face of every individual present was the expression of one thought, of one idea—they were going to hear Jenny Lind —they were going to see the Nightingale of Sweden.

* From the "Musical World," May 8, 1847.

The part selected for her *debut* was that of Alice, in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, an opera to which the composer chiefly owes his fame. The music of this opera is well-known in England, and we are spared the pains of an analysis, but a word or two about Meyerbeer himself may not be out of place here.

Meyerbeer's art career has been a singular one. A fellow student of Carl Maria von Weber, under the notorious Abbé Vogler, he commenced by imbibing the stiff and pedantic notions of that brilliant but superficial empiric. His first operas exhibited abundant dryness and a false show of depth. These neither moved the heart of the populace nor excited the respect of the truly learned. Like the early operas of Weber, they were vapid inflations, without melody, or soul. That they are now forgotten is hardly to be regretted, since they contained nothing worth remembering. As dramatic compositions they were feeble and insipid, and as displays of contrapuntal profundity as worthless as the productions of the Abbé Vogler himself, who in the manufacture of his overture upon a subject of three notes (so rabidly extolled by his disciples) simply manifested his inability to find an agreeable melody that should consist of more. Both Weber and Meyerbeer, who have since become illustrious, suffered irredeemably from the defective mode of instruction adopted by this eccentric system-maker—a kind of musical Paracelsus, but without the genius of that coaster on the borders of philosophy. Even their masterpieces show it, in vagueness of form, want of connection, and superfluous redundancy of style. Meyerbeer, a man of less faith than his celebrated fellow-pupil —who was true to his principles, hollow as they were, to the last—soon found occasion to throw off his allegiance to the Abbé Vogler, and thoroughly to change his style. Enchanted with *Tancredi*, and some of the earlier operas of Rossini, his mind became filled with new ideas and new notions of art. As impressionable as water, and as unstable, the talent of Meyerbeer will ever reflect the form and colour of whatever outward influence may predominate for the time. The originality which he seems

to possess is not the offspring of spontaneous feeling but the result of a certain obstinacy of volition, which by long exercise has enabled him to make old forms wear the aspect of novelty, by exaggerating their characteristics, or by omitting some points essential to their symmetry. Thus, in his hands, a melody that would at first sight appear but a vulgar tune, affects a kind of exclusiveness on the strength of a quaint turn of cadence, an unusual distribution of a chord or two in the harmony, or absolute oddity in the orchestral arrangement. Innumerable examples of this kind of treatment, scattered over the surface of a large work, such as a grand opera, endow the whole with a distorted *something* which is not originality but its shadow. Meyerbeer is for ever straining for effect. His melodies are rarely fresh and genuine; they do not, like Mozart's, flow from the soul, as water from the hidden springs. His effects are seldom vigorous and natural illustrations of sentiment or incident, but, like the images which delirium paints upon darkness, vague, incoherent, and without manifest purpose. Yet, with all this, Meyerbeer is a remarkable man. Influenced himself by the brilliant models of his time, he influences others in his turn, and may be said to have originated a school, at the head of which stands Halévy, the French composer. After writing one or two operas, however, under the temporary influence of the "Swan of Pesaro," with whose sensuous fancies he was for the time intoxicated, Meyerbeer became bitten with the modern German style, which may be regarded as the actual *eclectic*, albeit it is but a poor representative of the universal. *Il Crociato in Egitto*, the second best opera of the composer, was the result of this new mania. There we find the Italian *cantilena* without its sentiment, the French *tune*, without its sparkle, and the German harmony without its depth. But the instrumentation is entirely Meyerbeerian, and the whole has a charm that is not easily definable. The next *coup d'essai* of Meyerbeer was at the *Académie Royale de Musique* in Paris. The successes of Spontini and Rossini at this institution —erst the temple of Gluck, Méhul and Cherubini, and

since the arena of Auber's most dazzling triumphs, *La Muette de Portici*, and *Gustave III.*—had been followed by a dearth, exhibited in the failure of several grand operas consecutively. Meyerbeer was called to the rescue. His *Robert le Diable* had been composed with an eye to the great singers who were then the stars of the *Académie*—Falcon, Cinti Damoreau, Nourrit, and Levasseur. It was the work of a long and arduous toil. Meyerbeer was conscious that his *chef-d'œuvre* was now in his portfolio; and it was resolved on all sides to bestow the minutest care on its production. Nine months were devoted to the rehearsals, during the whole of which period it was the unanimous topic of public interest and conversation. At length it was produced, and in a style of splendour unexampled even at the *Académie*. The *mise en scène* was gorgeous and magnificent, and the celebrated Taglioni, then in the zenith of her popularity, was the principal *danseuse* in the *ballet* scenes. Great as had been the success of *Il Crociato*, that of *Robert* was far greater. It was Meyerbeer's grand triumph. He gave, from his own pocket, a sum little short of twenty-five thousand francs, towards the expenses of getting it up. Crowds flocked to the Opera, and the fortunes of the *Académie* were completely renovated. *Robert* was shortly afterwards brought out in London, at both the national theatres—Bishop presiding at Drury Lane, and Rophino Lacy at Covent Garden. Subsequently, in 1832, it was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, when under the management of Mr. Monck Mason, with the original French company, and in the French language—but, strange to say, its success was less brilliant in that fashionable theatre than at the more plebeian temples of the drama. *Robert le Diable*, in a short time, became known in every musical town of Germany and France, emasculate Italy alone being deaf to its elsewhere irresistible attractions. Its melodies were the delight of *salons* and the aliment of the *orgues de Barbarie*. The popularity hinted at in the *Crociato* was confirmed in the *Robert*, and Meyerbeer was forthwith installed among the musical "Penates." The *Huguenots*, the only opera he has since produced

at the *Académie*—albeit there are still two new ones that remain in manuscript in his portfolio—has not increased his fame. It has not the strong dramatic interest, the picturesque melody, nor the vigorous freshness of the *Robert;* while it abounds in experiments of harmony and orchestration that are decided failures, and in fantastic passages only remarkable as convulsive efforts at originality, ending in the result of being musically disagreeable. The *Robert* must, unless the *Prophète* or the *Africaine* snatch away its laurels, remain the acknowledged masterpiece of Meyerbeer. But for the King of Prussia, at whose command Meyerbeer, Director of the music at the Opera of Berlin, wrote the *Camp of Silesia*, the composer of *Robert* would have remained silent unto this day. The cause is easily explained. Meyerbeer is a wealthy man, and writes *con amore*. His sensitiveness verges on the ridiculous. He is never satisfied with the resources that are placed at his disposal, and fifty rehearsals of an opera are not enough to content him. Of the singers who have recently figured at the *Académie*, Duprez, the famous tenor, at their head, Meyerbeer has no opinion, and he has consistently declined to trust either of his MS. operas to their interpretation. The manner in which he writes places his arias altogether out of the reach of ordinary vocalists, and the massive fulness of his orchestration demands lungs of brass to strive against. This is the defect of modern opera, which must shortly decay for want of singers to interpret it. The style of voicing and instrumentation that has prevailed in Italy and France since Rossini ceased to compose, is gradually destroying all the available voices. The legitimate *canto* of the operas of Mozart and Cimarosa, which also characterises the early and mediæval operas of Rossini, Mercadante, and Donizetti, is now fast fading into oblivion; but, it is much to be feared, that what has usurped its place is neither so natural nor so musical. If Verdi continue writing successfully, there will not be a voice in all Italy in ten years. Is not this inevitable consequence of the present mode of voicing worthy the consideration of composers? Without voices there can be no singers,

and without singers no operas. But, we have little doubt, that modern opera, as it now stands, will speedily die of its own excess, and that a new and healthier form of dramatic composition, combining the imperishable principles established by Mozart, with modern form and colour, and modern taste and sentiment, will arise, Phœnix-like, from its ashes.

However, the public interest, on Tuesday night, was not in Meyerbeer's opera, but in the representative of Alice—Mdlle. Jenny Lind. The opening chorus of knights, spirited as it is, was listened to with apathy by the immense crowd—all anxious for one thing—all bent upon one object. Raimbaut's pretty ballad, "*Jadis regnait*," although sung by the especial favourite Gardoni, passed equally without notice. Staudigl's mysterious tones in Bertram, and Fraschini's valiant bearing in Robert, were equally overlooked. There was but one desire in the bosoms of all present—and when that was gratified, as Alice was forced on by the pages of Robert, demanding protection and appealing for pity, the one shout that burst spontaneously from three thousand throats made the roof of the edifice vibrate and tremble. It was a multitude of insensate madmen, in a sea of hats and handkerchiefs. We never recollect such a sight within the walls of a theatre, or without them. The object of all this enthusiasm, though evidently moved by its exhibition, responded to it modestly and humbly, saluting and bending to the audience with a girl-like grace, that, before she sang a note, conquered the suffrages of at least one-half of the audience. The other half—the stony-hearted ones—waited to hear, and then to judge. There was little in the music by which the vocalist could distinguish herself previous to the romance, "Va dit-elle." Yet she found means to thrill her hearers by the earnest pathos with which she declaimed the recitative, wherein Alice confides to Robert the news of his mother's death. Her "Piu non vi lice, nè vederla, nè uderla" went to every heart, and at once proclaimed the presence of a great artist, and a soul full of poetry. The romance sung, gave us an opportunity of forming some notion of Jenny

Lind's qualities as a vocalist, although the repeated interruptions of the excited crowd, and the nervousness attendant on so critical a moment, stood much in the way of the possibility of arriving at a sound opinion. The exquisite purity, and bell-like fulness of tone, with which the first five sustained notes of the romance—B, E, G sharp, B, E—were delivered, at once gave us a notion of the beauty of that voice, in the praises of which so much of the ink of criticism has been used, and so many of Rumour's tongues have wagged. The general reading of the romance was as delicately pure as it was fervent and natural. The cadences at the end of each couplet were quite novel, and executed with the utmost taste and finish. The second couplet was prefaced by a long shake, and another cadence of singular elegance. All these ornamental matters, and the general excellence that marked the entire interpretation of the romance—impaired as it was, slightly, by a nervousness that was inevitable under the circumstances—threw the audience into such a paroxysm of rapture, that they continued shouting, clapping, bravaing, and waving hats and handkerchiefs about, for upwards of three minutes. Our own opinion, however, albeit we were irresistibly compelled to join in the applause, was not quite formed on the subject. The remainder of the scene with Bertram, which is all comprised in recitative, was admirably declaimed and acted. The moment at which Alice perceives Bertram, and starts back affrighted, exclaiming, "Cielo chi veggo," was exquisitely embodied by Jenny Lind. Her declaring that he resembles a likeness of Satan that she has seen in a picture, still frightened, and yet half-ashamed of her weakness, was equally good. Not less admirable was her exit, shuddering as she passes near to Bertram, yet irresistibly compelled to turn back and gaze at him as she slowly glides away. Her disappearance was followed by long and reiterated applause. In the mind of the audience, Jenny Lind was, almost, if not quite, confirmed the Jenny Lind of Fame's repute; albeit her talent as yet had been but half disclosed.

The second scene in which Alice appears—that of the

glen among the rocks of St. Irene—completely set doubt at rest, and proved Jenny Lind to be all that has been said of her by those who speak without raving in unintelligible hyperbole. The way in which she twice repeated the name "Rambaldo," as she wound her way down the rock's side, swelling the note gradually into *forte*, and then as gradually diminishing it to the nicest *piano*, was truly charming. At the close of the recitative of which this forms the commencement, she introduced a *cadence* so entirely new, and at the same time so intrinsically elegant, and executed with such finished delicacy, that it drew down peals of applause. Her delivery of the first part of the ballad to which this leads, "Quand je quittai la Normandie," seemed to us unfinished; she did not stay long enough on the first B flat, and took the G and F that terminate the first half of the first half phrase somewhat abruptly, thereby damaging the even flow of rhythm which is one of the chief charms of this simple melody. These spots in an ordinary singer we should have passed without noticing, but every note that is uttered by Jenny Lind has sufficient value to be criticised. The rest of the song—excepting the cadence at the end of the first couplet, which was less elegant than most of her cadences, and was executed with less absolute facility and perfection, admitted of nothing but unqualified admiration. The *pianissimo* echo of the flute phrase on the words "Ahimè! l'attendo ancor," was delicious. The *cadenza* with which she prefaced the second couplet, holding a high F for a long time, and increasing the volume until it filled the whole theatre with vibration, and then, when you thought she had finished, and no more breath was in her, taking the G above as the first note of a florid and elaborate flight of vocal display, leading ultimately to the *reprise* of the theme, was little less than astounding. The *cadenza* with which she terminated the second couplet was even more beautiful and more wonderful: and the *pianissimo* shake on C, D, leading to the concluding notes, was executed with a clearness, equality, and perfection for which we should in vain seek for a precedent. Mdlle. Lind

JENNY LIND IN "THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT."

begins the shake on the highest note, and rounds it off with wonderful finish and completeness, calculating the exigencies of rhythm and accentuation to a nicety. It is unnecessary to speak of the applause with which this delicious display of vocalisation was greeted. In fact, it would be somewhat difficult to find words big enough for the task, and we are tired of recording the raptures of an audience that so often indiscreetly lavishes its enthusiasm on mediocrity. Suffice it that both couplets were encored unanimously, and both fully merited the compliment. Jenny Lind's triumph was now complete, and it did not require anything more to establish her in the highest opinion of the best judges assembled in the house.

But we have many more things to praise. The acting of the whole of this scene proved Mdlle. Jenny Lind to be as great a histrionic as a vocal artist. Her terror on discovering the horrors of the cavern was impressive in the extreme. In the duet with Bertram her acting was as fine as the finest efforts of Rachel or Grisi, those twin mistresses of the dramatic and lyric stage. As passages recalling themselves forcibly to the memory, we may specialise the half-stifled cry with which she uttered the words, "A mezza notte misero," and further on, "Quale orror! mi reggo appena," when she overhears that at midnight her foster brother, Robert, must be sacrificed to the powers of evil. And when Bertram seizes her by the wrist and savagely asks her what she has seen and heard, her answer, "Nulla, nulla," was terrible in its truth. Her fragile form quivered with emotion, and the words seemed to force themselves involuntarily from her lips. Her fleeing to the cross for protection, at the approach of Bertram, was wonderfully fine; and her attitude betokening a mixture of terror and resolution, was singularly picturesque and beautiful. Nor can we pass over without mention the earnest devotion with which she pronounced the words, "Il Cielo è meco," and the startling intensity that marked her exclamation of "Vien Roberto," at the approach of her foster-brother. Her singing in this duet—which, by the way, is one of the best composi-

tions in the opera—was quite as fine as her acting. The *cadenza a due* was so perfectly intonated, and delivered with such animation and boldness, that the effect was quite electric. In the unaccompanied trio, "Crudel momento," with Robert and Bertram, we remarked with what extraordinary facility Mdlle. Lind played with the high notes, dwelling upon C in alt. with the utmost ease, and then taking D above it, as the commencement of a florid passage, without the slightest appearance of effort. Her acting after this trio—involving her determination to stay by Robert and brave the danger, and her subsequent hurried exit—was beyond praise.

Alice's next and final appearance is in the grand trio of the last act, the best piece of music in the opera. Here Mademoiselle Lind's acting and singing were of a piece with the rest of her performance. If we must specialise points where all was great, let us refer to the impressive manner in which she addressed Robert while tendering him his mother's testament:—"Roberto, prendi, figlio ingrato,"—her impassioned fervor in the prayer, "S'è in te pietade, o Cielo," and the heavenly enthusiasm with which she shrieked out the words, "Mezza Notté! ah! che il Cielo lo salvò!" when she hears the roll of the midnight drum, and knows that Robert is saved. Again, and to conclude, no words can convey the infinite meaning of her gesture in the last scene, when seeing Robert kneel at the altar, she gives vent to her delight at having been the instrument of saving her foster-brother from destruction, conveying, without a word, by the mere poetry of motion, as much as could be conveyed by all the eloquence of a poet's inspiration. The curtain fell amidst a torrent of enthusiasm, and Jenny Lind was called forward again—no less than three distinct times. But of this we take little account. We should have been equally delighted had her performance not received a single hand.

Judging, then, by her performance in *Robert le Diable* it will be easy to perceive, that our opinion of Mdlle. Jenny Lind differs materially from that which we felt constrained to offer upon her *Norma*, two years and a half ago, in a letter addressed to this journal from Cologne.

We then considered her vastly overrated; we are now of a totally opposite opinion. Whether it be that *Norma* is a character out of her speciality, or that she has made wonderful progress in the time that has elapsed since we then heard her, we are not prepared to say; but that one or the other is the case, we have too much reliance upon our own judgment, when formed after calm consideration, to doubt. Certain it is, that as an actress Mdlle. Lind now ranks amongst the highest—and that as a singer few can compete with her. The exquisite purity, fulness, quality, and flexibility of her vocal organ—the consummate art she possesses in the *legare*, which the Italians rightly prize as the greatest vocal requisite—her almost irreproachable intonation—her prodigious facility in executing florid passages—and the numberless beauties of her style and expression, proclaim her right to associate with the greatest mistresses of the art of singing that the world has produced.

JENNY LIND AND HER INFLUENCE.*

WHAT will be the end of all this excitement? When the Lind fever subsides, what will be the state of the patient—the public? What stimulus will be required to restore the patient to a strong and healthy condition, with the pulse not above 74°?

There surely never was such a fuss about any one individual in the world of art. The Catalani fever was nothing to it—the Sontag fever nothing to it—the Malibran fever nothing to it—even the Paganini fever was a fool to it. So great is the turmoil, so terrible the confusion, so furious the whirlwind, so plentiful the dust, that not a critic but is blind as the public, and gropes about in the dark chamber of sophism, dealing buffets right and left, sometimes hitting upon the wall of truth, but as often stumbling against the chairs and tables of chicanery. We own that, like our brethren of the goose-quill, we have been strangely bothered. Something has given our judgment a sprain, and it is, for the nonce, incapable of exercising its functions. And so we have fallen in with the crowd; but, for the life of us, we cannot undertake to swear whether we be in the right, or whether we be in the wrong. We have made tail at the Opera with the mob that waits at the doors, in eager expectation of an excitement which it often fails to get.

* From the "Musical World," June 12, 1847.

We have made tail with the mob, and have fancied we shared its curiosity. But the doors once open, ourselves once carried to our standing-places in the pit, and the excitement has given way to astonishment at our own folly. It was not to hear an orator—it was not to see a warrior—it was not to admire a statesman—it was not to converse with a poet, that we went thus eagerly, at the risk of broken bones. It was to hear a little maiden sing—and to sing what?—to sing music that never greatly moved us, even in our youngest days, when the world was full of green boughs and opening buds.

The curtain went up, the opera began, the cheers resounded, deep silence followed, and the cause of all excitement was before us. It opened its lips, and emitted sounds. The sounds it emitted were right pleasant, honey-sweet, and silver-toned. With this there was, besides, a quietude that we had not marked before, and a something that hovered about the object, as an unseen grace that was attiring it in a veil of innocence, transparent as the thin surface of a bubble, disclosing all, and making its own presence rather felt than seen. We looked and caught the infection; we were charmed like the rest; we were Lind-bitten. We went home, and took a strong restorative, and the next morning awoke free from fever. Reason once more assumed its sway.

But again we were attracted to the theatre, and again we caught the fever. The same remedy applied at night found us whole in the morning as before.

Fevers, plagues, epidemics wear themselves out. Time deals them scurvy buffets, till at length they have no longer force to drag themselves along. This is a fact established in philosophy, and has taken its place among the truths that, springing from observation of the nature of things, are eternal. There be some, who—like Professor Porson, when he came home drunk, and tumbled against the various pieces of furniture that adorned his bedroom—exclaim, "Confound the nature of things,"—since the nature of things is such as to consort ill with their own projects, or only to serve them for a time, and then give them a shove the reverse way: for they walk with

their eyes bandaged, and are drunk with egotism. These accept the doctrine of necessity, and yield to the despotism of circumstance, *à rebrousse poils*. Standing upright in the sea of human events, if they behold an impetuous wave travelling towards them on the speed of unseen feet, instead of holding firm and allowing it to break upon them harmlessly, they duck, and let it pass over their heads, blind to its future course, unconscious how they may be injured or benefited by its influence. The fine line of the poet,

"Coming events cast their shadows before,"

is lost upon them. Closing their eyes, they are blind to the prophetic shadow, and so see not the circumstance on the horizon, which, when it arrives, crushes them, and leaves them helpless. Whom the cap fits let him wear it. "Harmonia" speaks the words of truth, and, as the oracle, is deaf to argument and persuasion.

Seven times have we had the fever—seven times have we been Lind-bitten. After the first we were rabid, after the second we were enthusiastic, after the third eloquent, after the fourth melancholy, after the fifth demonstrative, after the sixth logical, after the seventh indifferent. But still we were undecided. Meyerbeer had bothered us, Mendelssohn had puzzled us, Germany had sophisticated us. Was Jenny Lind the phœnix of phœnixes—or was she an ordinary person? We could not say. The fever was one thing, which had subsided; the sprained judgment was another, which rested uncured. It remained to apply leeches, bandages, and lotions, so that at the end reason might get upon its feet again, and walk straight forward.

En attendant this much to-be-wished-for result, let us chat a bit with the reader; for in conversation we gain facts, and from facts deduce truths—and this is the intent and province of **Harmonia.**

We have in our hands a provincial paper, *The Leicester Journal*, a right worthy, instructive, and amusing sheet. The first thing that attracts our eyes is a paragraph

about the one eternal, absorbing, egotistical, enchanting subject—Jenny Lind. Let us read it:—

"The inimitable Jenny Lind has *only* named as remuneration for her services at Liverpool for six nights, the *small* sum of £500 a night. Report says her engagement at the Queen's Theatre brings her in £500 weekly, for three nights' performance besides being provided with a house to live in, a carriage for her own use, and covers being laid daily at her own mansion for twenty persons."

We can credit the first paragraph, since the manager of the Brighton theatre assured us that he was asked £400 for one night's performance! But report in the last particular is, we suspect, far wide of the mark. If Mr. Lumley had Jenny Lind's services for three nights, *moyennant* the trifling amount of £500, he would make a fortune with her in 1847. Why £500 a week is not more than £26,000 a year—a *bagatelle!* The Lord Chancellor gets nearly a fifth as much, and the idea of Jenny Lind only getting five times as much annually as the Lord Chancellor, is something too preposterous to dwell upon. The Lord Chancellor does nothing but sit upon the woolsack, decide causes without the aid of a jury, reform the laws, protect wards, set aside verdicts, attend parliamentary duties, and take care of the seals of the empire; whereas Jenny Lind sits upon the throne of song, gathers fame without the intervention of logic, reverses the opinions of musical pundits, protects herself from independent criticism, sets aside the verdicts of those who fancy themselves *connoisseurs*, attends theatrical duties, and takes care of one-third of the nightly receipts. Who in his senses would make a comparison between the duties of the Lord Chancellor and those of the Swedish Nightingale? Look upon the worn features of the intellectual Brougham, and then upon the unruffled countenance of the innocent songstress—one lean and exhausted, the fire from his eyes alone declaring the indomitable will that persists and tires not, the other sleek and maidenly, with the flush of youth on her cheek and brow, fattening, like a beautiful ghoul, *upon the corpse of the drama and the opera*, which have died of plenary starvation—look upon both, and say which is the most

worthy of a nation's honours, which is most worthy of a nation's gifts!

The STAR-SYSTEM has brought the drama upon its last legs. It only wanted one more blow to be smitten down and annihilated. Has not this blow been dealt by the Swedish Nightingale?

When Menenius Agrippa related the parable of the belly and the members, he intimated that the belly must be fed, in order that the members might derive life from its store. But he did not insinuate that the belly should have all the nourishment, and give nothing to the members. And yet this is the principle of the star-system. But from such a star as Jenny, even ruin is sweet; and as the drama looks up into her eyes, and dies of their mild influence, it will bless its fair destroyer!

But when Jenny Lind is gone, how is the Opera to be maintained? and what is to restore vitality to the sinking theatres around, that in a brief space will make all London a dramatic charnel-house?

(Refrain.)

What will be the end of all this excitement? When the Lind fever subsides, what will be the state of the patient (the public)? What stimulus will be required to restore the patient to a strong and healthy condition, with the pulse not above 74?

Tol de rol, de rol, de riddle rol, &c. &c.

M. W. BALFE.

JENNY LIND IN DUBLIN.*

Dublin, Oct. 25th.

AS I see, by your last number, that you have published copious extracts from the Dublin papers about the recent engagement of Mdlle. Jenny Lind, I have thrown into the fire an article which I had composed expressly for your publication, and which, now, of course, would be superfluous. At the same time, I must confess (with more candour than delicacy, if you will), that I consider your reprints of long criticisms from provincial papers, with whose opinions your own may possibly be at utter variance, on subjects already worn to tatters by the critics of London, if not quite absurd, at least injudicious. What amusement can the readers of the *Musical World* derive from a perusal of the extraordinary notions of music and the opera entertained by the critics of *Saunders' News Letter* and the *Freeman's Journal*, who have about as much idea of these matters as the "Great Sea Serpent," recently seen for the second time in a latitude and longitude aqueously impossible? What instruction or what edification can they derive from a long "provincial" analysis of operas like the *Sonnambula*, or the *Figlia*, with the details of which they have been dosed *ad nauseam* for an indefinite number of

* From the "Musical World," October 28, 1848.

years? You should have spared your readers this infliction of Hibernian newspaper eloquence. The letter I had prepared for you was wholly confined to facts; nor did I attempt to criticise what you have already criticised so often and so ably; it would therefore have served your purpose better, and bored your readers less.

As the extracts from the *News* and the *Journal* only alluded to two of the operatic performances, I send you a few notes to make your record complete.

There were altogether six performances at the theatre, and one concert at the Rotunda. On Tuesday the 10th inst. *La Sonnambula* was given; on Thursday the 12th, *I Puritani;* on Saturday the 14th, *Lucia;* on Tuesday the 17th, *La Figlia dell Reggimento;* on Thursday the 19th, *La Sonnambula;* on Tuesday the 24th, *La Figlia.* The concert took place on Saturday the 21st. The audiences on all these occasions were very great, and perhaps Jenny Lind has nowhere produced a more favourable impression than in Dublin. The operas most in vogue, however, were the *Puritani* and the *Figlia;* the musicians and connoisseurs liked the former, the people liked the latter; of course I allude to Jenny Lind's performances in each. The greatest novelty, and indeed the only absolute novelty to Dublin, being *La Figlia*, that opera drew the most immense audiences, such audiences indeed as I have rarely seen congregated within the walls of a theatre. Paddy's enthusiasm for the "Nightingale" was unbounded. Three and four times of a night was she led on by M. Roger, after the fall of the curtain, to make her *obeissance* to her worshippers. The *furore* was quite Irish—in other words a Neapolitan *furore* could hardly have gone beyond it. The mob were insensate; the scene was, night after night, as the *saturnalia* of infuriated bacchanals. But *La Figlia*, as I have already hinted, bore away the bell from all the other operas, and the zealous and lively Maria completely sent into shade the sorrows of Lucia, and strange to say, the loves of Amina herself, in which everywhere else Jenny Lind has achieved her most complete successes. The truth is the *Sonnambula* was too familiar to the Dublin public, and the recent

appearance of Grisi as Amina had made an impression not to be effaced without some trouble. I state this as a simple matter of fact, not presuming to institute a comparison between the two great artists, a task to which I find myself altogether incompetent. I leave that for your superior taste and critical sagacity.

The reception accorded to the other singers, Jenny Lind's comrades, was generous and warm. Roger made a very deep impression. His Edgardo and Elvino were considered perfect; these were rated as his best parts; but his highly natural acting in Tonio, and his refined and musician-like singing in Arturo did not fail to find numerous appreciators and admirers. Frederic Lablache was doubly welcomed, as a clever intelligent artist, and an old and deserved favorite. Belletti was highly praised for his artistic qualities.

When Balfe appeared in the orchestra he was received by his countrymen with a loud burst of applause, and cries from the "gods" of "Balfe! we may be happy yet!" "Remember me!" etc. etc., in allusion to some of his very popular ballads, which have already, in the lifetime of their composer, attained the position and dignity of national airs, so widely are they known and so universally are they sung, played, hummed, whistled, and what not. With the co-operation of Messrs. Levey, Mackintosh, and other members of the Philharmonic and Ancient Concert orchestras, which your friends Bussell and Pigott conduct so well, Balfe was enabled to concoct an excellent and complete orchestra, the talent of his own men (the flower of Mr. Lumley's band in London) being notorious, and requiring no eulogy at my hands. The chorus was also efficient, numbering about thirty-five in all—twelve (from London) belonging to the wandering *troupe*, and the others natives of Dublin.

The concert at the Rotunda was crammed; about 1200 persons were present. Jenny Lind's Swedish melodies made a *furore*, but the connoisseurs were most delighted with her "Dove sono," about which your Glasgow correspondent has not said a word too much. The other features of the concert (including the singular trio for

voice and two flutes, from the *Camp of Silesia*, which was encored, more for its oddity than for any beauty that we Irish could find in it) were almost similar to the performances at the concert in Glasgow, so minutely criticised by your Scottish correspondent, with whose opinions, by the way I for the most part agree; I need not, therefore, add more than that all passed off well, and almost every piece was greeted with the cordial applause of the audience.

At the last operatic performance the scene was one of great excitement; after Jenny Lind had appeared three times before the footlights, accompanied or unaccompanied by Roger, as the case might be, and a fourth time in response to a call for Balfe, all was thought to be over and the crowd was beginning to disperse. A "Paddy" from the higher regions, however, was not yet satisfied, and vociferated, with lungs that would not have disgraced Stentor of old, "One cheer more for Jenny Lind!" which was of course responded to with the utmost readiness by the house. This gave rise to a succession of calls for "cheers," that answered each other from either side of the gallery like the artillery of opposing hosts or the double choruses of Handel at Exeter Hall and the Norwich Festival. First it was, from one side, "A cheer for Mr. Calcraft!" loudly accepted; then from the other, "A cheer for the Lord Lieutenant!" consummated in a mixed manner by the adherents of contrary politics; then "A cheer for Sir Edward Blakeney!" immensely received; then, "Another cheer for Jenny Lind!" loudly responded to, and lastly, from some unobserved corner of the gallery, "A cheer *for her mother!*" which thorough specimen of Irish-gallery-wit, was answered by an explosion of applause and laughter that shook the roof. After all, for fun and spirits, there is nothing like an Irish audience. Such an idea as a "cheer for her mother" (which is not without its sentiment) would never have occurred to an English or a Scotch audience.

Thus the first Lind-speculation in Ireland has turned out eminently successful. Mr. Calcraft, the respected manager of our Theatre, expressed his entire satisfaction

to me, and assured me that he had reason to be content both with the Grisi and Mario, and with the Jenny Lind speculations. I was not in Dublin at the time of the former engagement, but I see you had a full account from one of your many correspondent here, and as usual, some long-winded rhapsodies from the local papers. Mr. Lumley, and those concerned with him, must have made a rich harvest during their fortnight's sojourn here. The seven performances (including the concert) must have produced little short of £10,000—in spite of Irish beggary—and however extravagant may be the terms of Mdlle. Lind, and however heavy the travelling expenses of the *troupe*, to say nothing of the engagements of the other artists, the profit, *in one fortnight*, must have been enormous. I know not what Messrs. Knowles and Glover had to do with the affair, but that they had a finger in the pie seems likely from their presence in Dublin.

To-morrow I am off to Liverpool, whence, if any thing musical occurs, I will send you a line. As I hate long sea-voyages, I shall take the Holyhead boat, which will only give me four and a half hours of water, and at the same time will afford me an opportunity, long desired, of travelling on the new line from Holyhead to Chester, where a good view of some of the Welsh mountains, and perhaps a glimpse at the lofty peak of Snowdon, may be obtained.

Chester, October 26.

I am comfortably ensconced in a cosy room of an old inn in this pretty and picturesque city, which Albert Smith has brought so vividly before the general eye in one of his late romances. With the Holyhead rail-road I have been enchanted beyond my powers to describe. Pray send D. R. or Teutonius on a trip to Holyhead, and I promise you that you will have a letter worth reading. Oh that I possessed one atom of the eloquence, one tithe of the observation of either! But, lacking both, I shall not make myself ridiculous by rushing into comparison with my superiors. No attempt, therefore, at describing

the varied magnificence of the scenery in which the new line of railroad absolutely revels.

I must tell you one incident of my journey, however, which may possibly amuse you. I left Kingston Harbour in one of the five Holyhead steamers, at 8 o'clock a.m., and, as we ploughed the depths of glorious Dublin Bay, imagine what was my pleasure to discover that almost my only fellow-travellers were Jenny Lind and her entire party, whose successes in Dublin I have just been recording. There they were, sure enough, and I need hardly tell you, that, without being uncivil, I had a good stare at them all, and at the "Nightingale" in particular, to whose expressive physiognomy I have not time at this moment to render justice. The fine weather, the genial sun, the sea unruffled and glassy, the fast sailing (seventeen knots an hour) seemed to put every one in high spirits, and scarcely had we been two hours on our road, when, as if by a spontaneous impulse, Piatti uncased his violoncello, Hermann and Nadaud their violins, Lavigne his oboe, Staglich his horn, and the others their various instruments, until, in a very brief lapse of time, an orchestra, ready martialled, as if at the command of some invisible *bâton*, struck up a lively dance tune. Such a band, in such a place, and at such a time, was enough to intoxicate the spirits of the most phlegmatic son of Indifference that ever had stagnant blood curdling in his veins. Its effect was electric. The idea expressed by a few bars of music, thus forcibly and unexpectedly, was instantaneously comprehended, and a dance improvised "in the twinkling of an eye," which might have been a quadrille, or anything else, for aught I know; but whatever it was, it constituted a scene which I defy all the carnivals that ever took place at Venice, or Naples, or Rome, by moonlight, by sunlight, or by twilight, to surpass, or perhaps to equal. Almost everybody danced, and danced *a piacere* with an *abandon* that was irresistible, and a heartiness that allowed no denial of its sincerity. As for Jenny Lind, she not only danced, but out-danced all the rest, and with that pretty caprice which, from all I have heard, so charmingly char-

acterizes her natural temperament, selected for her partners, successively, Madame Roger's *fille de chambre*, and Balfe's *valet de chambre;* the former, a thorough-paced vigorous French maiden, to whom dancing came quite natural, managed (with some difficulty) to keep pace with the animated gyrations of the "Nightingale," but the latter, less expert upon his legs, and one to whom seemingly the Terpsichorean art was a mystery, could not manage the matter at all, and was sadly perplexed to sustain his equilibrium. The effect was not more comic than it was genuine. The humor and frolic of the scene was thus kept up, with unremitting order, for more than an hour. The band played away at waltzes, quadrilles, polkas, and the like, until their arms and lips and fingers must have ached again, while the dancers, never tired, mocked at their fatigue and kept the poor fiddlers at their task until they were fairly exhausted. I need not entertain you with a *critique raisonnée* of the individual choregraphic accomplishments of Roger, Balfe, Belletti, and the rest. What I have said is enough to give you some idea of how merrily and how *philosophically* the time between Kingston and Holyhead was spent, and how the three hours and a half, which constituted an unusually rapid passage, fled away upon the wings of seconds, and at last vanished like a dream.

The present destination of the Lind party is Birmingham. A concert is to be given at the Town-hall to-morrow (Friday) evening. Adieu, for the present.

YOUR STROLLING CONTRIBUTOR.

RACHEL.*

AS the time approaches for the departure of this great and incomparable actress, the anxiety of the London public to witness her performances is redoubled. The theatre in St. James's, unhappily too small to accommodate the crowds that nightly besiege its doors, has been again three times filled to suffocation. The plays have been *Andromaque*, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, and *Polyeucte Martyr*. The last was repeated, yesterday night, by the particular wish of the subscribers. Thus nine out of the twelve representations have taken place, and only three remain. For the present, therefore, at least five-sixths of those who would fain have rendered homage to the genius of Rachel, by paying their money into Mr. Mitchell's treasury, must be content to be disappointed, or at any rate to live upon expectation for twelve long months, during which the most musical voice that ever carried the thoughts of the poet into the hearts of the listening multitude will be silent to England. On Friday night, after the performance of *Les Horaces*, Rachel will start for Berlin, and leave us to dwell upon her memory, as upon the idea of an absent friend. Shelley, the sweetest of poets, has sweetly sung:

> "Out of the day and night
> A joy has taken flight!"—

* From the "Musical World," July 20, 1850.

Londres ce 31 Juillet 1815

Bauhes

And what better could we choose for a motto, eight days hence?—what better could express the feeling of a something wanted, to make life happy, which the loss of the "black-browed queen of night" will engender in the breast of every one whose evenings have been charmed by the beauty of her presence? This month, so quickly flown, to return no more—this month, during which Rachel, in low and wailing tones, has twelve times told the absorbing story of the past—this month, which will be placed apart in the store-house of the memory, to be recalled, and reckoned over, day by day, like the treasures of a broken love—this month should be marked in indelible letters upon the tablet of the heart:—

Rachel's Month.

Monday, July 1, 1850, *to Friday, July* 26, 1850—*inclusive*. A short month, but a merry—or rather a sad—or rather a merry and sad—or a mingling of the two, which makes the real delight. Rachel acted twelve times—*Monday, July* 1, Phèdre—*Wednesday, July* 3, Roxane, in *Bajazet*—*Friday, July* 5, Pauline, in *Polyeucte Martyr*, and Lesbie, in *Le Moineau de Lesbie*—*Monday, July* 8, Adrienne Lecouvreur—*Wednesday*, July 10, *ditto, Friday, July* 12, ditto—*Monday, July* 15, Hermione, in *Andromaque*—*Wednesday, July* 17, Adrienne Lecouvreur—*Friday, July* 19, Pauline and Lesbie—*Monday, July* 22, Adrienne—*Wednesday, July* 24, ditto—*Friday, July* 26, Camille, in *Les Horaces*. A month of July to be remembered for ever. A honey-month, in which Rachel's genius was married to your intelligence, and lived together in perfect and undisturbed happiness. The briefest and the longest month in your whole life.—SIC TRANSIT!

We had intended to attempt an analysis of every one of Rachel's performances, but while she is here amongst us it is out of the question. We cannot reason about her. As Don Quixote might have said, in parody of antique romance—"The reason of her unreasonable genius has so unreasoned our reason that we have no reason for reasoning." Nor is it necessary that we should reason. Rachel is to be accepted, not discussed—admired, not questioned—worshipped, not examined. He who would pry too

closely into the spots upon the Sun's face runs in danger of having his eyes put out. And so with Rachel. Take her as she is, and you have the most glorious actress the world has seen. Her genius is too dazzling to be curiously scrutinized—a blaze of fire, that, if you come too near, blinds you with excess of light. The bodies that move closest to the sun, are lost in its brightness, and become invisible to the universe; and the critic, who approaches Rachel, with the narrow purpose of making a catalogue of errors, stands in a similar predicament. Obscured by the rays that envelop him all around, he is unobserved by the world, which takes no note of what he says. Rachel's errors! If she have errors, are they not grander than the perfections of any other actor? Rachel is not to be followed, word by word, with the aid of a book. While you read the book you lose a thousand beauties. The endless play of those expressive features, the undulating movements of that form, which grace and dignity have chosen for their home, should be seen, and taken into the general account of her surpassing excellence, every one of them, without exception. This cannot be done if you have your eyes upon the book. Between the dead letter and the living voice there is a world, which, if you would pass, and be enlightened, cast the book away. Your idea of Pauline, and Rachel's Pauline, are different things—as different as your feelings of a noonday sun from that of Turner, with his golden brush to aid him. Admitted, that you have a full conception of the poet's meaning, you cannot explain it to the world, like Rachel—you cannot, like Rachel, make the poet's dumb creation rise, breathe, walk, and shake the soul to purify it. Leave, then, the book, and let faith, and a love of the beautiful, assist you to appreciate the genius of the drama's great interpreter. We are much mistaken if, thus fortified, you do not incontinently own that the tremendous confession, which, in the mouth of the innocent Pauline, asserts the truth of Christianity, could only be delivered as Rachel has delivered it—that the sublime "JE CROIS," from any other lips, would lose one half its power. It must not be forgotten that Pauline's sudden

conversion to the one religion is effected over the mangled body of her martyred husband, and that she discloses it with all the frenzy of a martyr's new-born zeal. Rushing from the scene of torture, filled with contempt and abhorrence for the blood-stained infidels, her bosom swelling with a sudden veneration for her dead spouse, to whom alive she had been indifferent, her whole being lifted up by some strange and invisible influence, Pauline, unmindful of the presence of her father, of her lover, and of all earthly things, impressed only with one dreadful image and one mysterious aspiration, gives vent to the impulse that maddens her in a torrent of irresistible eloquence, her frame convulsed with the enthusiasm that has entered her heart and intellect with the quickness of an electric shock. Who, in such a scene, could dream of "calm content" and "pious resignation," or any such stereotyped commonplaces, which have nothing in common with the feeling of the martyr, less than nothing with what Pauline must have experienced at such an awful moment?

We have been "reasoning," after all—but unconsciously. An impression of having read, in a newspaper, some such objection to Rachel's fine conception of Pauline's avowal of faith, which directly follows the martyrdom of Polyeucte, her husband, has, perhaps, led us into this train of thought. Maybe, however, we have only dreamed of such a criticism, and are fighting against a shadow of our own imagining—a SCIOMACHY, as the learned in lingual compounds would designate it.

MDLLE. ANICHINI'S CONCERT.*

THE charming and accomplished Mdlle. Anichini summoned her numerous friends and admirers to her annual *fête musicale*, on Monday, the 24th ult. Campden House, Kensington, the residence of Mrs. Wolley, was the *locale* on the present occasion. Mdlle. Anichini's *fêtes* invariably take place in the *château* of some distinguished member of the fashionable and aristocratic world. They are too elegant and refined for the purlieus of the metropolis. The Hanover Square Rooms, or the Concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre, might serve very well for an ordinary music meeting, but a purer and a brighter atmosphere is essential to Mdlle. Anichini, whose anniversary gatherings may be likened to a congregation of animated flowers. The fair concert giver, the tall luxuriant lily of the *parterre*, dispenses her perfumed treasures all around, and each flower, and plant, and shrub bears its portion of the omnipresent grace.

A more suitable arena for Mdlle. Anichini's brilliant collection of exotics, which came "from far and wide" at the bidding of her silver tongue, could not have been selected than the castle of that "fayre ladye," hight Wolley, the fame of whose "plays and jousts" is spread throughout the domain of high birth and courtly appetite. On entering the portals you are at once transported to the age of Elizabeth, when yet the pomp and page-

* From the "Musical World," July 13, 1850.

antry of chivalrous times had not departed from the land —before the earthly fist of Oliver had smote to dust the remnants of monastic splendour. Good cheer stares you in the face, and invites you to partake of it. Our first impulse, on finding ourselves in a comfortable confectionary, wainscotted, tapestried, and fitted up with memories of days long passed, was to devour a sandwich and quaff a cup of something like sherbet, the recipe of which we might easily imagine that Sir Wolley, lord of the castle and sole owner of that bright pearl, its mistress, had wrested from some infidel Turk, made prisoner by the might of his arm. This done, the inward man refreshed, we mingled with the motley group of knyghtes and dames, of squyres and damsels, at the door of the music room, which swallowed and disgorged its parti-coloured guests, like some huge whale, that dozing open-mouthed, sees, with a listless eye, the flow and ebb of hundreds of tiny fish, carried in and out of his tremendous jaws, upon the advancing and receding of the water; so the guests, upon the varying currents of their impulse, went to and fro, as this or that minstrel sang or played, according to their liking or indifference. Scarcely arrived at the goal of our desires, a seat in the theatre—a miniature "Her Majesty's"—when a daintily decked lacquey thrust an embossed paper into our hands, whereon was pricked, in legible characters, the order of the concert and the names of the performers. A quartet, by the renowned Italian componist, Donizetti, "Erimasto" (from the play of the amorous bachelor, *Pasquale*), had scarcely been sung by Covas of Liverpool, Ciabatta and Coletti (troubadours of note), assisted by Anichini, the donor of the fête, her very self, than Brignoli, a young tenor of promising parts, lifted up his fresh voice and chanted the welcome air, "Quell' adorata vergine," by Mercadante of Naples, from *Leonora*, his opera. Ere we had time to express to the bye-standers and bye-sitters our satisfaction, Covas of Liverpool, and Ciabatta, surnamed "the comely," smote the ear with antagonistic tones, this tenor, that bass, to the tune of one Gabussi, who, in combinations of thirds and sixths, has celebrated the life of the

"Pescatori." Then came Ida Bertrand, a Norman damsel, fat and fair, who, in an under voice, which the cunning in the art have styled *contralto*, warbled a *romanza Napoletana*, the intent of which we could not well make out, albeit, the music was stirring and quaint. A well conditioned minstrel then stepped upon the platform, good humour in his cheeks and an instrument of twisted brass in his hands, the smaller extremity of which he pressed tightly upon his lips while he thrust one arm entirely up the other, which bore the likeness of a bulky bell. This instrument was named "*corno*," in the embossed paper furnished us by the deftly dight lackey at the door. The minstrel, 'yclept Puzzi, seemed well skilled in the touch thereof, and played a melody called "Calma," with a right pleasant noise. Again we had Colletti, and again Covas of Liverpool, each in a popular tune of his country; but as we had already heard both these minstrels, we hastened to the refectory, and despatched yet another sandwich and yet another cup of sherbet, returning in time to be lulled into a delicious *reverie* by the plaintive strains of a golden-haired damsel from the Irish countries, whom we found to be designated Kate, or Catherine, or Kitty Hayes. Whether Kate, or Catherine, or Kitty, a handsomer person we would not wish to see, or a sweeter voice to hear; but, to our great sorrow, she did not warble one of her native hill-tunes, but a music in some strange tongue, of which we could not make out one word, although the tones of the voice kept knocking double knocks at our heart's gate all the while she sang.

By this time we had enough of music for the nonce, and so strolled into the garden, where many black-eyed damsels and gay cavaliers were sauntering listlessly. The sun was scorching hot, and the trees had not begun to grow—so there was no shade, and those who hate sun-beams took shelter in-doors. We *love* sun-beams; and we drank our full of them, catching the echoes of the music as they came dancing out of the castle windows. And now there was another music and a louder: the band of the regiment of Sir Londonderry (2nd Life Guards),

was playing favourite airs, and so enlivened the garden with much bruit.

But it was time to trace our steps to the *château*, and well were we repaid for going back. The damsel Anichini, whose presence, like the lady in the *Sensitive Plant* of the poet, was "felt everywhere," and whose spirits had arisen with her task, was now upon the platform, singing, with Colletti, a duet from *Maria di Rohan*, by the self-same Donizetti. We could not but admire the ease of her method, which gave full play to the mellow beauty of her tones, that fell upon the ear like soft rain on a fevered brow. "A lovely voice and a lovely singer," was whispered on all sides of us. As for ourselves, we could say nothing; our thoughts were too many and busy, and jostled each other in their egress from the gates of sound; our lips moved and spake not; they were dumb with suppressed eloquence. At length, however, we were able to say, "Ah, Mdlle. Anichini!"—whereupon, without another word, we went upstairs and found ourselves in a spacious picture gallery, resplendent with rare *tableaux*, antique carvings, gorgeous tapestries, and other works of art. A bay window, in a small recess, allowed us a solitary refuge; and a fine prospect into the country over miles and miles of wood and water, cheered the heart within us. What a great consoler is the face of nature! We dreamed that two lovers sat at that bay-window, talking silently to each other, while the hall resounded with the steps of the dancers, and the walls mimicked the laugh of revelry. For these two lovers there was the quiet moon and their very selves. What else did they want?

We were awakened from our dream by a friendly tap on the shoulder. It was Fiorentino, who, with his brilliant wit and pleasant bantering, soon dispersed the mist of fantasy, and brought us back to 1850, June 24, Monday, half-past five. It *was* half-past five; the concert was over, and the host, Sir Wolley, was courteously taking leave of the guests, while his fair lady was busily employed in similar attentions in another part of the building; from him we learned that Campden House was an ancient palace of Queen Anne, and that he was en-

deavouring to revive its ancient splendour, preferring, however, the Elizabethan tone, as less artificial, and undamaged by the frippery of Louis XIV. He is right. Meanwhile, we had lost the performances of the famous Frezzolini, the accomplished Gardoni, the spirited Parodi, the florid Calzolari, the French Lefort, *qui chante du Quidant*, and the pianoforte-player, Krinitz, who imitated a *bananier* on the keys of the instrument. All this had gone on in the theatre while we were dozing like King Mark, at the bay-window. We were sorry, but we could not help it. What with the house, and the garden, and the pictures, and the armour, and the sandwiches, and the sherbet, there were so many conflicting elements of attraction, that it was not to be wondered at if, at intervals, we forgot the music. Still, when we beheld the ardent Schira, the vivacious Vera, the eager Biletta, the tranquil Pilotti, and the courteous Benedict—every one and each of whom had touched the keys of the instrument in a concert with the voice of the singers—when we beheld the five conductors, hat on head and stick in hand, wend their way in a body from the castle gates, we own that a twinge of conscience reminded us of a duty neglected and a pleasure lost. Let us hope, however, for another occasion, of having Frezzolini, Gardoni, Calzolari, Lefort, and Krinitz. They will doubtless all be here in 1851, and will all reassemble at a glance from the persuasive Anichini, to whom we are indebted, even more than for her delightful fête for having seen a portrait of Mary Stuart—Mary, Queen of Scots—or MARY, as we would fain call her, which surpasses all we ever gazed on in perfect and enchanting beauty—unless it be the face of Rachel, which is unsurpassable!

"FIDELIO."*

LAST night Beethoven's opera of "Fidelio" was produced for the first time, at a London Italian Opera, and Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli made her first appearance since 1848, when she will be recollected as a singer of much promise. The double event proved a great attraction. Her Majesty and suite attended, and the house was filled by a brilliant and overflowing audience. Both the opera of Beethoven and Mlle. Cruvelli, the representative of the heroine, now a singer and actress of the highest attainments, were triumphantly successful.

As the single opera of Beethoven, the greatest composer for the orchestra whom the art has known, and as the dramatic work which approaches nearest to the "Don Juan" of Mozart, surpassing it in unity of purpose, if inferior in prodigality of invention, "Fidelio" must ever be regarded with interest. The history of this opera, and the vexations it caused the composer are well known. An anecdote exists in reference to its origin, which is thoroughly characteristic of Beethoven. The libretto was originally in French, and Paer, a composer of much popularity in his time, set it to music. Beethoven heard it performed in Germany, and was delighted beyond measure with the story. Meeting Paer after the performance he is stated to have said—"My dear Paer I am enchanted with your opera, it is most charming; I must

* The "Times," May 21, 1851.

write music for it." Whether this anecdote be true or not, the libretto to Paer's "Leonore" is the libretto of Beethoven's "Fidelio"; and while the music of the one is already forgotten, that of the other is accepted by the world as an imperishable masterpiece. "Fidelio" was composed between the years 1804 and 1805, and first brought out under the name of "Leonora" at the Theatre An der Wien, at Vienna, in the autumn of 1805. The libretto, in three acts, was translated into German by Joseph Sonnleithner. The French had just entered Vienna, and the audience was chiefly composed of the military. Such music as that of "Fidelio" was not likely to be very warmly appreciated even by an audience of French civilians; it was therefore not surprising that the soldiers found it dull, understood nothing about it, and that it was, in consequence, a failure. The part of Leonora was composed for and first played by a famous singer named Mme. Milder, and Herr Roeckl, a tenor, and a friend of Beethoven, was Florestan. Of the other actors no record is at hand, except of Marconi, a contralto, but what she had to do with the cast is not known. The apathy with which "Fidelio" was received was not entirely attributable to the French military. Beethoven had many enemies, and had offended the singers because he refused to alter any of the vocal parts, with which they found fault on account of their difficulty; and, on the other hand, dissatisfied with the libretto, he withdrew the opera, in a pet, after the third representation. His shallow biographer, Herr Schindler, complains that he gave "full scope to his genius," and did not pay sufficient attention to the advice he had received from Salieri, in considering his vocal parts. The idea of Beethoven deriving advantage from the counsels of Salieri—composer of "Tarare," and the jealous enemy of Mozart (two distinctions equally honourable)—is rather amusing; nevertheless, posterity, we think, has reason to rejoice that Beethoven gave "full scope to his genius" and paid no more regard to Salieri than some years later, if report err not, to Herr Schindler himself. Nevertheless when peace was restored, Breuning, a real friend of Beethoven, com-

pressed and materially altered the libretto, and "Leonora" was reproduced under the altered name of "Fidelio" (Beethoven's own suggestion—perhaps with the view to avoid being confounded with Paer) and again played for three nights, with much greater success than before. But the enemies of the great musician were still busy and malevolent, and by their intrigues persuaded the manager to restore the original title of "Leonora," in place of Beethoven's own name of "Fidelio," and ultimately to withdraw the opera altogether. This ill-treatment, combined with his straitened circumstances, which he had counted upon "Fidelio" for ameliorating, so offended and afflicted the composer that no possible temptation could ever induce him to write a second opera, or to behave with common civility to singers and managers afterwards —which was forcibly illustrated many years later when his Mass in D minor and his Ninth Symphony, with chorus, in the same key, were produced at a concert in which the celebrated Mme. Sontag assisted. Times have now changed, however; the illustrious musician has departed this life nearly a quarter of a century (he died on the 26th of March, 1827, in his fifty-seventh year), and his works have long since been the delight of his countrymen, no less than that of other nations. His only opera under his chosen and darling title of "Fidelio," which no one would now be so sacrilegious as to impugn, is one of the stock pieces of the stage; it has been performed everywhere, and everywhere received with enthusiasm, and will continue to be performed as long as the art of music exists.

"Fidelio" has frequently been played in England, in the form and under the title of which Beethoven approved. He had revised it considerably and compressed it into two acts. He wrote no less than four overtures, finding it difficult to satisfy at once himself and those with whom he had to deal. Three of these were performed by the Philharmonic Society of London in 1815, but with such small success that the music of Beethoven was regarded as a dead weight in the market—since which, it is scarcely necessary to add,

that society has mainly existed through the attraction of his nine symphonies. The correspondence between the great genius and his professed friends and agents in England says very little for the enthusiasm of the latter and still less for their discrimination. To have been to Vienna and visited Beethoven in his house, as one goes to see some strange animal, was a fine thing to talk about; but to spend some time and pains, and perhaps some money, for the purpose of making Beethoven's works known at home, was quite another matter. Such pretended worshippers of genius are too numerous in England as elsewhere; touch their pockets, and intrench upon their time, when the object of their fondly imagined idolatry is absent, and enthusiasm vanishes into smoke. It was not merely from great men like Goethe and Cherubini that Beethoven encountered indifference and coldness, but from others, whose only claim to consideration was their personal acquaintance with himself, and who will now be handed down to posterity, in company with Schindler and Ries, as men who knew, but did not understand him. The care with which Beethoven revised his works show the difficulty with which his taste and judgment were satisfied. The first and last editions of "Romeo and Juliet," and other plays of Shakespeare, if collated would scarcely present so many changes and interpolations and omissions, as the first and last versions of "Fidelio." In England the two-act opera alone has been performed. It was originally produced at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1832, by the German company, Schroeder-Devrient as prima donna, with brilliant success (a lucky augury, one might say, for last night); three years afterwards at Covent Garden Theatre, with Malibran as the heroine (1835, the year before the death of that distinguished artist); again with a second German company, at the St. James', Fidelio by Mme. Fischer Schwarzbeck; and in 1841, 1842 and 1849, with other German troupes, the miserable fiasco of the last attempt being only compensated for by the introduction of Herr Formes to the English public. The story of the libretto is so well known that it is scarcely requisite to allude to

it; but a brief sketch may help us in our endeavour to explain the intentions of the composer.

The scene of the entire opera is a fortress near Seville—one of those old castles where a state prisoner might be imprisoned in a dungeon for life, without even the chance of escaping, as Monte Cristo escaped from the Chateau d'If. Don Florestan, a Spanish nobleman, is in this unhappy predicament, and the governor of the prison, Don Pizarro, being for reasons unexplained his implacable enemy, has spread the report of his death, and meanwhile ordered him to be confined in the lowest cell of the fortress, where, by gradual starvation, Don Pizarro hopes to extinguish the life of his prisoner without resorting to violent means. Don Florestan, however, is happy in the possession of a devoted, attached and high-spirited wife—Leonora—who, incredulous about the report of his death, disguises herself as a servant, and, assuming the name of Fidelio, contrives to get engaged by Rocco, the principal jailor of the fortress. The docile manners of Fidelio soon render her a favourite, and Marcellina, daughter of Rocco, though pledged to Jacquino, a porter, becomes enamoured of the supposed youth. This, of course, favours the designs of Leonora, and the latter soon persuades Rocco to allow her to accompany him to the dungeons of the prisoners, on the occasions of his periodical visits. Meanwhile news arrives to Don Pizarro that Don Ferdinand da Zelva, Minister of the Interior, is on his way to inspect the prison, suspicions having been raised that Don Florestan is still living, which determines the minister to inquire into the truth. Surprised in his villainy, and fearful of the consequences, Don Pizarro resolves to murder Don Florestan, and discloses his plans to Rocco. Rocco, refusing to undertake the deed himself, agrees nevertheless to prepare the grave within an hour, while Don Pizarro himself is to strike the blow. The conversation is overheard by Leonora, who, suspecting the intended victim may be her husband, prevails upon Rocco to allow her to assist him in the task of preparing the grave. Rocco consents, and Leonora soon knows her husband by his voice, although his emaciated form would

almost have defied recognition. The grave is dug, all is ready, and Don Pizarro arrives; but at the moment when he is about to accomplish the fatal act, Leonora, forgetting her disguise, rushes precipitately between the assassin and his prey and proclaims herself at once the shield of Florestan and his wife. This situation is, perhaps, without exception, the finest in the lyric drama, and the manner in which Beethoven has treated it would alone have made his work immortal. Astonished at discovering so formidable an opponent in the person of a supposed servant-boy. Don Pizarro is for an instant, abashed; but, collecting his energies, he is about to sacrifice both man and wife to his fury, when a flourish of distant trumpets (behind the scenes) announces the arrival of the Minister. Don Pizarro is, of course, discomfited and disgraced, while Fidelio (the "faithful" Leonora) is made happy by the pardon and repossession of her husband. As a heroine we confess we prefer Fidelio to Penelope, and there can be but one regret that Shakespeare did not know and dramatise the story, which may be presumed to be much older than is generally stated. The consolation, however, is, that had Shakespeare treated it, he would have left nothing more to express, and Beethoven must have selected another subject, or, perhaps, would never have written an opera at all, his admiration for the story of Fidelio having alone put such a notion into his head. Mozart would then have been the gainer, and his "Don Juan" have remained without a rival.

Of the music it is more difficult to speak. To say that an opera is not inferior to "Don Juan" is to say so much that to prove it, becomes a question in which assertion must necessarily take a serious part. No one, however, denies that Beethoven equalled Mozart in his symphonies and quartets, and excelled him in some respects, while remaining behind him in his sacred music. Why, then, should not Beethoven have equalled Mozart in dramatic composition? One thing is certain, that never did subject more thoroughly take possession of poet, painter or musician, than "Fidelio" of Beethoven.

It was the time of his passion for the celebrated "Julia" —celebrated only because she was loved by Beethoven. It was a period when his rapidly approaching deafness threw the shadow of that despair before him which darkened his after life. He was completely filled with the story of Fidelio, and was never, even when his malady increased the natural irritability of his temperament, more irritable, more absent, more solitary than while engaged in composing the music. He wrote the whole of it at Hetzendorf, a "laughing" hamlet in the neighbourhood of Vienna in the bosom of a thick umbrageous wood, contiguous to the park of Schönbrunn—"seated," as the lively Schindler relates (whose wretched "life" of the great musician is only valuable on the strength of a number of anecdotes of the same familiar description) "between the stems of an oak which shot out from the main trunk at the height of about two feet from the ground. In the very same place Beethoven had already composed the "Mount of Olives." For many years it was his favourite summer residence. There is an earnestness about the whole opera of "Fidelio" which, from first to last, betrays a spirit deeply absorbed in a particular train of thought. We have often dreamed that in "Fidelio" Beethoven had pictured to himself a Julia devoted solely to himself, and painted her in the bright hues of his glowing imagination; that Florestan's sickness and imprisonment were but the ideals of his own physical malady, and his own separation from the busy strife of worldly joys and worldly passions; and that, despairing to meet a being so constant and so self-sacrificing, he created one, forgetting that he was mortal, and that the creature of his fancy belonged to another and more enduring world.

As a mere artistic work "Fidelio" is incomparable. Every personage sings his own peculiar music; every incident is described with consummate art; every passion is expressed with an intensity that only music can accomplish, and a truth that belongs to the highest combination of philosophy and poetry. That "Fidelio" moves the crowd has been a hundred times proved. That it

has the entire admiration of artists needs not our assurance. It, therefore, possesses both the qualities most desirable in art, and here again comes into rivalry with that inconvenient "Don Juan," which will not allow us to entitle anything else unrivalled. But how much more simple, pure and elevating is the subject of "Fidelio"! It is human, and contains one character that does honour to humanity which is more than can be said of "Don Juan." "Fidelio" is the heroine of heroines, the lover of lovers, the wife of wives, the woman of women, and Beethoven has described her, has done her justice, has individualised her, has made her immortal—which would seem to establish the paradox that art is higher than virtue, a paradox nevertheless, and only not a paradox when the sincerity of the musician, the certainty that his heart was in his work, and that while writing the music of "Fidelio" he identified himself with the character, are taken into consideration.

In speaking of the music of "Fidelio," we may pass over the four overtures, two of which, the "Leonora" in C and the "Fidelio" in E, are familiar to every amateur, while the two others were condemned by the composer himself. We merely express our opinion that the former —preferred by Beethoven, though (or, perhaps, because) condemned by Schindler—should always be accorded the place of honour, as not only the grandest piece of music, but by far the best fitted to be the prelude to such a work. The opening scene of the opera begins with the duet in A for Marcellina and Jacquino, and an air in C minor for Marcellina. The first represents a lively altercation between the lovers whose happiness is disturbed by the fascinating influence of Fidelio upon the young lady; the latter a vague inspiration of Marcellina about some unknown and impossible felicity. One is playful, the other romantic; both are admirably true. The unpretending commencement of "Fidelio" often reminds us of Godwin's romance of "Caleb Williams," which, from so commonplace an announcement, ends with so absorbing a *dénouement;* not, however, that we think of comparing the two works in any other respect or of placing the rude ease of the first chapters of the English novel to the in-

teresting and highly-finished music with which the German opera sets out. The quartet in G, for the same couple, with the addition of Leonora and Rocco, when Marcellina congratulates herself on the love of the false Fidelio, poor Jacquino is disconsolate, Rocco has visions of a happy old age, and Leonora looks upon all of them as implements for her purpose, is again unstudied and simple, although the musician's hand is evident in the "canon," and in the varied accompaniments that mark each successive appearance of the theme, while the vocal harmony is beautiful. This quartet is one of the popular pieces wherever the opera is played. Rocco's air in B flat, an apostrophe to the unified charms of love and money (the last first in Rocco's esteem), is as reckless and full of candour as the words themselves. The episode in the subdominant key is sparkling and effective. The *terzetto* in F, for Marcellina, Leonora and Rocco, is a piece of more elaborate and ambitious texture. The interest of the plot is beginning to unravel itself, and with true dramatic genius, Beethoven makes his music rise with the fortunes of his heroine. But this *terzetto*, the march in B flat which follows, announcing the arrival of Pizarro, and the fine air with chorus, in D minor, in which the wicked governor unfolds his hatred and his malignant intentions towards the unhappy Florestan, are too well-known in our concert rooms to need description. At this point both the drama and the music have seemingly reached the highest point of interest; but, with singular art and prodigious invention, Beethoven makes it go on increasing. The duet in A, in which Pizarro confides his designs about the murder of Florestan to Rocco, as a piece of musical dialogue is equal to anything ever written, while its dramatic interest is absorbing to the last degree. The point in the words "Und er verstummt"—expressed by the three notes, F natural, D, A—has often been cited as a consummate master-stroke, unfolding with a single touch, the cowardly spirit and black heart of Pizarro. During the whole duet the fear and horror of the gaoler are painted with vivid intensity. Many regard this duet as the triumph of Beethoven's genius.

The *scena* in E, where Leonora ponders on her situation, protests her abiding love for her husband and resolves to save him, brings out the character of the heroine in a still stronger and more beautiful light. This is equally a well-known *morceau*, and will be at once recognised by its *obligato* accompaniment for three horns and bassoon, which renders it so difficult of execution both to singer and orchestra. And what is there to say about the chorus in B flat, where through the intervention of Leonora, the prisoners are allowed for a short time to issue from their dungeons, breathe the air and see the light of Heaven?—What that has not been said a thousand times? What but that, for pathos and expression, it is matchless?

The single burst on the chord of E flat, in the first phrase of the subject is a stroke of genius that must touch every heart sensible to the divinest effects of harmony. It reaches the crowd without the crowd knowing why, and little does it matter to them or to Beethoven what the chord may be called in the technical dictionary of sound. The two solos for tenor and bass, are both exquisitely touching, and the whole chorus is a masterly dramatic picture, the expression of a momentary joy too sweet to last, half stifled at intervals by sad recollections of the past and sadder apprehensions for the future. This chorus forms the opening of the finale to the first act. The remainder consists of a duet for Leonora and Rocco, which going through a variety of keys, ultimately conducts to an andante in E flat, remarkable among other things for the fine employment of the wind instruments, especially the clarinets, in the orchestra. The action of this duet comprises the narration of Florestan's history to Leonora, and Rocco's ultimate consent to allow her to share his task in digging the grave for the victim of Pizarro's vengeance. The rest of the finale includes a series of fragments, following each other with the utmost consistency of plan, and concluding with a splendid chorus in B flat, the action described being the return of Pizarro, who surprises the prisoners in the enjoyment of their unwonted freedom, rebukes Rocco for disobeying his orders and commands them back once more to darkness

and despair, which gradually dies away as the prisoners retire to their dungeons, when the curtain falls.

The second act commences with an instrumental prelude in F minor, descriptive of the misery of Florestan, which leads to the fine adagio in A flat when the hapless victim of state revenge, bound by a chain to the walls of his cell, recounts his sufferings and innocence, until a vision seems to appear to his distracted mind, in the shape of his beloved Leonora. Nothing can be more striking than the expression of enthusiasm in the movement which follows the adagio and terminates the air in F, the major of the key of the prelude, by which the whole becomes one connected piece. If any part of "Fidelio" can be said to surpass all the rest, it is the scene which follows. The action comprises the preparation of Florestan's intended grave by Leonora and Rocco, the appearance of Pizarro, his approach with intent to murder Florestan, Leonora's intervention and subsequent avowal of her sex and relation to the prisoner, the sudden arrival of the Minister of the Interior, the discomfiture of Pizarro and the joy of the devoted pair, thus restored to each other and to happiness. The whole of this is described in four magnificent pieces; a duet for Leonora and Rocco in A minor, a trio in A major for the same, with Florestan; a quartet in D for the same with Pizarro; and a duet for Leonora and Florestan in G—the first, gloomy and oppressive; the second, a stream of flowing melody; the third, agitated, stirring and dramatic; the fourth, unbounded in its passionate expression. The part played by the orchestra in these pieces is tremendous, nothing can surpass it in depth and variety of colouring. The introduction, in the quartet of the distant trumpets, in B flat, on an interrupted cadence, when the furious progress of the music appears to have attained its utmost possible climax, is a master stroke of genius for which the art can show but few parallels. The same effect is introduced in the overture in C, called "Leonora," for which reason alone (without taking into consideration that it was the composer's favourite) that instrumental piece should always precede the performance of the opera. We have now nothing left to describe in this rapid survey but the grand choral and

concerted finale in C major, which happily is too well-known to render detailed analysis requisite. The *dénouement* of the story is arrived at, and Beethoven makes his characters assemble and give utterance to a veritable hymn of gladness and thanksgiving, in which all but the guilty Pizarro take part. Never was the united effect of full chorus and semichorus (represented by six of the principals) more superbly employed. As the finale proceeds the voices and instruments seem gradually to accumulate power, and the end is attained with a burst of harmony, solemn, grand and overpowering—a triumphant climax to a noble work of art and inspiration.

"Fidelio" was a failure at Vienna in 1805, but it was never a failure in England—to the credit of our "unmusical" public be it recorded—and less than ever a failure last night. The chief part in the success must be awarded to Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli. Three years ago Mlle. Cruvelli, in certain operas of Donizetti and Verdi, made a highly favourable impression, and was considered a dramatic vocalist of unusual promise for her years (she was then scarcely twenty). But the "Lind fever," as it has been called, left no chance for anyone else than the popular Jenny to be appreciated, and Mlle. Cruvelli suffered with the rest. The interval between then and the present time has been spent by the young artist in various parts of Germany and Italy, where she followed her professional career with a success always increasing, until, last month, Mr. Lumley had the good fortune to secure her for the Italian Theatre in Paris, where she brought his season to a close with some performances of almost unexampled brilliancy. The French journals praised her to the skies; but as the French journals are not invariably the safest authorities to rely upon in such matters, we confess we distrusted them and believed no more than half of what they said about the genius and accomplishments of "la jeune et belle Cruvelli." For once, however, we did our contemporaries *d'outre manche* injustice; and we are too glad to pay them honourable amends by giving in our adhesion to their verdict. Mlle. Cruvelli has made such good use of her time that we doubt much if a "Lind fever" or any other fever, could now shut the eyes of the

public to her merits as an actress and a singer. The mere fact of making her debut in such a work as "Fidelio"—a work so opposed to all that bears the name of Italian opera—and in the part of Leonora, without comparison the most laborious, trying and difficult in the entire range of the lyric drama, already entitles Mlle. Cruvelli to admiration for her courage and praise for her good taste; but the fact that she did full justice to the character, in every respect, vocal and histrionic, and that since Malibran there has been no representative of Beethoven's "heroic wife" who can support the slightest comparison with her, is still more important, since it places her at once in the first rank of dramatic singers. It is said that Mlle. Cruvelli never played Fidelio before, and never saw the opera performed, an assertion which the exhibition of last night makes very difficult to believe. From her first entry on the scene she showed an entire appreciation of the dramatic exigencies of the part, and her earnest manner continually courted attention. We need not describe the personal appearance of Mlle. Cruvelli, which is known to be vastly in her favour, but it is not out of place to say that her voice, which already, in 1846, was powerful and of extensive compass, has now acquired the flexibility and equal tone which it then in a great degree wanted. Her higher notes are remarkably clear and brilliant; what may be the highest in her register we cannot pretend to say, but in the duet of the second act with Florestan, we heard her take the D in alt with the greatest ease, force and truth of intonation. The latter quality, indeed, seems inherent in Mlle. Cruvelli, as was proved by her singing in the difficult aria in E, with the three horns and bassoon (exceedingly well played by the gentlemen in the orchestra), her intonation of which was as correct as her expression was beautiful and her *sotto voce* singing perfect. The quick movement of this air was unanimously encored, and at once placed Mlle. Cruvelli on the pedestal from which she never once descended throughout the evening. The charm of her voice is not lost even in the most impetuous declamation, as was amply shown in the quartet and duet of the second

act; her middle tones are rich and mellow, and several fine points served to bring out with striking effect the strength and quality of her lower register. A voice so good throughout is rare indeed. We have only space to mention one or two great points in the acting of Mlle. Cruvelli, which we have already declared to be excellent throughout. The famous grave-digging scene was rendered much in the same way as by Malibran, sixteen years ago, with the same exhibition of restless anxiety, faltering tones and intense solicitude, the same earnestness and grace of gesture, and the same overpowering passion when the great moment of declaring herself and saving her husband arrives. When she exclaimed the famous passage "Todte erst sein Weib" (spoiled in the Italian version, "Io son sua sposa," which, while it fails to translate the meaning, necessitates the addition of another note for the superfluous syllable in the word "spo-sa"; and robs the high B flat of half its effect), her stature seemed heightened and the strength and dignity of a man to clothe her slender form. Her suddenly drawing out the pistol, and the presenting it at the breast of Pizarro, was equally striking, and as she followed, with tottering steps, the cowardly assassin, her right arm stretched out to fire, if necessary, her left reposing on the shoulder of the husband she was protecting, the applause of the audience was enthusiastic, and the curtain fell upon one of the most deserved and genuine successes we remember for many years. Mlle. Cruvelli was recalled at the end of every act, and twice after the second. The Italian stage has thus gained another great dramatic singer in the person of a foreigner (Mlle. Cruvelli is a German, and her real name is Cruwel) —and, if we be not mistaken, a genius. Time will show.

We must beg pardon of the other performers for dismissing them with a line. Mr. Sims Reeves, who was received with flattering tokens of favour, and shared the honours of the evening with Mlle. Cruvelli, sang the music of Florestan with admirable feeling, and produced quite a sensation in the air at the beginning of the second act. His acting was full of meaning, and betrayed perfect appreciation of the character. Mme. Guiliani, by

her correctness and musical feeling, was invaluable as Marcellina, who is very important in the concerted music, and helped the encore of the trio, in "canon," materially. Signor Balanchi will be a very good Rocco when he has the music more by heart, and the same may be said of Signor Mercuriali in Jacquino. Signor Colletti sang the grand air and all the music of Pizarro with all his accustomed power of voice and artistic correctness. The gentleman who officiated as the minister in the last act had to thank Mr. Balfe (whose exertions were unremitting throughout the evening) for singing the greater part of his music, probably better than he could have sung it himself had he known it. The choral and orchestral departments offered much that was deserving of praise, but still left much to be wished for. The prisoners' chorus (strengthened by the voices of Gardoni, Calzolari, Massol, F. Lablache, Lorenzo, Pardini, and other principal artists) only wanted a little more attention to *pianos* to have been irreproachable. It was encored, with some opposition, and repeated. More careful and assiduous rehearsals would have ensured the encore without any opposition. The last *finale* went very well in many places, not so well in others. This also would have profited by extra rehearsals. The opera was played in three acts. The curtain descended on the duet between Leonora and Florestan, and was drawn up again for the *finale*. The overtures to "Fidelio" and "Leonora" were both capitally played by the band; but the last being the longest and the best, should have preceded the opera; it is too long as an *entr'acte*, while "Fidelio" is neither too long nor too short, and, moreover, is much less serious and elaborate. The dialogue has been cleverly and discreetly set to musical recitative by Mr. Balfe (except that of the grave scene, to which orchestral accompaniments had already been supplied by Beethoven). Occasionally there is a little too much tendency to the style of the *opera buffa*, and, as the words sometimes suffer, this might be corrected with advantage. Altogether, drawbacks admitted, the first performance of "Fidelio" may be considered one of the most memorable events in the annals of Her Majesty's Theatre.

VIRTUOSI.*

IT will be readily conceived that in music, as in every other art, there are two paths to success—the one, showy and superficial, open to ordinary labourers; the other, less immediately attractive, because more arduous to follow, and only accessible to those who unite perseverance and self-denial to uncommon natural capacity. In the former, reputation, so to say, may be achieved at a gallop, and endure just as long as the caprice of the hour, through ministering to which it has been obtained—and no longer; in the latter, nothing but a stout heart and steadfast faith can avail; but when the goal is once reached, the fame acquired is solid, and therefore lasting. For one who prefers the second and nobler path, one hundred are impelled to choose the meaner. The "hundred" and the "one" may, however, with equal show of reason, plead, that "life is short, and art is long;" but each interprets the text after his own fashion. Each plays his part with more or less distinction, and each is enabled to reap a certain harvest of notoriety by the exercise of the gifts he has received and the uses to which he has been able to put them. But the space that divides the two is as wide as that which separates the poetical from the ordinary nature, the enthusiast from the realist, the artist who forgets himself in the pursuit of a worthy object from the one who, believing

* From the "Musical World," February 6, 1858.

only in himself, can conceive no worthier pursuit than the gratification of his particular egotism.

It should be remembered that in music, as in the drama, there are those who invent and those who interpret; and that, however richly an executant may be endowed, he cannot be accorded the same credit as a composer. One thousand Liszts would not make one Beethoven. A composer writes for posterity—a player enchants for the hour; posterity decides whether what the composer has bequeathed us is worth preserving, while the tribunal before which the player appears can only adjudge him an ephemeral celebrity—since, when his fingers are cold, he plays no more, and all that he leaves behind him is his *name*. This has led performers of exceptional talent to lose sight of the great objects of art, in a desire for personal aggrandisement, and to make music a means of surprising and "tickling" the ear—as if that were the *alpha* and *omega* of its mission. A showy though hollow exhibition has been promulgated, while real art is too frequently overlooked in the selfish passion for display.

What is called, by general consent, throughout Europe, the "*virtuoso*"—in plain language, the thoroughly skilled performer on any instrument—has done incalculable injury to music. The "*virtuoso*" has either impudently trafficked with the works of the great masters, or concocted music (so-called) for himself—by either process coaxing and flattering his own idiosyncratic mechanism, as if the gift of execution were anything else than a means to an end. Through such influences music has been neglected in favour of what can scarcely be called the semblance of music; and if there were not some healthy antagonistic influence, art might speedily come to a stand-still. It would be a lamentable catastrophe were music to become the exclusive property of a tribe of quasi-acrobats. Yet to such a point alone can tend the present rage for "virtuosity." One Liszt is amusing enough; and one Rubinstein may be tolerated; but a swarm of Liszts and Rubinsteins, mushroom and full-grown, is no more to be desired than a renewal of the plague of locusts. Surely the pianoforte was intended for better uses than to be thrashed and belaboured, until the wooden

frame-work cracks. Surely all good music was not written only to be consigned to oblivion? Let there be "virtuosity" if you please; but let there also be music. "Virtuosity" is not essentially musical; for the most part, indeed, it leans exactly in the opposite direction, and can scarcely lay claim to a higher place than is accorded to mere arts of agility.

It is the misfortune of the age that, no sooner does a young pianoforte player acquire a certain amount of manual proficiency than he begins to write music to suit his peculiar talents—and that without having learned even the elementary rules of composition. Thus he comes before the world, eager for fame, accomplishing a series of mechanical feats which have no closer connection with music than is involved in the fact of their being made evident through the medium of musical sounds. The works of the great masters, ancient and modern, having been laid aside (if, indeed, they have ever been taken up) with contempt, the rhapsodies of Liszt and tail, the smooth and polished sophistries of Thalberg, having been studied for a while, but not long enough to be thoroughly mastered, are abandoned in their turn; and then, with the scales, chords and arpeggios imposingly distributed (in such a manner as to lie easily under the hand) into the vague proportions of *fantasia* (distinguished by this or that fantastic title—from *Elephant*, or *Tremblement de Terre* to *Papillon* and *Aubade*), the newly-trained "lion" steps upon the platform, shakes his mane at the public, grasps the whole key-board in a couple of *poignées* (fists-full), just as a pantomime-sprite will cross the stage in as many bounds, and, satisfied with his proficiency, sets himself down at once as a *virtuoso* of the first water, *tout frais* and *fait à la main*.

Mind, reader, we are speaking of the foreign *virtuoso*. Happily no such thing exists in England. We pay for it and we are amused with it—just as we pay for and are amused with other exotic trumpery, which the British soil itself is far too healthy to generate. The "*virtuosi*," though artistically incontinent, are exclusively continental. But the time comes when these light-fingered gentry, having won a sort of reputation for "virtuosity" in their

own country and its adjacencies, begin to thirst for English gold. The "heavy Saxon" can dispense bank notes, if not musical. The voyage is resolved upon. The *Manche* shall be crossed, and the "diggings" explored in the fog. But suddenly, some kind (perhaps envious) friend—a long-haired acrobat of the musical genus, who has himself made a *fiasco* in London—accosts our money-seeking "virtuoso:"—

"Ha çà! Est-ce vrai? Tu vas à Londres? Hein?"

"C'est parfaitement vrai. Pourquoi non? J'ai assez de gloire, il me semble. Maintenant il me faut de l'or—des *Baunknot*. L'Anglais, quoique le vrai gout lui est interdit, aime assez se faire passer pour connoisseur. Je vais lui fourrer mon *Papillon* dans l'oreille. Ça le chatouillera. Tu connais mon '*Papillon?*'"

"Je crois bien. Qui ne le connait pas—ton '*Papillon?*' Sacre! que c'est beau. Mais—entends tu?—le lourd Saxon a la manie d'aimer (pretendre aimer—tu comprends) la musique embêtante—enfin ce qu'on appelle la 'musique classique'—bref, la musique de Handel, de Mozart, et du père Mendelssohn, l'oncle de feu Moïse, celui qu'a mis Platon et Shakspüre en musique."

"Apriès?"

"Il faut leur en jouer. Sans celà tu feras four. Tu seras cloué à *Lé-ces-tère*, sans quoi t'acheter des gants. Crois moi—je ne plaisante pas. J'en ai eu l'expérience. Ces insulaires sont drôles; je leur ai flanqué mon '*Aubade*' (tu connais mon 'Aubade'), mon '*Papillon*' (qui resemble au tien comme deux gouttes d'eau), et mon '*Pôt de crême*' (tu connais mon '*Pôt*'); mais, fichtre!—je n'a eu que cinq rappels. Il leur faut du 'classique'—du ros-bif—du boudin—du bif-tek - que dirai-je? - du porter-beer—haf-naf. 'C est leur goût en musique,' comme dit leur bien-aimé Takeri, dans son fameux roman *d Albert Smit*—'*Wizout ero*.'"

"Celà me sourit à ravir. J'ai fait une sonate. Du reste, je leur flanquerai le Septuor de Hummel. Bah! Ils ne connaissent pas celà au moins. Puis, le célèbre Hélas (de L'Union) m a prié de venir—car il parait que l'Allemand, Hallé, ne plait plus, et que la petite Goddart (qui, d'après ce que l'on m a rapporté, ne joue pas mal pour une Anglaise, surtout la musique lourde) se moque de lui. Mille bombes de bombes!—tu m'a rassuré. Je filerai demain. Adieu! Victor."

VICTOR. "Adieu! Antoine—bien du succès. (*Aside*). Qu'il est bête, celui là. Moi-même—soit dit, entre nous—je n'ai rien fait. Et *lui* donc?" *

And the "virtuoso" sails for England, bringing with

* For translating the above, the reader unskilled in (doubtful) French may consult the dictionary.

him a sonata (so-called) of his own, Hummel's (unknown) septuor, *one* prelude and fugue of Bach, Weber's overture to *Oberon* ("arranged" by Liszt), and a torrent of "*cascades*," "*Pluies*," "*Transpirations*," etc. The result need hardly be dwelt upon. He makes a "fiasco," and re-crosses the *Manche*, with a lurking contempt for something, of the identity of which he is mentally uncertain; it may be for the "heavy Saxon;" it may be for himself. Whichever of the two is, to the "*insulaire*," a matter of profound indifference.

EXOTIC PROFESSORS.*

THE English are not open to the charge of being slow in recognising the merits of foreigners, and of foreign artists especially. On the contrary, we rather overdo the thing, and are now and then laughed at for our want of judgment. In most circles, the mere fact of not being native-born entitles musical professors to a consideration wholly apart from their intrinsic deserts. This has been so for a century past. No doubt our partiality for foreigners was engendered at a period when their superiority was manifest. But times have greatly changed, and musicians with them. We have profited by the example of our continental visitors, who, in return for the fortunes they have earned in this country, have initiated the aborigines in the art of turning a penny for themselves.

It is now no longer indispensable to learn any branch of music from a foreign master. We have professors of harmony and composition, professors of the violin, pianoforte, organ and every other instrument, professors of singing, and professors of harmony, counterpoint and the art of composition—not "shams," as, with few exceptions, was formerly the case, but just as well-instructed and just as competent as the majority of those "illustrious

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* From the "Musical World," May 22, 1858.

strangers" who honour our foggy atmosphere by inhaling it.

How then are we to understand the predilection for *Signori*, *Messieurs*, and *Herren* that still prevails to so alarming an extent with the nobility and wealth of this country? How explain the fact that Signors Plotti and Rummi, who know nothing about singing, Herren Bauer and Bragger who know less of the piano, should be courted and patronised at the expense of their betters?—unless by the existence of a strong anti-national feeling among the upper classes, which might suggest a new chapter for the next edition of Mr. Thackeray's transcendent *Book of Snobs*. This hankering after bearded and mustachioed foreigners is, in short, snobbish to the last degree. It has also a bad tendency, inasmuch as it helps in a great measure to prevent those who should be the real patrons of art from acquiring a healthy taste for it. All the good that may be effected by quartets and sonatas, at the ———l ———n, is neutralised by the Italian professor of roulades, the French dealer in mock-sentiment, and the German clavier-splitter. The "English Mees" (as M. de Florac calls her, in *The Newcomes*) having just heard one of Beethoven's grandest works at St. James's Hall, which the "analytical synopsis" insinuates she is able to comprehend and enjoy, returns home to "sol fa" with Sig. Plotti, who has a sovereign contempt for the "*Musica tedesca senza melodia*," and to "thrum" with Herr Block, who tells his "schulerinn" that they don't know how to play German music in England. What follows? Beethoven is forgotten—for "Ernani involami," and the *Onzième Aubade* of Herr Block.

This brings us to another phase in the relations between exotic professors and their pupils. Generous, lavish—stupidly lavish—as we have been and are still in their praise, the foreigners by no means return our benevolence in grain. We have reason to know that, in the majority of instances, the meritorious English artist, who devotes himself nobly to the pursuit of art for art's sake, and is satisfied with the approbation of the public and the press, as a reward for all the toil, the wear and tear of physical

and mental faculties, inseparable from an earnest desire to attain the highest excellence, has no more busy enemies. Of course there are many admirable exceptions; but these are our Benedicts, our Garcias, Moliques, Costas, etc., whom we regard more as compatriots than as strangers—or such distinguished occasional visitors as Mendelssohn, Spohr, Ernst, Joachim and the like. Examples to the contrary—were we disposed to personality (which may happen some fine Saturday)—could be signalised by the dozen. At present we refrain from mentioning names. The system, adopted by the designing intriguers to whom we allude, is generally to damn by faint praise, wherever they cannot outrage public opinion by wholesale condemnation.

As for example:—

SCENE.—*The drawing-room at the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe's.*

THE DUCHESS OF FITZBATTLEAXE (*who speaks French, Italian, German, Spanish—anything but English*).—"Bon jour, Mons. Durillon d'Engelure. Je me suis bien amusée, hier, au concert de Mdlle. Dolby. J'ai entendu M. Lindsay Sloper. Il a joué la sonate en *la bémol* de Beethoven—œuvre 110—avec une finesse—un toucher—enfin une nettetté, qui m'ont plue, infiniment. N'est ce pas qu'il joue bien?"

MONS. DURILLON D'ENGELURE.—"Oui, Madame la Duchesse, il a du mérite, sans doute; mais, d'un autre côté, il est d'une froideur glaciale."

THE DUKE OF FITZBATTLEAXE (*an old soldier, who hates foreigners, and especially Frenchmen*).—"Ah, Mons. d'Engelure vous êtes sévère. Que dites vous àlors de notre grand pianist, Sterndale Bennett? Son talent doit plaire même aux Français, dont l'exigeance et vraiment provoquante."

M. DURILLON D'ENGELURE.—"Milord,—la gamme—même la gamme perlée, velou——tée—croyez le bien, Milord—n'est pas tout. Je recherche le style, voyez vous—le style. C'est le style, ainsi dit, qui lui manque. C'est par là qu'il pêche. Du reste, Milord, l'Anglais n'est pas né musicien. Il apprend, c'est vrai, mais à rebrousse-poil. Le John Bull pur sang aime plutôt juger—que dirai-je?—*payer* les artistes. Les choses s'arrangent bien comme cela Milord, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer. Mdlle. Marie et le jeune Arthur Napoléon Fitzbattleaxe m'attendent. J'entends déjà l'andante de mes *Murmures*, dont Mdlle. Marie surtout raffole." (*Exit* M. Durillon d'Engelure.)

DUKE (*to Duchess*).—"That fellow's a donkey."

DUCHESS (*to Duke*).—"Fi donc! Milord ————."

DUKE (*to Duchess*).—Do, for heaven's sake, speak English. I detest that d——d French jargon."

Enter Sig. Teseo Cipollani.

Duchess.—"Bon jour, Monsieur. Dites donc—M. Durillon d'Engelure n'aime pas trop le jeu de notre pianiste Sterndale Bennett. Mon mari trouve M. d'Engelure sévère————."

Duke (*for once bursting out into a French monosyllable*).—Bête."

Sig. Teseo Cipollani.—(*Aside*) "Bravissimo, il Dúca!" (*Aloud.*) Zére Madam—*e* la Duchessa—il y a zouer et zouer—*sapete voi.* Le mecanism—*e* et indispensable. Qu'il en possèd—*e*, je ne le nie pas. *Anche* a t-il un assez zoli tousser. *Ma* (*Per Bacco!*) zère Madam—*e*, ze demande surtout le sentiment—l'am—*e*—sans quoi le rest—*e fredda.* Quelque zos—*e manca.* Enfin—la *musica* z'est l'âm—*e*'et, *vice versâ*, l'âm—*e* z'est la *musica.*"

Duchess.—"Monsieur je vous sais grand connoisseur, et vous devez savoir. Après tout, le jeu de M. Bennett manque de distinction Aussi est-il quelque fois plat et tant soit peu"———

Sig. Teseo (*interrupting her with enthusiasm*).—"Agghiacciàto?"

Duchess —"Vous avez trouvé le mot. Vous êtes bien spirituel —bien fin.—Sig. Cipollato ——"

Sig. Teseo.—"Cipollani, s'il vous plait, Madam—*e* la Duchessa."

Enter Herr Block.

Duchess (*forgetting herself*).—"Ah, here's Herr Block. (*Recollecting herself*) Bon jour, Monsieur. Nous jasons pianistes. Monsieur ne veut pas que nous en ayions. Vous devez savoir mieux que lui puisque vous enseignez le piano; et vous êtes grand artiste par dessus le marché. Vous avez entendu avant-hier—au moins d'après ce que l'on me dit—vous avez entendu jouer la petite Goddard—Arabella—n'est ce pas vrai?"

Herr Block.—"Oui, Madame, je l'ai entendue."

Duchess.—"Qu'en pensez-vous, Herr Block?"

Herr Block.—"Plock, Matame, si'l vous blait. Je vous en prie, Matame je fais fous rebliquer. (*After some reflection, and with a look of great profundity*) Asirement, Matame, cedde bedide ville, elle sait vaire ses kammes—si l'art de jier sir le biano se porne a vaire tes kammes. Aber, bir vaire ein crant ardisde il vaut de brovondes gonnaissances enziglobètiques—ed le chénie—sirdoud le chénie. Aber, cedde bedide temoiselle se drombe en brenant la kamme bir le chénie."

(*Duke of Fitzbattleaxe rushes out. What else passes between the Duchess and Herr Block must be left to the imagination of the reader.*)

Whatever some of our readers may think, there is very little exaggeration in the above. We know several persons to whom foreign music-masters have spoken of English artists like Mr. Sloper, Professor Bennett, and Miss Arabella Goddard, in terms quite as disparaging as any

of those employed by M. Durillon d'Engelure, Sig. Cipollani, and Herr Block; and how this metropolis is infested with Engelures, Cipollanis and Blocks, it is hardly necessary to insist. Nevertheless, we may warn these gentlemen, in the language of Policeman X, that "there is a *hi* upon 'em," a bull's-eye—viz., John Bull's.

Foreign musicians have little to complain of here; and "Live and let live" should be their maxim no less than our own.

A LEONINE VIRTUOSO.

THERE is an evident and we believe insuperable antagonism between the modern style of pianoforte-playing, inculcated by the so-called "virtuosi" (who might be more appropriately denominated "viziosi"), and that which still enjoys the very modest title of "legitimate." The difference between the two is so marked that no one can possibly overlook it. It is the difference between the Ambigu-Comique and the Théâtre-Français, the *Trovatore* and *Don Giovanni*, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Hicks and Mr. Macready. It is the difference between tragedy and melodrama, common sense and bombast, poetry and rhodomontade. The question, however, is, can the two be reconciled? Can the professor of the one style either stoop or raise himself to the level of the other? In one respect we think *not*. We are quite sure that Mr. Disraeli is utterly incapable of writing a book like *The Newcomes*, and that Mr. Hicks could never have made even a tolerable Hamlet; but we are almost as certain that Mr. Macready, if inclined to amuse himself that way, could out-Hicks Hicks; while that Mr. Thackeray, when in the vein, can beat Mr. Disraeli on his own ground, is triumphantly shown in his *Codlingsby*, which we have always regarded as the literary masterpiece of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The same argument applies to the opposite schools of

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* From the "Musical World," June 5, 1858.

pianoforte-playing. The works of the fantasia-mongers are by no means impracticable to the fingers (the mind having nothing to say in the matter) of a pianist well "up" in the compositions of the classical masters. But *vice versâ* does not follow, as a matter of course. There have been numberless proofs to the contrary.

"Cette musique *naïve*"—exclaimed M. ———t, fumbling over a prelude of Mendelssohn's—"cette musique naïve, àpres tout, n'est pas *trop* facile. Fichtre!" M. ———t spoke from his heart, and very soon suiting the action to the word, abandoned the prelude, together with his intention of astonishing the English public after the special manner of "*virtuosi*" generally. He returned to his fantasias, and commended "*cette musique naïve*" to the prince of darkness. M. ———d de ———r, a very fire-eater among "*virtuosi*," being invited to a musical party at the house of a distinguished amateur, since deceased, was assigned, for his share in the programme, one of the sonatas of Dussek.* Nevertheless, having laboured hard for more than a week, he gave it up in despair. "This is not pianoforte music" ("Celle-ci n'est pas écrite pour le piano")—he insisted; and shutting up the book was speedily lost in arpeggios, chromatic scales ascending and descending, showers of octaves, and crossings of hands, thumbing the while some unhappy opera-tune, which had to make itself heard amidst all this smothering, smashing, and belabouring.† "Voilà un morçeau véritablement écrit pour piano!"—said the *virtuoso*, after a last sweep from one extremity of the key-board to the other, with both hands in contrary directions. The "distinguished amateur," however, was of a different opinion. He resided in Queen's-square, and preferred Bach's *perruque* to M. Liszt's *chevelure*‡—the head-dress of

* Op. 61. *The Elegy on the Death of Prince Ferdinand.*

† The drawing-room window was open. Mr. Thackeray was most likely passing near the house. At any rate, not long after, we read the famous description of "Such a getting upstairs," with variations.

‡ Let it not be supposed that we include Friar Liszt among the "virtuosi" proper. Heaven forbid we should hold him in such light esteem.

modern virtuosity, the first duty of which is to ape the highly gifted man from the least healthy part of whose idiosyncrasy it sprang. The "distinguished" amateur would not hear of anything being substituted for Dussek's sonata; and Sterndale Bennett, or some other *non-virtuoso*, played it at sight.

There are those, however, among the "virtuosi" who are more capable, if not more willing to play legitimate music as it should be played. Somebody asked Herr Castle—a devoted worshipper of Staudigl the singer—whether Staudigl could speak Italian. "I don't know, exactly"—replied Herr Castle—"but he could if he would." So the "virtuosi," to whom we are now alluding, "could" if they "would." But, alas! they won't. When they come across real music they are puzzled how to handle it. To bestow any amount of study upon it would be to step from a pedestal of their own imagining down to the standing point of their (presumed) inferiors. At first, it appears so easy, that they feel inclined to spread out the close harmonies into vaporous arpeggios, to double the passages in the bass, and to introduce subjects of their own—one for each thumb—with an eye (or rather a thumb) to richness and variety. A genuine "virtuoso" (a "lion" proper) cannot (or will not) understand twenty-four bars of pianoforte music in which the entire keyboard has not been once or twice galloped over. The "*jeu serré*"—where all the fingers are constantly employed (as in the fugues of Bach)—is as unwelcome to them as "*terre à terre*" dancing to the choregraph whose vocation is to cut capers half-way between floor and ceiling. They cannot (or will not) keep their fingers quiet. To "virtuosi" repose is nauseous—unless it be the repose indispensable to a winded acrobat. Thus they do injustice to their own executive powers and to the music set before them—by obtruding the former and caricaturing the latter.

A remarkable instance in illustration of the point in hand occurred the other night, when a "*virtuoso*" of the first water had to do with a concerto of Mozart. We do not mean Sig. Andreoli, but a "virtuoso" of such water

that it is unnecessary to designate him by name. A "lion" in the most leonine sense of the term, he treated the concerto of Mozart just as the monarch of the forest, hungry and truculent, is in the habit of treating the unlucky beast that falls to his prey. He seized it, shook it, worried it, tore it in pieces, and then devoured it, limb by limb. Long intervals of roaring diversified his repast. These roarings were "cadenzas." After having swallowed as much of the concerto as extended to the *point d'orgue* of the first movement, his appetite being in some measure assuaged, the lion roared vociferously, and so long, that many adverse to Mr. Owen Jones's idea of acoustics, admitted that, at all events, a "lion" could be heard from the "recess" in St. James's Hall. Having thus roared, our "lion's" appetite revived, and he ate up the slow movement as if it had been the wing of a partridge. (Never did slow movement so suddenly vanish.) Still ravenous, however, he pounced upon the finale—which having stripped to the *queue* ("*coda*"), he re-roared, as before. The *queue* was then disposed of, and nothing left of the concerto.

We remember, many years past, we used to go to Exeter Change, to see the lions fed, watching the movements of those noble and voracious quadrupeds, and listening to their roar with rapt attention. All our early impressions were revived on the present occasion; and we made a solemn vow to attend whenever and wherever the same "lion" should be advertised to devour another concerto. (He—the same "lion"—is to feed upon Weber's *Concertstück* on Monday, in the Hanover-square Rooms.—*Printer's Devil.*)

On the other hand this "lion," like Staudigl the singer, "could" speak Italian "if he would"—in other words, "roar you like any sucking-dove." But it goes against the grain with him; and we are sorry for it, since he is no ordinary "lion."

JULLIEN.

AN advertisement, headed "Jullien Fund," will be read on the front page, and a paragraph headed "M. Jullien," in the leading columns of our impression of to-day. The object of the framers of both was a very commendable one—viz.: that of raising an amount sufficient to maintain an old and well-deserving servant of the British public in a Lunatic Asylum, to which the most terrible affliction in the list of mortal ills and penalties had consigned him, and to save those nearest and dearest to him from the impending fate of penury, which, in case of M. Jullien's recovery being hopeless, awaited them. Scarcely, however, had the advertisement and paragraph been committed to type, than the sad news came from Paris, that death had solved the doubts and allayed the professional anxiety of those who were in attendance on the suffering musician. M. Jullien passed away, after having spent about a week at the asylum, superintended by M. le Docteur ——— at ———, near Paris.

At present it is superfluous, and indeed would be obtrusive, to enter into details about the causes and progress of that disease which has thus fatally terminated. Nor is this the time or place to attempt a history of M. Jullien's very remarkable career, the most brilliant epoch of which, eminent and prosperous as he had been in other

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* From the "Musical World," March 17, 1860.

countries, and especially in France, was achieved in England and its immediate dependencies. It is enough—while recording the unwelcome intelligence of his being thus cut off in the prime and vigour of life—to offer some brief reflections on the man now lost to the world, and the influence, social and artistic, which he exercised.

Jullien was essentially and before all a man for the people. He loved to entertain the people; he loved to instruct the people; and the people were just as fond of being taught as of being amused by Jullien. His peculiarities, even his foibles, were but particles of a whole, portions of an idiosyncracy, which—combined with such geniality, moral and physical, such hearty earnestness and such intense devotion to his task, as has seldom distinguished a public character in that particular walk of life in which his energies were exhibited—made Jullien what he was. The performance of his public duties became not so much a task as a delight to Jullien. Pleasure beamed on his countenance as he rapped upon his conductor's desk, with that much admired, never-to-be-forgotten *bâton;* pleasure as he began, pleasure as he advanced, pleasure as he ended his labours, with the innate conviction that his aim had been accomplished and his audience gratified. There was, too, between him and them a kind of magnetic sympathy. Jullien knew, when he appeared, that his apparition was welcome to the crowd, and that only he in the same position could have afforded them the same degree of satisfaction. And this satisfaction on the side of his supporters did not simply arise from the indisputable fact of his having, during a long series of years, done more for their recreation, and at a cheaper rate, worked more zealously for their service in his peculiar way, and with proportionate success, than any other within the memory of the oldest of them. There was something more than all in the background. The mere personality of the man exercised a spell, a fascination, which rendered it a forlorn chance for a rival, no matter what his gifts, no matter what his experience, no matter what his acquirements, to attempt to fill the post, if Jullien was known to be alive, still more if Jullien was known to be at hand. Much of his

popularity has been, and not altogether unreasonably, attributed to his physical conformation. To features intelligent and even handsome, a frame robust and firmly knit—with no sign of corpulence, however, but, while beneath the ordinary stature, almost a Hercules in strength of frame and symmetry of proportions—there was added a stamp of originality so marked, that Jullien could by no possibility ever be mistaken for another, even by those who might have obtained a glance at him for once and once only. It sufficed to place any temporary interloper before the same rostrum, at the so-called Promenade Concerts, to prove the immeasurable superiority—unaccountable it may be, but immeasurable—of Jullien. So singular and vivid, indeed, was the physical impression he created, that his figure became a household shape no less than his name a household word, throughout the length and breadth of the country in which for so many years he resided, and to the delight of whose populations he had so long, indefatigably and successfully ministered.

No public man ever so suddenly achieved popularity as Jullien. He had scarcely taken the conductor's stick out of the hands of Mr. Eliason (one of the earliest institutors of the London Promenade Concerts), than he became famous. He figured as often in *Punch* (never, be it remembered, to his detriment) as any of the political notorieties of the day. Such unprecedented vogue, too, he preserved, undiminished, for a period of over twenty years; and it is more than likely, had it been permitted him to resume, next November, his accustomed functions, in one of our great theatres (Drury Lane had been confidently reckoned on) he would have approached the public without one atom of his popularity abated. As the winter months that usher in Christmas were gloomy without him, so were they cheerful and brilliant with his periodical presence, which kindled like a fire, dissipated the fog, and warmed and enlivened all who came under its influence. The public and Jullien were, like old intimate friends, accustomed to look forward to an annual meeting—a meeting which was a festival to both of them, and the failure of which was a grievous disappointment. The last of those pleasant festivals, however, has been

JULLIEN.

held; and henceforth—in our time, at least, when a new Jullien is not likely to arise—Promenade Concerts (should such speculations again be projected) will resemble any other entertainments, good, bad, or indifferent, as the case may be, but with nothing to mark them out, as exceptional and apart from such things in ordinary.

That Jullien did not make an ill use of his amazing influence with his patrons—whom, as we all remember, he could take by the button-hole when it suited his humour, and chide like children, if they were not as orderly during a performance of classical music, as he thought decorous and expedient—it is unnecessary to insist. What he was as a conductor, as a composer, and especially as a refiner of the public taste, is too notorious and too recent to be argued in detail. But it was to a combination of mental with physical attributes quite peculiar to himself, that his unexampled popularity must be traced, and that potent spell which he exercised over the public mind for so lengthy a period of time. Add to this a keen and lively intellect, uncommon enthusiasm, and as warm a heart as ever beat with kindly sympathy for others, and we have summed up the qualities that not merely explain Jullien's triumphs in the sphere to which his public talents called him, but the universal regard and affection in which he was held by those who counted among the number of his friends. He has gone to his last home, and, we believe, with the deep and unanimous regret of all who knew him either in his public or private capacity. Let us, then, express an earnest hope that the general sympathy excited by the news of his having been confined in a lunatic asylum will not be extinguished by the fact of his now being beyond earthly succour, and that those who have instituted and superintended the progress of the Jullien Fund, will carry out their benevolent object on behalf of the devoted wife and near relatives whom Jullien's death has left without the means of subsistence.

GRISI'S FAREWELL.*

LAST night Mme. Grisi took her benefit and her farewell of the English stage. The entertainment comprised the first act of "Norma," and the first, second and fourth acts of the "Huguenots." We have seen a more crowded but never a more sympathetic—it might almost be said warm-hearted—audience. Every scene, every situation—nay, in sober truth, every note, accent, look and gesture of the great public favourite, was watched with intense and unremitting interest. Wherever there was a chance for applauding the applause came down "like thunder" and not a familiar point escaped the enthusiastic tribute which long habit had made traditional. Norma and Valentine were just the parts to select for such an occasion. Norma is bound up with the earliest, Valentine with the most recent triumphs of the artist whose remarkable impersonation of both characters is a test not merely of the power, but of the versatility of her genius. Of Grisi's versatility, however, as to her many other rare and excellent gifts, enough has been said. To praise at this moment would be not less out of place than to criticise. Her career has been twenty times narrated, and it would hardly become us to dwell upon its unprecedented length or, indeed, to say more than that its final close was in keeping with its brilliant antecedents. The artistic progress of Grisi in this country has been one

* From the "Times," July 25, 1861.

of unvarying and honourably earned success. No foreign singer ever kept so firm a hold on the affections of the English public, or maintained it for so many seasons, and through so many changes and vicissitudes, unimpaired; no one, in short, has done half so much to spread the taste for Italian music among us. When Grisi first came to England the opera was a fashionable luxury; it is now almost a popular want.

Perhaps, of the two performances last night, that of "Norma" was the most thoroughly enjoyed—doubtless because it was most congenial to the nature and idiosyncrasy of the artist. We shall not attempt to describe the reception that greeted the Norma of Normas when she stepped forth from among the priestesses, sickle in hand, to rebuke the murmuring crowd. "Sedioze voci" they were not, but the voices of hearty admiration and allegiance, that now for the last time bade her welcome on the stage she has done so much to elevate and refine. The commencement was a foretaste of the rest. The recitative at the sacred tree; the slow movement of the *cavatina*, "Casta Diva," delivered in accents that half betrayed an ill-suppressed emotion; the trio with Adalgisa (Mme. Rudersdorff) and Pollio (Signor Tamberlik)—conspicuous in the midst of which were, as of old, the two declamatory passages, "Oh! non tremare, o perfido" and "O! di qual sei tu vittima" (the first encored, the second applauded with rapture)—and the eloquent dialogue in which Norma listened with an interest that no one has ever been able to assume like Grisi to the story of Adalgisa—one and all enthralled the audience. The fall of the curtain was the signal for just such a demonstration as some of us may remember seven years back, and which the pen refuses now, as it did then, to portray. Of the "Huguenots" what need be said? Suffice it that Mario was Raoul, and that, although, labouring under a slight hoarseness, the great Italian tenor threw all the passion of which he is so complete a master into the delineation of his part. It was nearly an hour past midnight when Raoul had leapt through the window, and Valentine uttered the scream of despair which accom-

panies the abrupt departure of her lover. Not a soul, however, had quitted the theatre. All remained to do honour to Grisi. Thrice she traversed the stage: once attended by Signor Mario, without whose assistance one half of the magnificent bouquets flung from the most prominent boxes must have been abandoned; and twice alone, when—why suppress the truth?—her face was suffused in tears, and she seemed to have hardly strength to express her grateful recognition of the sympathy she had elicited. A "benefit" at the Crystal Palace and a "tour" in the provinces are to follow; but the last of Giulia Grisi has been seen and heard in London.

ILMA DE MURSKA.*

THE second appearance of Mlle. Ilma de Murska emphatically confirmed the impression created by her first. Though it would hardly be safe to draw conclusions from a single assumption, it is more than probable that in securing the services of this lady the director of Her Majesty's Theatre has been eminently fortunate. One of the most remarkable features in her impersonation of Lucy Ashton is the absence of conventional stage business that distinguishes every part of it. Her conception, while good and really dramatic, is entirely her own; and she carries it out from scene to scene in a way of her own, never reminding us of any peculiarity in any other singer. The culminating point of her performance is the incident of the madness. There are excellent things in the earlier passages of the opera—genuine feeling, for example, in the duet where her brother reveals to her the contents of the fatal letter, thoroughly well-feigned emotion in the second finale—the signing of the contract with the unexpected apparition of her cheated lover, Edgardo, under whose indignant reproach she seems to wither. But the madness sweeps all that precedes clean out of the memory. Nothing more original has been witnessed for years, nothing more vivid, intense, and, while thoroughly dramatic, at the same time,

* From the "Times," May 15, 1865.

thoroughly true to nature. The appearance of Mlle. de Murska is marked by as powerful an individuality as her vocal and histrionic talent. The slender frame; the vacant, haggard aspect; the long dishevelled tresses; the complexion ghastly white; the eyes, that from the front appear coal black and contrast forcibly with the blonde chevelure, produce a singular impression as Lucia runs before the lamps, with strange, wild gestures, pouring forth the melancholy notes which Donizetti has put into the mouth of his demented heroine. In this heartrending situation, so well imagined by the poet, so eloquently expressed by the musician, Mlle. de Murska rivets attention from beginning to end. There is madness in all she does—madness in her singing as well as in her acting. The daring flights in which she indulges seem to come from her, not by the aid of vocal facility, but quite unconsciously, and that she should invariably succeed in them seems to surprise no one so little as herself. The harmonious verse of Shelley:

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art"

receives apt and striking illustration. The great range of Mlle. de Murska's voice, which, among other feats, enables her to attack with extraordinary ease and without preparation the highest notes of the scale, serves her to admirable purpose in this very impressive and absorbing scene. It is here always at ready command—more so, indeed, than in other parts of the opera, and especially the opening air, "Regnava nel silencio." The result is a series of "bravura" traits and elaborate ornaments, which do not, as is frequently the case, stand forth as exhibitions of the singer's capabilities, at the expense of the dramatic and musical sentiment, but seem to grow out of the situation as the natural utterances of Lucia's wandering intellect. But, not to seek further for reasons, analyse it as we may, this scene is a legitimate triumph for Mlle. de Murska. Rarely have we witnessed an audience giving way to a more spontaneous ebullition of transport than when the mad Lucia, crushed under despair, exhausted with fruitless exclamations rushes wildly off

the stage to be no longer seen. It is always exciting to contemplate a display of rare artistic excellence: but, when that is accompanied by startling originality and a self-abandonment that almost induces a belief that the actress and the character represented are identical, as in the instance under notice, the excitement is four-fold. The future progress of Mlle. de Murska will be watched with real interest.

CHERUBINI'S "MEDEA."*

IT is pleasant to record the success of such a work as the "Medea" of Cherubini. Highly as it is esteemed by good judges, it has hitherto been a myth to the large majority of musicians and amateurs in this country. Even in Germany it is but seldom given, and the announcement of "Medea" at one of the few theatres which still preserve it in the list of their immediately available operas is temptation strong enough to induce any enthusiastic tourist with a leaning towards fine music to prolong his sojourn in a town which can boast of such a theatre. The chance of hearing "Medea" even tolerably played has always been considered too precious to neglect, inasmuch as it might not occur again in a lifetime. And yet, strange to add, every one lucky enough to obtain that chance, comes away from the performance firmly convinced that he has been listening to a masterpiece with few equals, and perhaps not a single superior. None ever thought of comparing "Medea" with either of the tragic operas of Mozart—"Idomeneo" or "La Clemenza di Tito." Its loftier merits as a dramatic composition are denied by very few who have enjoyed the rare opportunity of testing them. How, then, account for the almost universal neglect into which it has fallen? How explain the fact that, though originally composed for the Théâtre Feydeau in Paris, it is never to be heard

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* From the "Saturday Review," June 16, 1865.

Thérèse Tietjens

1862.

at the Opéra Comique, or indeed at any theatre in France? True, some time ago, there was a talk of its revival at the larger theatre in the Rue Lepelletier, with the spoken dialogue thrown into accompanied recitative for the occasion by M. Salvador Cherubini, a son of the composer; but the recitative was not forthcoming, and the design fell through. In the country where Cherubini should be honoured as one of the most illustrious of illustrious Florentines, as the greatest pupil of the great Tosti—a pupil who far outstripped his master—the "Medea" was never produced, though another "Medea," not to be named in comparison, was once popular all over Italy. This is the "Medea" of John Simon Mayr, an Italianized German, who composed upwards of seventy operas, now buried in oblivion—the same "Medea" to which the English public were forced to pay homage by the histrionic genius of Pasta. Cherubini never heard any of the works he composed for Paris sung to his own pliant, beautiful and harmonious language. That in England, where we have transplanted the operas of Meyerbeer, Auber, Spohr and even Halévy to the Italian stage, and where the love for what is regarded as "classical" is so general that both our Italian lyric theatres found it expedient in the same year (1851) to appropriate to their purposes "Fidelio" itself—the aspiring effort of the most aspiring and uncompromising of musicians—no thought should ever have been bestowed upon a dramatic composer of such repute as Cherubini, is singular. His requiems and masses for the church have long been received and admired among us; while his operatic overtures are familiar to frequenters of orchestral concerts, wherever orchestras can be found sufficiently well trained to execute them decently. But the operas to which these overtures are merely preludes remain unknown. And yet they have been warmly and repeatedly eulogized by authorities looked upon with excellent reason as trustworthy. While citing Beethoven, indeed, a contemporary might have adduced Beethoven's own words in the famous letter about the second mass—the fact of which having called forth no acknowledgment from Cherubini was in-

explicable, until accounted for by the other fact of its never having reached Cherubini's hands. For though, as Mendelssohn tells us, the composer of "Medea" said of Beethoven's later music: "Ça me fait éternuer," he entertained a genuine respect for the earlier and middle productions of that magnificent genius.

The rest were, perhaps, not exactly in his sphere. But, apart from Beethoven and other distinguished Germans, there are those at home on whose opinions sufficient reliance might have been placed to justify long since a trial of one of the operas of Cherubini, either in Italian or in English. The time is come at last, however, and the result surpasses what could, under any circumstances, have been expected.

Since Mr. Lumley first ventured on presenting Beethoven's "Fidelio" in an Italian dress, no such event has signalised the history of Her Majesty's Theatre as the production of Cherubini's "Medea" under similar circumstances. An opera better calculated to introduce with dignity this eminent master to a public hitherto only acquainted with his dramatic music by report, could hardly have been selected. The story of Jason's heartless infidelity and Medea's terrible revenge, was just suited to Cherubini, in whom the gift of flowing melody was not by any means so conspicuous as that of dramatic expression, and whose genius, always soaring, could seldom gracefully lend itself to the illustration of ordinary human character, or of the common feelings and incidents of ordinary human life—which appears even in his admirable comic opera, "Les Deux Journées." Happily the poet, F. B. Hoffman—"Méhul's Hoffman," chiefly remembered for his zealous advocacy of Méhul's music, a sort of literary jack-of-all-trades, who wrote verses, criticisms, pamphlets and opera-books—followed Euripides, rather than Seneca, in his portraiture of Medea, and thus afforded Cherubini an opportunity of putting forth a giant's strength. The Medea of Euripides is sublime even amid her cruel acts of vengeance—a woman, metamorphosed by fate into an inexorable Nemesis. She is not the commonplace fury portrayed by

the Roman philosopher in that dull tragedy which, with its tedious declamation, prosy rhetoric and childish incantations, must surely have been read, from a "presentation copy" by Petronius Arbiter, who was otherwise not the man to hold up Seneca to ridicule under the grandiloquent name of Agamemnon. By the side of his abandoned spouse, the fickle Jason, chief of the Argonauts, looks contemptible, and all his smooth-faced sophistry fails to convince the spectator that his doom is not well merited.

In Creon, the Corinthian king, whose daughter is the cause of the alienation of Jason's affections from the Colchian princess, we have one of those lay figures peculiar to Greek tragedy. In Dirce, the talked-about but never present Glauca of Euripides—the Creusa of Seneca—little better than a nonentity can be recognised, her dread of Medea ill consorting with her ready consent to wed the father of Medea's children. The Athenian Ægeus—in Mayr's libretto, the sentimental adorer of Creon's daughter, which accounts for the sympathy he shows for her rival—is happily discarded by Cherubini's dramatic poet, who really could not have fashioned him into anything like a shape amenable to effective musical treatment. But, as in Euripides, every other character is made subordinate to the one commanding personage of Medea, and in adopting this view of the Athenian poet, the French librettist showed not merely a great deal of commonsense, but a true instinct of poetic beauty. At any rate, he handed over to the composer a classic model capable of the loftiest treatment, and it must be confessed that Cherubini's musical embodiment rivals the antique conception. In points of less significance, wherever the libretto of Hoffman incidentally differs from the tragedy, it is to the studied advantage of the musician, and as these for the most part are limited to visible representations of what in the original is supposed to take place behind the scene, there is no violation of strict tragic decorum. The celebration of the marriage rights between Dirce and Jason, with all the characteristic pomp and ceremony, the paraphernalia of the temple, the canto

fermo of the priests, alternately taken up by the voices of men and women, and ever and anon mingling with the majestic harmony of the procession march—the whole witnessed behind a pedestal by the forlorn Medea, already breathing vows of death and desolation—may be cited as an example of what the poet has done for the composer, and of the extraordinary skill with which the composer has availed himself of the opportunity thus presented.

There is not a more splendid and masterly finale than this in any opera that could be cited. Spontini's great scene in "La Vestale" is scarcely, in comparison, better than so much empty noise.

The whole musical setting forth of "Medea" proves that Cherubini had mentally grasped the subject before putting pen to paper. He has presented us with Euripides in music. His Jason is weak and vacillating; his Dirce is a pale abstraction; his Creon is abrupt and rugged as the Scythian king of Gluck; his Medea is sublime. Even Neris, Medea's constant and attached follower, has an air, when she vows that she will follow the fortunes of her mistress to the end—"Ah! Nos peines seront communes" (we quote from the original), which endows the character with a strong and touching individuality. Gluck was Greek in his two "Iphigénies," his "Alceste" and his "Orphée"; but Cherubini is still more supremely and superbly Greek in his "Medea." Not one of Gluck's heroines stands out so rock-like as this marvellous creation, which is to high tragedy what Beethoven's "Fidelio" is to the drama of sentiment. That Beethoven could have given us a "Medea" it is hardly safe to doubt, admitting, as all are bound to admit, that he was the Shakespeare among musicians; but whether he could (or would) have cast his heroine in that severely classic mould which in Cherubini's creation exhibits the daughter of Æetes as something more than earthly—a veritable descendant of the sun—is questionable. Beethoven, like Shakespeare—all of whose characters, no matter what they say and do are unmistakable sons and daughters of Eve—leaned too lovingly to human nature;

but the "Medea" of Cherubini, like the "Medea" of Euripides, woman as she appears in her impassioned moments, shows a touch of the demi-goddess that places her apart from the actual sphere of humanity.

To enter into a detailed analysis of the music of "Medea" would take up far more space than can be allotted to a single article. Our present object is merely to record that a signal success has attended an uncommonly bold and creditable venture. That so poor a production as the Italian "Medea" of the Bavarian Mayr, composed in 1812, should have superseded so true a masterpiece as the French "Medea" of the Florentine Cherubini, composed in 1797, and have held the stage for nearly half a century, amid general applause, in almost every considerable town of Europe where Italian opera existed, is one of those problems not easy to solve, and which alone can find precedents in the history of the musical art. It affords an instance, among many, of how executants, particularly singers, have been regarded as everything, while what they were appointed to execute has been slurred over as of small importance. Mme. Pasta created and established the Medea with which the last half century has been familiar and yet, illustrious as is her name, who, now that she is gone, remembers, or would care to remember, a single bar of the opera? Mme. Pasta could not, it is true, have sung the music of Cherubini, which according to M. Fétis and others, laid the seeds of a pulmonary complaint that ultimately robbed the Théâtre Feydeau of the services of the renowned Mme. Scio,* but happily there is a singer at Her Majesty's Theatre to whom Medea comes as readily as Fidelio. No performance of Mlle. Tietjens since Mr. Lumley first introduced her to the public in 1858, has so emphatically stamped her as a great and genuine artist. Her Medea must take a higher rank than her Fidelio, inasmuch as it belongs to sublime tragedy; while the music

* Who nevertheless was strong enough to aid in the success of an opera by the same composer brought out three years later (1800) —no other than "Les Deux Journées"—in which Madame Scio played with extraordinary success the part of Constance.

of Cherubini, still more trying and difficult than that of Beethoven, requires greater skill to execute, and greater physical power to sustain with unabated vigour to the end. The last act of "Medea," one of the grandest last acts in opera, ancient or modern—exhibits Mlle. Tietjens no less as a consummate tragedian than as a consummate vocalist in the particular school to which she belongs. Each gesture has its meaning, each accent tells. But in almost every other respect the performance of "Medea" at Her Majesty's Theatre is excellent. The Jason of Herr Gunz, the Dirce of Miss Laura Harris, the Neris of Mlle. Sinico, and, above all, the Creon of Mr. Santley, are thoroughly efficient. The orchestra and chorus are nothing less than splendid; and the utmost credit is due to Signor Arditi, not only for the efficient manner in which he has produced a work of almost unexampled difficulty, but for the discreet and, at the same time, musician-like manner in which he has set the spoken dialogue (an indispensable element at the Opéra Comique) to accompanied recitative. Mr. Telbin, too, has supplied some appropriate scenery, and the opera is altogether well put upon the stage. That "Medea" will, like "Fidelio," take a permanent place in the repertory of Her Majesty's Theatre is, we think, certain; and with this conviction we hope shortly to find an opportunity of speaking of it again. No unknown work was ever received with more spontaneous and undisputed approval.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.*

IN addition to the always welcome reappearance of Mr. Hallé, the concert last night was remarkable for the fourteenth performance of Beethoven's—in its way inimitable—septet for violin, viola, violoncello, clarinet, "French horn," bassoon and double bass, played as perfectly as could be wished by Messrs. Strauss, H. Webb, Paque, Lazarus, C. Harper, Winterbottom and Reynolds, and applauded, as never fails to be the case, enthusiastically, movement after movement.

The "Septet" is one of those inspirations that, no matter how staid and conventional the forms, are perennially fresh. By the side of this extraordinary production of Beethoven's early time may appropriately be placed Haydn's delightful quartet in G, the first of a set of six, Op. 76. This had never been previously introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts; and the sensation it created should be a formidable argument against those who would urge the director to depart from the plan with which he wisely set out, and his adherence to which has been the real secret of his almost unparalleled success. Mr. Chappell's intention was evidently to make the general public familiar with the masterpieces of art with which the great composers have enriched the repertory of the "chamber"—to do, in short, for the many, what the

* Part of an article from the "Times" January 23, 1866.

old Philharmonic Concerts contemplated doing for the few in the attraction of orchestral music and what the Sacred Harmonic Society had done for the many in that of oratorio. Experimental dabbling in unrecognised works would be fatal to such a scheme and Mr. Chappell has judiciously avoided it. When it is remembered that Haydn completed no less than eighty-two quartets, and that every one of the eighty-two is too good to be buried in oblivion, the vast field open to the director of the Monday Popular Concerts becomes apparent; and until all quartets and quintets, sonatas, etc., of all the great masters are made known to those who, night after night, flock to St. James's Hall on these occasions, any deviation from the original idea would be inadvisable. It is all very well for worn-out and jaded connoisseurs to say "we have heard this before"; but the great mass has not heard it; and it is good that the great mass should hear it. Who would think of mixing up the exhibition of new pictures in May with the masterpieces of the National Gallery?

Mrs. J. V. Darcieux
with kindest regards
Pauline

"PARADISE AND THE PERI."*

THE other night, after an interval of nearly ten years, Schumann's cantata, *Das Paradies und die Peri*, was once more heard in Hanover Square, where it had been heard before (23rd of June, 1856) under the same conductor. The period that has elapsed has not been very rich with the fruits of musical genius. Judging from the point of view of absolute "creation," indeed, the art has rather gone back than gone forward. The two most remarkable musicians who outlived Mendelssohn—Spohr and Meyerbeer—have both died, their mission fully accomplished, for the latest works of these composers can scarcely be regarded as their best. Schumann, too, is dead, and with him died the hopes of "Young Germany." Whether the incessant overstraining of a mind irritably conscious of that want of generative fertility which must for ever have militated against the chance of his becoming one of the glorious company of masters did not hasten on the malady which first disturbed the wits and then destroyed the life of Robert Schumann, is open to question. Most likely it did. At any rate his last compositions are far from being his happiest. On the other hand, music in this country has made rapid strides, and an appreciation of what is artistically good is becoming more and more general. The

* From the "Musical World" and "Pall Mall Gazette," April, 1866.

works of Schumann have been the tardiest to reap any benefit from our strengthened capability of judgment; and, their peculiar character considered, this is not by any means extraordinary. Perhaps no master of high tendencies ever possessed so few of the qualifications formed to allure and convince the many; no master was ever more sparingly endowed with the rare yet indispensable gift of spontaneous melody. Not one of Schumann's works, his very finest not excepted, has sprung from that unconsciously creative impulse which endows with indefinable charm whatever we derive from Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, to whom melody was a natural speech, and whose ideas assumed artistic shape during the very process of conception. Nor did the organisation of Schumann allow him any chance of overcoming the technical rules of his art, so as to bend them to his purpose, as in the instance of Mendelssohn, who, when least plastic, is invariably attractive, and who could make comparatively insignificant ideas look like things of beauty, by the fascination of his manner and the form in which he presented them. Nevertheless, the intellectual depth, the aspiration, the moral sincerity, the faith, the yearning, and above all the enthusiasm of Schumann, have done their work, and gained him, if not a very numerous, at least a very devoted and uncompromising army of followers. These, by their persistent, specious and often eloquent, because rarely disingenuous, preaching, have widened the circle of his appreciators, and driven much of his music into the hearts of amateurs, as well as of musicians. I especially allude to his orchestral overtures and symphonies, certain of his compositions for the chamber, and certain of his fugitive vocal pieces—solos or part songs. His most extended works, however, such as the opera *Genoveva*, and the cantata *Das Paradies und die Peri*, have not made such decided progress as to satisfy his apostles, and, what is more, have small chance of ever doing so. To appease the Schumannites, you must prostrate yourself before their idol. But it was not in Schumann to enchain the interest of an audience, however musically cultivated, for three hours at a sitting.

Even when happiest in his first thoughts and most ingenious in his artistic contrivances, he was checked by that want of "flow," that inability to carry on, and at the same time remain homogeneous, which was his Nemesis, and stood like a rock in the way to the *ultima thule* of his ambition.

Das Paradies und die Peri has two grave defects, the one of spirit, the other of form. The first defect is the utter unfitness of the music for the poem to which it is wedded. With all its flowery conceits and redundant imagery, Moore's *Paradise and the Peri* is but a simple piece of work, much better adapted to the unelaborate though by no means infelicitous treatment it has found in Dr. Bennett's "programme overture," familiar to those who attend the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, for whose jubilee it was composed. There is quite as much in Dr. Bennett's music as in Moore's poetry, and though written for instruments alone, this overture, with the assistance of a synopsis, tells the tale as fully, while as concisely, as could be desired. But Schumann, who understood no English, evidently saw, or thought he saw, very grave matter in the Irishman's "Paradise." A gloomy mystic himself, he detected mysticism in one of the least pretending efforts of the liveliest of epigrammatic versifiers. Fancy half-an-hour's light reading stretched out into a long three hours of heavy music! The bard of Erin, whose musical aspirations never soared above a national tune, would no longer have recognised himself. In the waves of Schumann's harmony Moore's tiny poem fares something like a shallop in a tempest. In short, anything more utterly uncongenial to the spirit of Moore's poetry than the laboured music of Schumann could scarcely be imagined.

The other defect to which I would call attention more immediately concerns *Das Paradies und die Peri* in an abstract musical sense. It is not alone spun out to an intolerable length, the worth of its subject-matter taken into consideration, but it does not hang together. You may hear it a dozen times and the mind fail to grasp it as a whole. The whole, in short, looked at dispassionately, is

inchoate. It has no *raison d'être*. Melody there is, and that not hackneyed, for Schumann disdained to appropriate other people's property in tune just as he disdained to patch up tattered raiment and make it pass for new, after the style of a popular French composer whom it is unlawful to criticise. But the melody does not flow on in a continuous stream like the melody of the great masters; it is for ever coming to a stop, and when one phrase is over we are carried on to the next through a desultory succession of chords and modulations. Schumann's want of the power of continuity is nowhere shown in so forcible a light as in this. If we look through his *Paradise*, we shall find that when the melody is at any time natural, flowing and complete, it is in very short movements, where the leading phrase is constantly repeated, sometimes with changes in the accompaniment, sometimes without change. As an example, I may cite the first air of the Peri ("Wie glücklich sie wandeln die sel'gen Geister"). Here the song is made up of two phrases, one in the minor key, six-eight measure, the other in the major, four-eight measure; and these are repeated again and again with little or no modification. This pretty song contains almost the only absolute tune in the first part of the work; but pretty as it is, its chief claim to attention is the piquant manner in which the key is made to coquet between B and F sharp minor, the fact that the latter is intended not being established till the end. Though the melody is broken up, and therefore less symmetrical, the opening of the second part ("Die Peri tritt mit schüchterner Geberde") for tenor and contralto (solo), with chorus of angels, is still more attractive. It is also quite fresh and new, which cannot be said of the other. Indeed, the second part comprises the chief beauties of the work, notwithstanding the tiresome monotony and patchy construction of the chorus in B minor, a chorus supposed to be sung by the Genii of the Nile, who, like the angels just mentioned, are the exclusive "properties" of Schumann's German adapter. In the world of spirits, however, Schumann was out of his element. Both his mental idiosyncrasy and his want of technical facility militated

against his free handling of such subjects. The tenor solo and quartet ("Die Peri weint, von ihrer Thräne scheint") also has melody, both in the voice parts and in the orchestra—a rare coincidence with Schumann. The contralto solo ("Verlassener Jüngling"), where we are introduced to the young maiden tending her plague-stricken lover, and dying with, sooner than abandon, him—a tiresome and characteristic piece of *remplissage*, without the faintest touch of musical beauty—is the other dull passage of the second part. The interview between the lovers, the catastrophe, and its effect upon the aspiring Peri, are described in the last two pieces. The air in which the maiden supplicates her lover to let her share his fate—

"O lass mich von der Luft durchdringen,"

is not alone eminently expressive, but exquisitely beautiful; the scene of the double death is just as genuine in another sense, and the Peri's air ("Schlaf nun," etc.), with a chorus, as lovely as it is brief. We have Moore's simplicity and grace, with a depth of feeling to which Moore never reached. The last number in the cantata that sounds anything like tune is the chorus of Houris, at the opening of the third part, which might be mistaken for a page out of M. Gounod's pastoral opera, *Philemon et Baucis*. This, however, is commonplace, and unlike anything else of Schumann that could be cited.

Paradise and the Peri is weakest precisely where it should be strongest. The larger pieces are prolix and fragmentary, often cacophonous, full of anti-climaxes and queer progressions of harmony, rambling from one key to another, in the style of that redoubtable enemy of keys, Herr Wagner. Occasional strong points might be named in the *finale*, ending with a fugue *alla capella* ("Denn heilig ist das Blut"), which, built upon a short theme of four bars, seems as if it would never come to an end; but there are still more weak ones, and the whole is as prosy as it is pretentious. The last *finale* ("Freud', ew'ge Freude"), for the Peri and chorus, has been greatly lauded; but I cannot join in the praises that

are lavished on it. It is, to my thinking, inflated and bombastic. The two themes out of which it is constructed, and which are repeated *usque ad nauseam*, are not by any means strikingly new, though a certain "ring" about them is undeniable. Then I can see no positive reason why the *finale* should not come to an end at least half a dozen times in the course of its progress, inasmuch as there is nothing to make up for its protracted duration. The singer who has to deliver the solo part is to be pitied, the eternal strain on the voice in the higher register bringing with it no compensating effect. In one place the Peri to the words "Wie selig") has to sustain, against the voices of the full choir and the continual crash of the full orchestra, no less than ten bars of high A's (semibreves), followed by G's, F sharps, F naturals, E's, and E flats, in proportion, before she arrives at her first pause, on D. And further on, as if this were not enough, immediately after some half a dozen A's, she has to scream out as many high C's, under equally disadvantageous circumstances. Beethoven overtaxes the voices, but then his music excuses his cruelty. Schumann, on the contrary, does little to atone for his exacting so much. The progression in the orchestra which accompanies the last named feat of the Peri, when the basses climb leisurely up in measured semitones, against a harmony that does not fit, until they find themselves once more comfortably lodged on the key-note from which they started, is not music at all but mere noise. There are other instances of impure writing in *Paradise and the Peri*, one of the most flagrant of which occurs in the double chorus (Part III), which begins like an ordinary psalm-tune. I know nothing worse than the passage of imitation ("O heilige Thränen") led off by the basses, and successively taken up, on different positions of the scale, by the tenors, altos and sopranos. It is in no key whatever. But even this is outdone by the chromatic ascending scale of basses in the *finale*.

Our musical criticism runs the risk of drifting into twaddle. A new style has sprung up, which may be described as the dilettante-sentimental. A gush of

dilettante-sentiment has lately been emitted at the expense of the French composer, M. Gounod, who in certain coteries seems to be regarded less as a man than as a woman, on no account to be rudely handled. The attempt at the trial of a recent law case to make Mr. Benedict say what he did not think, failed, it is true. Well persuaded that no criticism can keep out, much less put down, what is genuine; that M. Gounod has written indifferent music as well as good; and that, while his indifferent things have been fairly criticised, his good things have been heartily welcomed, Mr. Benedict was not to be cheated into giving evidence against conviction by however ingenious a cross-examiner. But as we are in danger of becoming maudlin about M. Gounod, whose tender love-scene in the garden, and other passages of the emotional kind, have enlisted a tolerable amount of petticoat sympathy, so we are in peril of becoming tetchy about a very different kind of man—a more thoughtful, intellectual, and indeed higher-class man than M. Gounod, and yet not quite the demigod for which some of us are striving hard to make him pass. The music of Robert Schumann has been a topic of controversy ever since his death (July 29, 1856), was a topic of controversy before his death, and is likely to be a topic of controversy until some new genius shall arise to set matters straight and tell us by comparison what it is worth. Why then should certain dilettanti writers be irritably opposed to the continued discussion of its claims to acceptance? Why should a contributor to one of our weekly contemporaries who openly avows that he, and those who think with him about Schumann, "can scarcely be said to have made up their minds on the matter," recommend "criticism," "as the wisest thing under the circumstances," "to stand aside for awhile and let the matter be judged before a larger tribunal?" "Stand aside," and allow the *Reader* to talk eloquently through a couple of columns, while reprehending talk elsewhere?—"stand aside" until the *Reader* and its friends have made up their minds on the matter? Criticism has other duties; and, among the rest, to prevent, by such means as

it disposes of, this same "larger tribunal" from sinking into a state of lethargy, and viewing every artistic production through a mist of apathetic indulgence, for the mere want of vigour to protest. To this condition the public would assuredly be brought (were "criticism" to "stand aside") by the writers of the dilettante-sentimental-school, who cannot understand that it was the public who condemned *Sapho* just as it was the public who welcomed *Faust;* that because *Faust* is good, it does not follow that the *Reine de Saba* (emphatically damned by the Parisians) should also be good; that the orchestral symphonies of Schumann being showy and effective is no reason why *Paradise and the Peri* should not be dull; that M. Gounod is only one among many musicians who have written an opera or operas which failed; and that Schumann is only one among many composers whose works are not all of equal merit. Z.

A J. W. Davison Esq^r

Souvenir d'amitié de

Christine Nilsson

Londres ce 10 Juillet 1869

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S DEBUT.*

ON Saturday night the first appearance of Mlle. Christine Nilsson, the much-talked-of Swedish lady from the Théâtre-Lyrique in Paris, drew together the most crowded and brilliant audience that, during the present season, has assembled within the walls of the "Old House."

The opera selected for an occasion of such paramount interest to the fortunes of the establishment was the by-no-means edifying "Traviata," notwithstanding which the success of the newcomer was never for one instant doubtful. Perhaps, before all, the cause of this might be traced to the fact that a new sensation had been experienced. The audience found themselves in presence of something young, fresh, gracefully endowed and stamped with a certain individuality apart from the ordinary. Mlle. Nilsson is of fair complexion, the conventional type of a Swede, rather tall, slight in figure, composed, and at the same time, elegant in bearing, thoroughly at ease on the boards, and gifted with a voice of extended compass—a voice not powerful, but sweet and mellow, flexible, and otherwise capable, as its training already shows, and, last not least, of a quality to which the term "sympathetic" may be applied with unquestioned propriety. The earlier scenes sufficed to convince her hearers of all this, and the curtain fell at the end of the first act upon a success as legitimate as it was unanimously recognised.

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* From the "Times," June 10, 1867.

That an unknown singer, a young singer, a singer the echo of whose praises on the Continent had, for two or three years past, repeatedly reached England, should be warmly welcomed was natural enough. Hearty and obstreperous as was the applause that greeted her in coming before the lamps, Mlle. Nilsson, however, seemed in no way disconcerted; and her delivery of the second verse of the "Libiamo, libiamo ne' lieti calici" of which Alfredo sings the first, showed a confidence justified by the result. The applause broke out spontaneously at the end, and the audience, longing for a repetition, scarcely gave time for the chorus to get through the share allotted to them in this gay apostrophe to friendship, love and pleasure. The subsequent duet ("Un di felice"), where Alfredo reveals his love to Violetta, confirmed the good impression, upon which the soliloquy of the Traviata, wonder-struck at finding herself the object of a pure idolatry ("E strano! è strano!"), the plaintive air that follows ("Ah fors' e lui che l'anima"), and, most striking of all, the animated last movement ("Sempre libera degg'io follegiare di gioja in gioja"), when the unhappy one, having, by a violent effort, dispelled the illusion, once more vows to dedicate her life to pleasure, set the seal. After this facile and brilliant display the applause again broke out from every part of the house, and Mlle. Nilsson had twice to return before the footlights.

From this point to the end of the opera the success was strengthened step by step. The mock sentimental duet with the elder Germont —among all "heavy stage fathers" the most intolerable bore—and the final scene, where Violetta gradually sinks under the repeated insults of her lover, in all respects more vile and contemptible than herself, who ultimately, before the assembled guests, throws the purse containing the money he has won from the baron at her feet, as if to buy off his own disgrace by an open and despicable outrage inflicted on the woman with whom he has shared it, brought down the curtain with renewed applause. The last act, with all its revolting details; into which we have no inclination again to enter, was for Mlle. Nilsson a renewal of the success of

the first. The soliloquy in which Violetta bids adieu for ever to her dreams of happiness was given with real pathos. The unexpected interview with Alfredo, who, having expedited her end by his heartless cruelty, returns, one might imagine, with a morbid curiosity to witness her last lingering moments and to cheat her with hopes he knows cannot be realised; the maudlin duet, "Parigi o cara," with its somewhat livelier, though less original pendent, "Gran Dio!—morir si giovane," in which the model youth of M. A. Dumas the younger once more gives fervent expression to his unhealthy passion; and the dying scene, which is the horrible and, under the circumstances, utterly unedifying catastrophe—each and all created a lively impression; and at the end Mlle. Nilsson was thrice called back amid plaudits as enthusiastic as they were uncontested. We can scarcely remember a more thoroughly successful first appearance.

Meanwhile, dismissing the "Traviata," to which it is to be hoped there may be no future occasion of returning, we must state in postscriptum that, histrionically considered, Mlle. Nilsson's idea of Violetta is precisely the same as that with which the regretted Angiolina Bosio made the English public familiar. She represents her in every sense as a lady, the propriety and repose of whose demeanour afford little idea of the real character—at any rate in the earlier scenes. None of us can shut our eyes to the truth of what the life of this ill-chosen operatic heroine must previously have been; and though the abnormal effect produced upon her by the conditions inseparable from a love that is pure and disinterested would naturally exercise a strong influence, it could not so absolutely metamorphose her as to make of her an entirely new creature.

However, we shall not adjudge Mlle. Nilsson's claims as an actress by her performance of a single character—and that character one which many would feel a repugnance to represent, as Mlle. Piccolomini strove to represent it, to the life. Enough that as a singer she has won, by this her first effort on the Italian stage, an undisputed triumph. Her associates were Signor Mongini (Alfredo),

who was suffering evidently from cold; Mr. Santley, whose Old Germont is about the most endurable on the stage, and who, as a matter of course, was compelled to sing twice the lachrymose and monotonous air, "Di Provenza il mar'"; Mlle. Corri, a very good Flora; Mlle. Baurmeister, an equally good Annina; Signor Bossi, the Baron; and Signor Foli, the Doctor.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.*

ANOTHER great musical thinker has gone—Hector Berlioz. He died, but a few days since, in Paris, aged sixty-six. His life, in so far as his art is concerned, was one continued struggle. He had ideas which the world could not comprehend, but which, nevertheless, all those who knew Berlioz comprehended well enough. The man and the musician were one. A more earnest man, a musician more thoroughly persuaded of the absolute truth and rectitude of his own adopted convictions, has never existed. It is not now the time to criticize the claims of Berlioz as a composer; but it is especially the time for those who were fortunate enough to be classed among his intimate acquaintance to state, without reserve, that a nature more guileless and honest, an enthusiasm more ardent for all that was great and good, a more staunch and unquenchable hatred of everything that was not genuine than his could not be cited in a summary of what has been attempted and done, time out of mind, for art and for art's benefit. With regard to the man, wholly apart from the musician, to know him was to love him—and this not so much because he was socially attractive and fascinating as because he was good and righthearted to the core, and, before all, eminently sincere. Berlioz, who, whatever views may be entertained about his compositions, was a truly wonderful composer, had this enviable privilege—that even those who may have con-

* From the "Musical World," March 13, 1869.

scientiously objected to his general notions of music, as revealed especially in his own contributions to the art, could not by any means do otherwise than respect him. Among the dissenters from very much that he took infinite pains to promulgate by example was the writer of these valedictory sentences, who enjoyed the happiness of his close friendship for a long term of years, and, in now recording the fact that he is lost to us for ever, does so with a firm conviction that in the death of Berlioz the world is the poorer by an honest, upright man, and an artist of splendid natural endowments. Had chance willed it, he might have been other than what he was; but such as he was, he will be keenly regretted by all with whom he held frequent and kindly interchange of thoughts and opinions, and affectionately remembered by every one who had the privilege of calling him friend.

D.

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.*

Bayreuth, August 19.

THE one day's interval of repose, due to the illness of Herr Betz, and consequent postponement of *Siegfried*, was a great relief. It can hardly be said that anyone felt pleased to hear of the eminent bass being indisposed; but, when it was learnt that his ailment at the worst was over-fatigue, we are inclined to think the news must have been rather welcome than otherwise. In the music assigned to him —or, more strictly speaking, musical declamation, for it would be somewhat undignified in a god of Wotan's stature to sing a tune—Herr Betz has arduous work to accomplish, and he had already been overtaxed in *Rheingold* and the *Walküre*. With regard to those who daily wend their way to the theatre, which is little less than half a mile from that outskirt of the town lying nearest to it, a good part of the way uphill, none but themselves know what they have to suffer, the vast majority being compelled to go on foot. The carriage accommodation, besides being charged for exorbitantly, is nothing like in proportion to the demand; and, as all the hotels are full, the proprietors are by no means eager in despatching their omnibuses to the station. The heat all the week has been scorching, the dust in-

* From the "Times," August and September, 1876.

tolerable; and the closer we approach the theatre the worse is the nuisance. There is plenty of water in Bayreuth, but it never seems to have crossed the minds of those in authority to put their ample supply to some good uses. The dust is nowhere laid; while the rows of dwarf trees on each side of the road, which usurp the functions of an umbrageous avenue, may probably serve that purpose about the period when the "art-drama of the future" is accepted as the art-drama of the present; but just now, only that they look pretty, they might be spared without inconvenience. The exodus of strangers yesterday from Bayreuth was enormous, and the railway officials must have had a hard time of it. It continued without intermission. On the other hand, a very large number have arrived, and are still arriving, to-day, for the second series of four performances, which begins to-morrow; and these, compared with their predecessors, are lucky enough, a most propitious change in the atmosphere having substituted light and health-wafting breezes for the merciless heat which has till now prevailed—assuredly not without hurt to the great Wagnerian undertaking, which in most respects mingled surprise and entertainment so agreeably, that with a lower temperature, and its accompanying conditions, a large number of visitors who have quitted Bayreuth would have been likely enough to remain for another week.

Götterdämmerung begins with a prelude consisting of a couple of scenes. The first (the Walkyrie rock) exhibits the three Norns spinning for the last time the golden rope of Fate, and dwelling, as they spin, on the past, the present, and the future. What they utter, in prophetic tone, relates exclusively to the play—from Wotan's breaking off a bough from the World's-ash ("Yggdrasil"), wherewith he fashions the spear, with the "runes" of eternal wisdom incised upon which he governs the world, the stealing of the gold by Alberich, and the curse that attends its possessors, to the impending fate of the gods and the dimly-surmised catastrophe. At a certain point in their discourse the rope snaps in twain, and the Norns disappear, carrying away the sundered pieces, to join their mother, Erda, their mission being now fulfilled. In

the next scene (also the Walkyrie rock), Siegfried, in full armour, is seen issuing from the cavern, followed by Brünnhilde, who leads his horse by the bridle. Siegfried goes forth anew to seek adventures, and, on taking leave of Brünnhilde, endows her with the fatal Ring, as a pledge of enduring truth—another opportunity for the display of Wagner's marvellous facility in giving expression, after his individual manner, to the emotions of passionate love. The first act introduces us to the Gibichungs, a warlike race, whose king, with his sister (Gutrune) and his half-brother (Hagen), resides in a castle on the Rhine. Siegfried's arrival here is the beginning of that new turn in his fortunes destined to accomplish his ruin. Already have he and his loved Brünnhilde formed the subject of a conversation, during which Hagen, Alberich's crafty son, has inflamed the imagination of Gunther by describing the peerless charms of Brünnhilde, and that of Gutrune by extolling the manly grace, unequalled strength, and valorous deeds of Siegfried. Both being unwedded, Hagen's eloquence instils into their minds an irresistible desire to behold the unparalleled twain. But how is Brünnhilde to be won for the Gibichung, and how Siegfried for the sister? Hagen suggests a means which cannot fail. The horn of Siegfried is now heard (in tones made so familiar by Wagner), and quickly the hero lands from a boat, leading with him his horse, Grane, Brünnhilde's gift. In the true spirit of mythical knight-errantry, Siegfried addresses Gunther in this style: "As thy fame has filled the Rhine, wilt thou fight with me, or be my friend?" Gunther, with instinctive wisdom, prefers the latter alternative; and, while Siegfried accompanies him to the hall, Hagen looks after the horse. Though possessor of the Niblung treasure, the tarnhelm and the Ring, Siegfried knows not the value of any of them, nor has he sought to inquire. His sole wealth is in the sword he has forged for himself with the dismembered pieces of that which once was Siegmund's. Questioned by Hagen, he declares that he has left the gold at the Neidhole, where he found it after killing the dragon; then points to a network hanging from his belt,

in which is deposited the helm; and, lastly, adds that he has conferred the Ring upon a woman. Hagen, guessing that the woman is Brünnhilde, instructs Siegfried as to the virtues of the tarnhelm, presently, according to his scheme, to be tried on behalf of Gunther; but says nothing about those appertaining to the Ring. Gutrune, enamoured of Siegfried at first sight, now approaches him with a drinking-horn, the contents of which he quaffs to his endless love for Brünnhilde. Into this draught Hagen has instilled an elixir, the effect of which is instantaneous. Forgetting the existence of Brünnhilde, Siegfried at once makes passionate love to Gutrune, and is easily caught in the trap laid down for him. The oath of blood-brotherhood with Gunther being sworn, after the ancient traditional fashion, it is agreed that Siegfried shall win Brünnhilde for Gunther, and that Gunther shall give his sister to Siegfried for wife. Siegfried, by virtue of the tarnhelm, assumes the form and countenance of the Gibichung, accompanied by whom he sets forth on his quest. Meanwhile, Brünnhilde is visited in her fire-girt cavern by Waltraute, one of her sister-Walkyries, who has come to entreat her for the Ring, the restoration of which to the Rhine-daughters can alone save the gods and the world. Wotan has already commanded his host of warriors to cut down the World's-ash and pile up the wood of the stem for the burning of Walhalla. No supplications, however, can induce Brünnhilde to part with the Ring, which is Siegfried's seal of love. She is now a mortal woman; and the condition of the gods, whom she looks back upon as scarcely more than phantoms, disturbs her but little. Love is all to her, and the Ring is Siegfried's pledge. Waltraute's errand proving thus fruitless, she rides back on her storm-steed to Walhalla. The scene that ensues, one of the most striking and impressive in the drama, may be briefly described. Siegfried's horn signal is heard from below the rock, and Brünnhilde awaits his approach in rapture. He appears amid the flames on a jutting rock, capped with the tarnhelm, and in other guise than his own. Perplexed and terrified, the Walkyrie instinctively shrinks from him; but Siegfried proclaiming that, as a wooer not shamed by the fire, he

has won her for wife, claims her as "Gunther the Gibichung." As he leaps down from the rock and stands beside her, Brünnhilde threatens him with the Ring, gifted with a power before which he must necessarily quail. The effect, however, being different from that upon which she had calculated, her assailer, unmoved by her frantic resistance, forcibly pulls the Ring from her finger. The Ring, she exclaims, is her husband's, and with it he will wed her. Brünnhilde, vanquished, retires to her abode in the cavern, Siegfried following, with his sword, "Nothung," as a symbol of loyalty and truth to his "blood-brother." Here the curtain falls. The scene and the manner of its being set forth are precisely the same as that which closes the preceding drama; but, powerful as it unquestionably is, the general effect is just as unedifying as in the case of its precursor it is the opposite. Siegfried, though unconscious of the enormity of the act he is committing, is somewhat lowered in our estimation. At any rate, one does not relish seeing so superb a hero made an abject tool of by the contemptible son of Alberich. It is, however—Herr Wagner may fairly argue—indispensable to the issue; and thus almost to the very end we have to contemplate Siegfried under a very different aspect from that which he has hitherto worn.

But the sin which brought the curse down on the Ring is not yet wholly expiated. The second act is also ushered in by what may be denominated a "prelude." We are again at the home of the Gibichungens. It is a moonlight night, and while Hagen, with spear and shield beside him, sleeps near the hall, Alberich comes for the purpose of urging on his son to obtain possession of the Ring. The dialogue between them, dark and uninviting, may be passed over. Enough that Hagen promises all that is asked—meaning to act on his own account, and not on that of his father, whom he hates—as all the Niblungs hate each other. At dawn Siegfried, returning in triumph from his expedition, wakes Hagen; Gunther soon follows, bringing the unwilling Brünnhilde as his bride, and Siegfried claims from Gutrune his reward. Hagen summons with his trumpet the men of Gibich, Gunther's vassals, to come and sacrifice to the gods Froh, Donner,

and Fricka, their chief having brought home with him a bride. It is to be a double wedding; for Gutrune and Siegfried are now also about to be united. As the vassals shout "Welcome" to Gunther and his bride, Siegfried and Gutrune lovingly join the throng. The recognition of Siegfried by Brünnhilde, and the provoking unconsciousness of the hero, lead to a terrible scene, a narration of which in detail would occupy too much space. On seeing the Ring on Siegfried's finger, the eyes of Brünnhilde are at once opened, and she is now made fully aware that it must have been Siegfried, not Gunther, who prevailed over her. She solemnly avers the fact, and taunts Gunther as the would-be betrayer betrayed. Siegfried as solemnly swears to the contrary, both, with fingers on the point of a spear, taking the weapon to witness of the truth. General consternation ensues, till Siegfried, tired of the scene, throws his arm round Gutrune, and leads her away to prepare for the wedding festivities. In their absence a conference is held, at which, strongly urged by Hagen, and stimulated by the bitter lamentations of Brünnhilde, Gunther, much against his inclinations, agrees to join in a plot for the death of Siegfried, the means of carrying out which are no sooner devised than Siegfried and Gutrune reappear, a joyful bridal procession of girls and boys, with all the symbols of festivity, preceding them. Compelled by Hagen, Brünnhilde accepts the hand of Gunther, and follows the group. A hunting party is arranged for the succeeding day, in the course of which Siegfried, unsuccessful at the chase, gets separated from his companions, and comes to a spot by the banks of the Rhine, where he sees and is hailed by the Rhine-daughters. These employ all their arts and fascinations to obtain the Ring, which, at one time disposed to grant, when their wiles are changed into threats, he refuses. He is then warned of the danger incurred by the wearer, and, in answer to his contemptuous reply, the Rhine-daughters foretell his speedy death. They are no false prophets, as the sequel proves. When Siegfried rejoins his companions, Gunther, Hagen, and their followers, the party sit down together and carouse. To enliven them, Siegfried relates his adventures from the time

he lived with Mime to the slaying of the dragon, the council of the birds, whose language he had learnt from tasting the dragon's blood, and his finding Brünnhilde on the fire-encircled rock—the remembrance of which suddenly returns to his mind. All this astonishes Gunther —but not at all Hagen, who, observing two ravens fly over the head of Siegfried, calls our hero's attention to the fact, and, as he starts up from his seat to look, stabs him in the back with a spear, Siegfried dying with the loved name of Brünnhilde on his lips.

Thus, again, has Alberich's curse proved effectual. Brünnhilde, who had made Siegfried invulnerable everywhere except in the back, which he was never known to turn towards the enemy, has also informed Hagen of that secret. The sequel may be briefly told: Siegfried's body is brought back to the Hall of the Gibichungs in solemn state, and laid before Brünnhilde, who, after pronouncing over it a touching and eloquent oration, orders a pyre to be raised, on which the corpse is placed, and towards which, when the wood is ignited, she rushes herself, with her horse, Grane. The fatal Ring she has cast into the swollen river, on the surface of which appear the Rhine-daughters, one of whom, Flosshilde, holds it up triumphantly, while her sisters drag down Hagen, who, after having killed his brother, Gunther, throwing away spear, shield, and sword, with the cry of "*Zurück vom Ringe!*" has plunged headlong after it. Meanwhile, in the distant sky is observed a deep red glow, supposed to represent the destruction of Walhalla, according to the design of Wotan. The curse of Alberich is fulfilled. Thus ends *Götterdämmerung*, and with it the *Ring des Nibelungen*.

Bayreuth, August 20.

That a dramatic poem like the *Ring des Nibelungen* could not possibly be set to music in the received operatic fashion will be apparent to any one who has attentively perused the three dramas with their prologue. Every word placed in the mouth of every character must be dis-

tinctly conveyed, while the dramatic action is carried on from end to end without interruption. Thus, it may be argued, the thing itself is complete without music; and the argument would hold good for ordinary intelligences. Wagner's, however, is not an ordinary intelligence; and his scheme for making the drama a combination of the arts includes music as a very essential element. True, it is the poet—the "all-poet"—who rules; and from what the poet thinks and speaks the musician must obediently take his cue. Happily, Wagner, in his dramas, plays the part both of poet and musician; and while composing his music he is in much the same position as an accompanist following a singer whom he cannot naturally control. We consider it barely practicable for any musician except Wagner himself to furnish music for one of Wagner's dramas—that is, of course, in the perfected shape revealed, as he insists, in *Tristan und Isolde* and the *Ring des Nibelungen*. He might, doubtless, set the whole to recitative—either "*parlante*" or with accompaniment; but, forbidden all the hitherto accepted varieties of musical form, in the way of airs, duets, trios, etc.—even choruses and concerted *finales*, as they are generally understood, being outside Wagner -he would find himself at a loss to make the characters declaim or the orchestra play in exact accordance with the poet's innermost promptings. How could he, indeed? The orchestra must for ever be doing something—like a wind that is always blowing, or a stream that is always flowing, or trees that are always bending in obedience to the swayings of the breeze; but what that something shall be the poet alone can decide. Thus, in concocting the drama of the future, that poet and musician must be one and inseparable would seem to follow as a Wagnerian deduction. It is hardly too much to say that, apart from the drama to which it is allied, the orchestral music of the *Ring* would signify little more at the best than a succession of chords, scales (not infrequently chromatic), figures, and snatches of tunes, distributed capriciously among the instruments, "*tremolandos*" *(ad infinitum)*, strange and unheard of combinations, perpetual changes of key, etc.—a chaos of

sound, in short, now more or less agreeable, now more or less the opposite, and, deprived of the weird and singular fascination that attends it when obviously explained by what is being said and done upon the stage, almost unmeaning. Wagner's symphony may be likened to an omni-coloured kaleidoscope, where the same bits of painted glass incessantly appear and disappear, yielding prominence to others that have been seen before, and puzzling the eye of the examiner, as the Wagner orchestra puzzles, while it frequently enchants, the ear. Without being distinguished by anything affording evidence of uncommon contrapuntal skill, it is crowded with details, many of which, till after repeated hearings, would elude detection, however closely scrutinised. These may possibly be typified by "the multitudinous forest voices" and "countless hosts of stars" referred to in Wagner's famous comparison of his own symphonic music with the effect produced upon a solitary visitor by "a fine forest on a summer evening" and "the ever-growing eloquence of silence"—the great forest melody, the many melodies in one, that, while never ceasing to haunt the memory, cannot be repeated or hummed, and to hear which again a return to the woods on a summer night is indispensable (a tolerably plain hint that the Wagnerian music cannot be heard too often). We have no pretension to decide, but simply feel that in a majority of instances the issue is perplexing. Wagner cannot be likened to the wild minstrel who sweeps (or twangs) the strings of his lyre, while giving voice to a lay of war or love; but his music —we mean the orchestral part of it—not infrequently suggests the idea of an Æolian harp under the influence of shifting currents, now generating one, now another wayward melody, as the case may be. But to leave speculation—Wagner's general way of procedure, in adding the music to his art-drama, may be analysed without many words. It differs widely, as may be guessed, from the way of Mozart, Beethoven, *et hoc genus omne;* nor does it at all resemble that of Gluck, to which it has not seldom been likened. The way being one of Wagner's own invention, quite original, owing nothing whatever to foregoing models, he has a perfect right to it, provided

that he allows others, not of his own opinion, to possess a right to theirs. (It may here be added, parenthetically, that the comparison insisted upon by sundry of his disciples between Wagner's treatment of the orchestra with that of Beethoven, in the "Ninth Symphony," does not by any means hold good.) Taking his system for what it is intended, nothing can be more logical, nothing more consistently exemplified. With each separate personage of the drama Wagner connects a certain musical phrase, which identically, or modified according to circumstances, recurs whenever that personage comes back to us, or is even passingly alluded to by others. Each incident, moreover, and each conflicting emotion, is endowed with individuality by the same process, and illustrated accordingly, as are the personages, when reference is made to them. With the working out of this theory the orchestra has much more to do than the singers on the stage; for it is the orchestra, rather than the voices, which chiefly stamps each special identity. As not seldom, too, in the course of a single scene, more than one personage, incident, or emotion is brought back to the mind, at times almost simultaneously, the themes, or such fragments of themes as may be suitable, are ingeniously interwoven. This is accomplished by the poet-musician with consummate artistic propriety, and often produces an indescribably beautiful effect. The themes which individualise the gods—Wotan and Loge (Fire) in particular—are strongly distinctive, the first for its dignity, the last for its mercurial levity. Those consorting with the Niblungs—Alberich and Mime—are equally characteristic; the peculiar occupation, moreover, of these worthies being suggested by another phrase, in nine-eight measure, of which, perhaps, somewhat too abundant use is made. The giants, also, have a theme in common, which always announces their appearance, and is subsequently employed when passing reference is made to them. The melody sung by the Rhine-daughters ("Weia Waga," etc.), in seven-bar rhythm, is charming; and, indeed, all the music that characterises the presence of these elementary beings is as airy and elementary as themselves, a most refreshing impression being created by their trio—in harmony, for

RICHARD WAGNER

a wonder—when Siegfried encounters them on the banks of the river *(Götterdämmerung)*. The themes belonging to *Das Rheingold*, the prologue, are similarly reproduced in the course of the three dramas of the trilogy, wherever occasion may demand, and this confers a new and powerful sense of unity. In *Die Walküre*, the characters of Siegmund and Sieglinde provide the opportunity for melody of a more impassioned character; and a particular phrase, of which ample use is made in the magnificent duet at the end of Act I, becomes conspicuous as an example. Here, too, the first apparition of the heroic Brünnhilde and her wild Walkyrie sisters introduces quite a new element, which Wagner has turned to admirable purpose. In *Siegfried* we have more fresh, inspiriting, and appropriate phrases, besides recurrences to the Niblung music, the introduction of the delightfully tuneful strains of the wood-birds, in one of the most perfect idyllic scenes imaginable, and another grand duet, in which the awakened Brünnhilde, now endowed with human womanly impulse, and lost in admiration of her mortal hero, Siegfried, shows that she can be more impassioned even than Sieglinde herself, and with far more healthy and legitimate cause. This duet again becomes a fertile source of reminiscences, and here both Wotan and Erda, to say nothing of the goddess Fricka, disappearing from the scene, we are spared any further use of those protracted conferences and confabulations which show how Wagner, vainly attempting to compress epic narrative within the limits of dramatic action, occasionally finds himself overburdened by the matter he has thought it absolutely requisite to include. In *Götterdämmerung* nearly all the themes, fragments of themes, characteristic orchestral figures, even chords and special combinations, are summoned back by the composer, as one after another, or as one with another, they suit his plan. There are, however, new phrases, etc., for Gunther, Gutrune, Hagen, and the Gibichungs. Alberich, too, and the Rhine-daughters are seen once again. The rope-spinning Norns are furnished with means for a private consultation, the musical treatment of which, though long-drawn out, is imposingly fine; and Brünnhilde herself has much to declaim not

previously hinted at. This, the most trying task of all, seemingly presented no obstacles to Wagner, who has nevertheless, taxed poor Brünnhilde with screaming high notes and climax after climax out of all measure and proportion—a prevalent fault with him, as it would seem, when situations occur which lay strong hold of his imaginative sympathies. In the closing scene we have something like an attempt to bring a chorus of men's voices into play—an innovation which imparts vigorous life and spirit to the *ensemble*, and is almost as welcome as the trio of the Rhine-daughters—a Mendelssohnian bit of vocal writing. The funeral march over the body of Siegfried is, as we have already hinted, impressive and sublime. How freely the orchestra is employed in all this may readily be guessed. But a general review of the first series of performances has yet to be written.

The second series begins this evening with *Das Rheingold*, in which it is hoped that certain scenic shortcomings attendant on the first occasion, a week since, may be remedied.

Bayreuth, August 23.

The second series of representations, if we may judge from the three that have already been given, seems likely to form a fairer opportunity of estimating what Wagner has accomplished in the *Ring des Nibelungen* than the first. It serves also to confirm a general impression that the work can never again be seen and heard under similarly favourable conditions. The bringing together of an orchestra one hundred and thirty in number, composed of the most eminent performers from all parts of Germany, who, without remuneration, and for simple love of the task, all cheerfully undertook the indispensable toil and trouble attendant on endless rehearsals, to be followed up by twelve grand performances, the latter extending over three weeks, was alone a feat to be achieved by no other man than Wagner, and by

aid of no other means than those he found it expedient to adopt. Still more surprising is the magnetic influence he must have exercised over the highly-paid singers whom he compelled to serve his purpose, and with whose proverbial jealousies and consequent squabbles he had to deal, and dealt successfully, in the matter of the distribution of parts. Every tenor was a Siegfried (or Siegmund), every soprano a Brünnhilde (or Sieglinde), every bass a Wotan (or Hagen), every mixed-character singer an Alberich (or Loge), every "comic" a Mime, and so on. The remaining characters—the Rhine-daughters excepted, Minna Lambert having been set down for Flosshilde, Lillie and Marie Lehmann for Woglinde and Wellgunde, from the beginning—Wagner must have occasionally been at no small pains to fill up as he desired. Nevertheless, he overcame all obstacles, and gathered around him artists of recognised standing from the most reputed German Opera-houses, ready to make a similar abnegation of their claims and assist gratuitously in the furtherance of his great life-object. The magic watchword that enabled him to effect all this, and more, besides, that need not again be specified, was simply "*A national art for Germany*," the precise significance attached in his idea to which now—armed and, as he judged, invulnerable at all points—he was about to show.

The experience derived from more familiar acquaintance with the great "stage-play," as represented in the Wagner Theatre, leaves rather the impression of a nearly perfect "*ensemble*" than of distinguishing excellence in particulars. About one feature only is opinion quite unanimous. That feature is the orchestra. A company of executive musicians—"reproductive," Wagner would style them, in consonance with his little speech to Wilhelmj—more admirably balanced, or in every respect more competent, in all probability never before assembled together. Their playing from first to last has been little short of marvellous—as marvellous, indeed, as the task set before them by the uncompromising master, who allows but few intervals for rest, and those intervals as brief as they are rare. Their consignment to a sort of abyss, out of sight

of the audience, even were the theatre lighted in the ordinary manner, instead of being thrown into semi-obscurity by the lowering of the lamps, would allow them no means of observing how heartily their efforts are appreciated. Did space permit, it would be hardly out of order to publish the names of all the members of this fine body of players; it must suffice, however, to give those of the four artists to whom Wagner, in certain places, has allotted solos of special significance. These are Auguste Wilhelmj (violin), whose merits are well known in England; Wilhelm Kühnert, from Vienna (trumpet); Grützmacher, from Meiningen (violoncello); and Weiprecht, from Berlin (oboe), professors of the highest attainments, and fair representatives of the Bayreuth instrumentalists, conducted with such exemplary skill and judgment by Herr Richter. During the first series of the performances, remembering their numerical strength, the members, by common consent, played in a more subdued tone than, under other circumstances, they would have done; and, though their execution was faultless, it was not infrequently accompanied with a *quasi* sense of dullness, which their subsequent assumption of a bolder, general tone—their ordinary tone, in fact—during the second series successfully dissipated. The sufferings undergone by these estimable professors through daily confinement for long hours in a steam-invaded pit, a glance at which brought with it the uncomfortable suspicion that there was scarcely room for them to breathe freely, must, in such terribly hot weather, have been intense; and no wonder that, almost to a man, they played in their shirt-sleeves. No considerations whatever, it is stated, will induce them again to submit to similar torture; so that it looks as though the orchestra in a pit was destined, after all, [not] to be the orchestra of the future.

The merits of the artists to whom the chief characters in the dramas were entrusted must be spoken of in brief and general terms. Though but few of them can be rated as operatic singers of the highest class, they are nearly all skilled adepts; and, if the vocal talent of several among them does not soar above mediocrity, they

are all more or less practised musical declaimers, all more or less good actors, and all possessing in a noticeable degree that instinct of dramatic purport which enables them to direct their efforts with invariable discrimination towards the attainment of one common object. Not only does each singing-actor strive earnestly to make the best of his own part, but, with equal earnestness, to aid others in making the best of theirs. More effective combined acting, in short, has rarely been witnessed; and this recognition applies from high to low. Franz Betz, upon whom devolves the not over-grateful task of impersonating the god Wotan, is held in great esteem by his compatriots, and deservedly. This gentleman, the first, we believe, in Vienna to undertake the leading character in *Der Fliegende Holländer*, is a Wagnerian singer (synonymous with declaimer) of the genuine stamp. He has, moreover, a fine voice, a dignified presence, and keen histrionic intelligence, all of which serve him to admirable purpose in relieving from dreariness some of the dreariest and lengthiest accompanied recitatives imaginable. In *Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, and *Siegfried*, Wotan is ever a conspicuous personage, so eloquently prosy, sententiously lackadaisical (for a god, be it understood), and so perversely addicted to talking about himself, that, when his once-omnipotent spear is shivered in pieces by Siegfried's sword "Nothung," and we thus are rid of it, not many are likely to complain—although upon Wotan's original error and its consequences the whole story turns. The actor, however, must not be blamed for this; it is exclusively the fault of the poet-musician, who, in his anxiety to place "the word" and the music on terms of equality, prevents each from exerting its proper influence. The assumption of Herr Betz is throughout impressive. The part of Siegfried, the hero of the story, though he only appears in the last two dramas, is also arduous; somewhat too much so, indeed, for the vocal powers of George Unger, who, nevertheless, gets through it with resolution well sustained. Herr Unger's voice is not the most vigorous of German tenors; but, having some really characteristic and telling passages, he makes the most of them, while the force and buoyancy of his delineation win general

approval. The heroic Brünnhilde would be a trying ordeal for any dramatic singer, no matter how exceptionally endowed. It might have suited Tietjens in her prime, and would assuredly suit Pauline Lucca now. Mme. Materna at present stands in the first rank of German lyric tragedians; and, though in the more womanly phases of her delineation there is a certain lack of grace, she is in the rest almost irreproachable. When Brünnhilde, at the summons of War-father Wotan, first appears on the high rock, shouting in clarion tones her joy at the summons:

"Hojotoho! Hojotoho!
Heiaha! Heiaha!
Hahei! Hahei! Heiaho!"

(which the composer has wedded to congenial strains) Mme. Materna at once enlists attention and interests every looker on. The picturesque accoutrements of the Walkyrie, with helmet, shield, and spear, become her admirably. When this is laid aside for another costume her gestures, it is true, are somewhat uniform and angular; but she has great power and goes through the terrible last act with intense passion, reaching climax after climax with stamina unimpaired. At the same time how often, and within what intervals of time, Mme. Materna could brave such a labour with impunity, is a question worth her grave consideration. Many a singer would come away from it with an extinction of voice, perhaps never to be remedied. The finest acting, if not the finest declamatory singing, to be remarked at these performances is that of Albert Niemann and Josephine Schefzky, as Siegmund and Sieglinde, in the first and second acts of *Die Walküre*, after which Herr Niemann, who, with voice impaired, is still the lyric comedian of the German stage, does not again appear, while Mdlle. Schefzky, an artist in the highest acceptation of the term, merely officiates as one of the three Norns, in the mystic preamble of *Götterdämmerung*. It must suffice to add that Heinrich Vogl is a Loge beyond price, the very *ignis fatuus* of a god; that Carl Hill is an appropriately dark and inscrutable

Alberich; Carl Schlosser, a Mime overflowing with grotesque humour; Joseph Niering, a sufficiently ferocious Hunding; Marie Haupt, a charming Freia, whose self, no less than her apples, it is intelligible that the gods should as much object to lose as Fafner and Fasolt (Franz von Reichenberg and Albert Eilers—not very formidable looking giants, by the way) should as little object to take away; and that Luise Taide is an Erda, looking young and well-favoured enough to account for Wotan's finding occasion now and then to consult her. Gustave Siehr does not create a lively impression as Hagen, the Niblung's worthy son; but, on the other hand, Eugen Gura and Mathilde Wekerlin may pass for fair representatives of King Gunther of the Gibichungs and his sister, Gutrune -the reciprocation of whose love for Siegfried brings about the final catastrophe. In one of the Norns, as well as in one of the Walkyrie, is remarked Johanna Jachmann-Wagner (Richard Wagner's niece), whose London *début* as Romeo in 1852, no less than the suit at law on her account between the directors of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, will not have passed out of the minds of opera-goers. Who are all these personages, and how much respectively concerned in the general progress of the drama, may be gathered from what has previously been written. It needs merely be repeated that though in separate instances their various representatives might be matched with equals, superiors indeed, a more complete and satisfactory *ensemble* than they combine in producing has very seldom been witnessed.

But the second performance of *Götterdämmerung* is in active progress, and post hours for despatches to London are rather inconveniently timed at Bayreuth. The patience of our readers must, therefore, be solicited for a few more "concluding words" about the *Ring des Nibelungen* and its performances. To-day has been, for a wonder, wet; and a passing thunderstorm gives pleasant warning of an approaching change in weather, which up to now has, under the exceptional circumstances, been for the most part scarcely tolerable. It was not Frau von Schleinitz, but Mdlle. Lucca, of Milan, who presented

Wagner with a silver wreath at the banquet. The house of Lucca publishes all the master's works.

Bayreuth, August 26.

As part and parcel of the combination of arts in his "drama of the future," Wagner includes all that relates to scenic appliance. In considering the general result, we have, therefore, to take this into account. Curiosity had been raised to an extravagantly high pitch; and even those whom long habit has spoilt for such things looked forward to a spectacular display equal, if not superior, to all they had previously experienced—a display, in short, which, for startling novelty and characteristic magnificence, should justify whatever had been said and written about it in advance. Those who looked forward to so much—travellers from Vienna, Paris, and London more particularly—were in a great measure doomed to disappointment, their anticipations being not half realised. Had less been predicted, less might have given satisfaction, with criticism less suspiciously on the alert. A great deal of the scenery is, doubtless, beautiful, and the picturesque element has been happily resorted to, where high rocks, huge crevices, overhanging trees, winding pathways, and subterranean caverns are in request—which is oftener the case than otherwise. But the water is a comparative failure, whether seen as in *Rheingold*, with the Naiads sporting in the depths of the river, or as in *Götterdämmerung*, when Siegfried lands from his boat at the hall of the Gibichungs. Under the new conditions of darkening the auditorium every object on the stage comes out so sharply that the lines of division are plainly detected, and the illusion is thus to a great extent imperilled. The fire that encircles Brünnhilde's home upon the Walkyrie rock, exhibited successively in the *Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung*, is dexterously managed, and the effect imposing in proportion; but the employment of the new steam apparatus in the transformation scenes was at the outset found excessive—somewhat of a nuisance, more-

over, to the audience, not to speak of those unhappy dwellers in the orchestra who had to play like demons in a cavern choked with vaporous exhalations. This has happily been subdued; and the descent of Wotan, with his Mephistophelean counsellor, Loge, from the mountain heights that crown Walhalla to the deep recesses of the Niblung's cavern, has lost nothing of its cloud-wrapped mystery. The rainbow bridge, however, over which the gods walk leisurely to Walhalla, the wail of the bereft Rhine-daughters being heard from afar, is poor and clumsy enough to have excited derision in the audiences of our transpontine London theatres. Among the happiest contrivances may be mentioned one especially, in the prelude to *Götterdämmerung*. When the three Norns retire, carrying with them the rope of destiny, which has broken in their hands, night gradually disperses before dawn, and dawn as gradually brightens into sunrise. Nothing could be better planned or more successfully accomplished than this true masterpiece of scenic allusion. As genuine examples of the painter's art, may be cited the dark abode of Alberich *(Rheingold)*; the forest home of Hunding and Sieglinde, where Siegmund seeks for refuge in the storm *(Die Walküre)*; and Mime's smithy, where the impetuous son of Siegmund welds together the severed pieces of his father's sword *(Siegfried)*—only that in the second instance what, when the door of the hut flies suddenly wide open, disclosing to the love-struck pair a woody landscape, is intended for a moonlight night wears much more the aspect of a sunlit morning. The scene before Gibichung Hall, where Gunther brings back Brünnhilde as his bride, and the enchanted Siegfried pairs off with Gutrune, is also extremely picturesque; as is, moreover, that in which Siegfried talks with the Rhine-daughters *(Götterdämmerung)*. The burning pyre of Siegfried is well imagined; not so, however, that of the distant conflagration of Walhalla, nor that of the sacrifice of Brünnhilde and her horse, Grane, which last is about as indefinitely shadowed forth as the combat on the rock between Siegmund and Hunding, in *Die Walküre*. As for the long-bodied snake into which Alberich transforms himself, in order to show off the power of the

Tarnhelm (the toad is barely discoverable), the bear, through means of which Siegfried delights in terrifying Mime, and the dragon which he kills, if it be true (as is affirmed) that they came from London, they can only have been selected from among the useless lumber of some forgotten Christmas pantomime. The most charming and impressive scene in the *Siegfried* drama is very nearly endangered by the unwieldy proportions and sepulchral utterances of that hybrid nondescript—the giant Fafner, who, according to Wagner's own stage direction, crawls forth "*in der Gestalt eines ungeheuren, eidechsenartigen Schlangen-wurmes*" (in the form of a monstrous lizard-shaped serpent-worm), though he is far more like a hippopotamus than a lizard. The Drury Lane and Covent Garden "gods," who have little in common with the gods of Walhalla, would have roared at him, especially when, in the voice, or voices, of Herr von Reichenberg, he discourses sententiously with Siegfried, after the hero "who knows not fear" has pierced him through the heart with his dragon's-hide-defying weapon, "Nothung." But, nevertheless, with some other incongruities allowed for, there is enough originality of conception and arrangement, to say nothing of the several manifestations of pictorial beauty and suggestiveness distinguishing the *mise-en-scène* of the great "Tetralogy," to show that, with the unlimited stage appliances of Wagner's theatre, still more can be done, and *will* be done if, next year, the projected representations of the first and second parts of Goethe's *Faust* (with music by Wagner himself) are effected. Greater things by way of decoration might have been accomplished for the *Ring*, and greater things were expected; but Rome was not built in a day, and such performances as those at Bayreuth are unlikely to be of regular periodical occurrence. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the invaluable co-operation of Herr Hans Richter, Dr. von Bülow's successor as Wagner's artistic *alter ego*. The zealous and indefatigable manner in which this gentleman has worked for the cause is estimated at its value; and it is agreeable to learn that the members of the orchestra (Wilhelmj at their head) presented their conductor with one of Estey's

finest "Richard Wagner" organs, in testimony of their unanimous appreciation of his services during the two months' preliminary rehearsals. A more appropriate mark of esteem on the part of his fellow-artists could not, under the circumstances, have been tendered. Herr Richter was formerly horn-player in the orchestra of the Opera house at Vienna; he now presides at the head of perhaps the finest orchestra ever heard. Wagner is quick at discovering those best able to serve his purpose. Himself a nervous, though an emphatic conductor, as he proved some twenty years since, when engaged to direct the concerts of our own Philharmonic Society, he is wise in allowing another to take the *báton* from his hand when works of his own are in question. More admirably represented than by Herr Richter he could not have been.

And now that the *Ring des Nibelungen* is an accomplished fact, that before the third series of performances are over it will have been heard by some thousands of more or less intelligent people, and that it must fairly be pronounced an incontestable success, the question arises as to what may be the future result of such an unprecedented amount of preparation, such singular exhibition of intelligence combined with hard labour. The speech, emphatic, though brief, delivered before the curtain after the concluding performance of the first series, has lost much of its significance since that other speech was delivered at the banquet in the "Wagner Restaurant." "*Wollen Sie, so haben wir eine Kunst?*" was there modified into "*Wollen Sie, so haben wir eine neue Kunst?*" This makes all the difference, although in either case a purely national art, not an exotic compound made out of the arts of other nations, was intended. France, Wagner has more than once insisted, and now again insists, possesses a national art, which it may justly call her own; so does Italy. That Germany stands in want of one is a self-evident corollary. In fact, that such is Wagner's fixed opinion may be gathered from much that he has written and published. The question whether the people of Germany, who, with all their glorious literature besides, can boast of so many illustrious composers, children of their soil, have never been justified in claiming a national

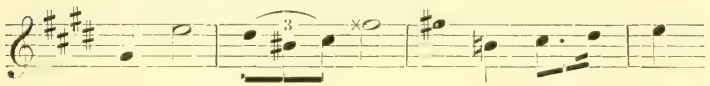
art of their own, may be left for Germans to discuss, with the reservation that other people have been taught to think, and are disposed to think the precise contrary; but that the newly-invented drama of Herr Richard Wagner, typified in the *Ring des Nibelungen*, has endowed his countrymen with the thing required it is not less presumptuous in its author to assert than it would be foolish in any one else to believe. A "national art" must be something to feed the national mind, something to delight as well as to instruct, to entertain as well as to elevate; and, if music is apportioned a share in the design, it is cruel to rob it of that which constitutes its most abiding charm—in the language of metaphor, to deprive it of its wings. In his anxious desire to exhibit the musician as the poet's humble slave, Wagner not only prevents him from soaring to the highest regions of fancy, but, by crushing the buds of melody as they spring up, buds that might blossom into seemly flowers, cramps the manifold resources of expression which are the golden heritage of his art. True the serene arch-dramatist, in the *Ring des Nibelungen*, with becoming self-abnegation, practices this to his own detriment; for he, too, possesses abundant melody, which, if not Orphean, like Mozart's, or coming directly from the innermost sources of his being, like the endless melody of Beethoven, is, at least sufficiently frank, independent, and alluring, not to submit gracefully to the treatment it receives at his hands. Wagner allows his melody to awaken expectation by an opening phrase, but seldom or never rounds off and finishes that phrase, so as at once to satisfy and delight the ear. His principal charm, in fact, is the unexampled, almost magical colouring of his orchestra, which keeps us enthralled and spell-bound to the last—though speculating rather than understanding, disposed to marvel rather than to sympathise. About the wonderful things contained in the *Ring des Nibelungen*, its unique poem, derived from sources hitherto unexplored by dramatist or musician, and the many strikingly magnificent passages —sometimes, indeed, entire pieces—that cannot fail to interest, and in a great degree to edify, enough has been written. Those who were absent from the performances

have missed an opportunity which may never again present itself under similar conditions; for neither the earnest discourses of Wagner's disciples, nor the personal authority which the chief has learnt by incessant practice to assume, as, in a certain way, the leading energetic spirit of his period, can, except in the opinion of blind enthusiasts, help much towards again bringing together such a company of able and devoted artists, or such a host of visitors, in the majority of instances of more or less distinction, from all parts of Europe and America, curious to witness the result of an undertaking which has been incessantly talked about for upwards of a quarter of a century.

TO SIR KAY HEDIUS.*

DEAR SIR KAY,—Heed not, I prythee, the white-necked, white-armed, white-fingered Isonde les Blanches Mains, who "wend there had been nothing but clipping, etc.," for if thou pratest more of her thou wilt be dubbed Kay Tedius; and that mighty Earl which hight Grip will be at thy flanks and lay waste thy lands, as he did the lands of King Howell (Hoel?) of Little Britain. Therefore abstain, and know that King Bagdemagus is at Brummagem, where the *Redemption* hath half-and-half bereaved him of divers sore inconsistencies and manifest improbabilities, and that he holdeth court-plenary at Hereford on the Wye from this day—Saturday. A sumptuous banquet will be spread at Castle Greyhound, the Seneschal whereof is Sir Cotton, a good knight of his hands, which scours the Marches in chariots drawn of griffins, and halteth at all good hostels and fair castles well walled and ditched. He expecteth, among other good knights, Sir Sagramore, Sir Dodinas, Sir Egg of the Out isles, Sir Ry'n who purfelled his mantle with kings' beards, and Sir Avunculus of the Ribbed Boulders. The banquet will be entabled on the eleventh day, that is to say Monday, of this moneth of September, and he warneth all to be punctually at the stroke, of which his watch (a good watch of its hands) will forewarn him that he be forearmed. On the follow-

* From the "Musical World," September 9, 1882.

ing days, Tuesday unto Friday, the Lady Lisle, of Avelion, holdest great jousts where many minstrels will assemble and many good knights contest the guerdon, which is a jer-falcon, a brachet, a golden pinnace, and a trenchant glaive, like to Excalibur, which signifies cut-steel. Sir Dinadan, the force bourder, cannot be present, being engaged, with one hundred and ten knights, in searching Sir Urre's wound, that may not be healed or closed except by the best knight of the world, and that is Sir Lancelot, who of his spear and courtesy is peerless. Sir Dinadan, peraunter, may send a lay to be sung and harped by Sir Phasey, a good knight and a passing japer. Sir Carrodus (brother to Sir Turquine, of the Dolorous Tower) will also be at the jousts. Fail not, or it will anger many moe than thou dreamest of.

Thine in hauberke, swerde and gyves and saddle-bow,

PETIPACE OF WINCHELSEA.

Forest Perilous.

P.S.—Nimue of the Lake vouchsafeth greetings. Ware Nimue. Nimue is a great matter. Some knights she loatheth, others she loveth. I saw but now Sir Breuse saunce Pitie, hoving under an oak, all armed save the head. On beholding me he fled, and being well horsed escaped to a medow and came to a water, which he crossed incontinent, man and horse.

ICHABOD.*

† HOW pitiful is the Ichabod of our day! Without caring for what he preaches, he drones out sentence after sentence, till at last he may get to like the kind of work and even take real pride in it. But often it is not his fault. He has to spout for unencumbered baillies, with more beeves than brains. His orations are valued at so much per measure—say the hind legs of a water-rat. Hence it behoves him to be as tedious as possible while actually propounding nothing. Ichabod may not choose his own time any more than his own subject. He is obliged to fit his style to some of the prevailing styles of the day, among which, however, there is little difference, all being more or less pleonastically vicious. Lucky is Ichabod if he has not to give in to "politics" (political or other). Such a state of things is the death of any individuality, or singularity, he can boast. He gradually gets enveloped in a crust of convention, which ever thickens and hardens until he is stifled, and, decaying, leaves a meagre reproduction of his type—a worthless

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* From the "Musical World," August 16, 1884.

† The following is an "edition" by J. W. D. à la "Music in Trieste" (see 1854). A discontented contributor sends an article which, some considerable time after, he is surprised to see thus transfigured. The contributor's article was directed against a stereotyped style of journalistic writing. J. W. D. turns its acrimony into this quaintness.

fossil! But, long before this, he *may* meet with an occasion for unfeigned enthusiasm. Then it is that he finds himself hampered by the artificial manner he has acquired, being unable to express himself; and unless he puts forth his entire strength, succeeding by convulsive efforts in breaking the crust, and scattering the loosened fragments, he must needs drivel. There are, here and there, Ichabods not unnaturally gifted with a certain polished style which apes sobriety. Let none of the tribe unpossessed of this peculiar endowment attempt to imitate them. Go to! he is doomed.

Nature! Nature! Air! Freedom!

The hybrid diction of Ichabodism with its Latin terms, trite comparisons, stereotyped way of looking at things, and humdrum generally, constitute a fungoid growth nurtured in a dull miasma of every-day-ism.

Pollute not the spring of the Muse! "Poets"—says a poet—"are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Be that so, or not, the poet is the only true critic; therefore, strive not to transform him into a sham Ichabod. Look to thyself. Get out of the straight, hard, rutty, dusty road! Up the banks, over the hedges, and into the fields and woods, where things grow and where you will see what you shall see.*

DRAMUZIANDO.

[* Locusts, asps, hamadryads, etc.—DR. BLIDGE.]

JOSEPH JOACHIM.*

JOSEPH JOACHIM has arrived. *Hoch! Hoch!* He makes his appearance to-day on one of his most superb war-horses—that "spurner of the ground," "breathing the morning thro' his nostrils," "drinking the wind of his own speed,"—the magnificent "59" of Beethoven. May J. J.'s reception be as enthusiastic, and his success as brilliant as on any previous occasion. All hail to thee, great master, and old friend! O. B.

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Dear Davison

What about Marlow? If you intend to go on Monday, let me know at once, so that I may either see (or write to) Smart and also communicate to Kenny and Clarke. If you cannot Monday, then fix another day next week.

Thine J. J.

JOACHIM. FACSIMILE OF LETTER TO J. W. D.

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